Saturday Evening Post · December 12, 1964 · 25c

# POST

## WHAT WILL L.B.J. DO NOW?

## A PILGRIMAGE THROUGH THE HAUNTED BATTLEFIELDS OF WORLD WAR II

## $1,000,000 TREASURE FIND

Johnny Unitas of the Colts

## SOCIETY'S BEST-KEPT SECRET • DO WOMEN RUN

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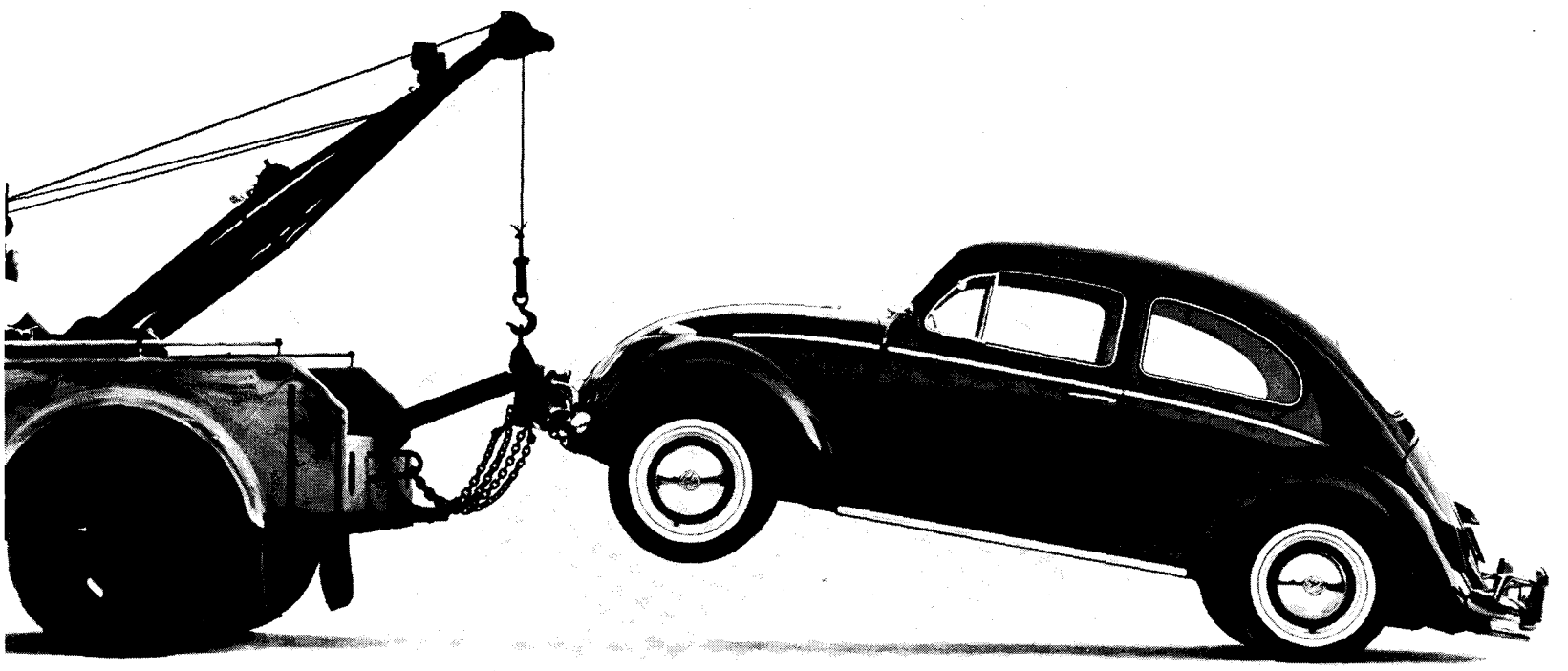

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Every Longines watch, whatever its type,
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## ABOUT THIS ISSUE

After talking with dozens of Washington insiders in various stages of collapse following the fatiguing campaign, **Ben H. Bagdikian** gives his estimate of what to expect from the Johnson Administration now that it has received its mandate from the electorate. . . . **W. C. Heinz** takes a memorable trip, retracing the route he took 20 years ago as an American war correspondent during the Battle of the Bulge, recalling vivid events and searching out their lingering effect on the people and the countryside. . . . Contributing writer **James Atwater** salvaged his exclusive story of the Florida treasure find from all of the reasons the salvagers gave him for not being able to talk with him; he finally learned so much that the salvagers had to give him the whole story. / **Cover** by **Neil Leifer.**

*To our readers:*

**Beginning with the first issue of 1965, The Saturday Evening Post will appear every other week. All subscriptions will be adjusted so that each subscriber will receive the full number of issues originally paid for. We confidently believe that The Post will continue to be the liveliest, most important and most entertaining magazine in America.** *THE EDITORS*

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# Letters

## John Fitzgerald Kennedy

I've just finished reading THE LEGACY OF JOHN F. KENNEDY [November 21]. It's odd how all this time, every day of this past year, my family and I have never been able to really believe that this terrible thing happened to a man as good as our former President.

I've read about people who want to name this or that after him. I've seen arguments in the news about just what should or shouldn't be named.

Just what is good enough to name after him? It was *the man* who was great, the mind, the heart, the beautiful smile.

MRS. J. BIRK
*Lake Worth, Fla.*

● I found Joseph Alsop's MEMORIES OF AN UNCOMMON MAN excellent reading. THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF J.F.K. by Anne Chamberlin was sadly accurate. But Jimmy Breslin's STILL THEY COME TO THE HILLSIDE was almost as bad as the phony memorials mentioned previously. I have visited President Kennedy's grave site on several occasions in the past eight months, and was appalled at the noisy, irreverent, photo-snapping, jostling crowds—where was the quiet dignity of Breslin's report?

GLENMORE TRENEAR-HARVEY
*Washington, D.C.*

● And what of those of us who were never in accord with any of the Kennedy policies and ideas? Must we be forced to spend another year reading, hearing and seeing nothing but the same old slop? Much as everyone regretted this unfortunate occurrence, isn't it about time to forget it? Can't we let Kennedy stay buried?

JOAN I. WELSH
*Conneaut, Ohio*

● I doubt that anyone who *really* felt a loss after the tragedy in Dallas will need a "souvenir," not for the rest of his life.

RENATE KATZ
*Ridley Park, Pa.*

● Joseph Alsop valiantly endeavors to perpetuate the myth that J.F.K. "will be remembered as one of our great Presidents." Everyone agrees that the assassination at Dallas was cruel and abhorrent. But let's not let our sentimentality mislead us into exaggerating the record of the Kennedy Administration, which was sparse indeed.

DR. WILLIAM W. HASSLER
*Indiana, Pa.*

● It appears that every time the American people, en masse, rouse their enthusiasms, they are desperately afraid of forgetting their moments of devotion and the cause to which they were dedicated.

In our fear of forgetting the ideals fought for in World War II, we came away with memento piled on memento of outstanding heroes and important battles. Not only did we build monuments and dedicate famous sites; we also manufactured toy bayonets and made romantic war movies.

We created such things then, and we create them again in memoriam to John F. Kennedy. And although these mementos are probably not invented in the spirit of commercialization, they create such a spirit, and cheapen and degrade both ideals and men.

We need no more than the pages of history, our own minds and hearts and worthy dedications.

MARK JACOBS
*Santa Monica, Calif.*

## The poop

Jacob Hay's PORTALING [November 21] is a delight. Having been an intelligence officer for the past 19 years, I'm all too familiar with the insider reports ground out by imaginative "analysts" in Britain and the United States, not to speak of Vienna, Rome and Hong Kong. I shudder to think of the days I've spent running down and killing opium dreams started by the multitudinous "paper mills" which always seem to get to senior officials more promptly, and which are given greater credence, than the honest reports of conscientious collectors and analysts.

WINN F. ZELLER
*Colonel, USAF*
*Xenia, Ohio*

## Farmers' strike

Congratulations are in order for author John Bird after reading his WHEN FARMERS GO ON STRIKE [November 21]. It is rewarding to read the viewpoints, principles and goals of the leaders of the National Farmers Organization. Usually all one can read about the N.F.O. is fence cutting, barn burnings, poisoning of livestock, etc. I am thankful that someone is beginning to see the light.

MRS. DENNIS SCHWANT
*Wheaton, Kans.*

● I am wondering when you are going to give equal space to the true voice of American farmers, the American Farm Bureau Federation? The Farm Bureau is organized in 49 states and Puerto Rico; it has over 1.6 million members, compared to your "best guess" for N.F.O. of 200,000.

Farmers must face the hard fact that when their cost of production rises above that of their competitors they must either economize or go out of business. Farm Bureau believes in helping its members adjust to present economic conditions, rather than support unrealistic price demands. . . .

ROBERT PATTEN, *President*
*St. Lawrence*
*County Farm Bureau, Inc.*
*Lawrenceville, N.Y.*

## The great society

This reader cannot recall in your pages a more impressive statement than that of November 21, the editorial TOWARD "THE GREAT SOCIETY." Its careful thoughts on America's political direction, the attitudes of our people toward bigotry, morals and national purpose were written with grace and sincerity. May your objectives remain on such a high, articulate level.

ROBERT E. WOOD, USN
*McGuire AFB, N.J.*

● This is the most shocking and horrifying editorial I have ever read. I cannot imagine anything more terrible than a return to the F.D.R. days. May I



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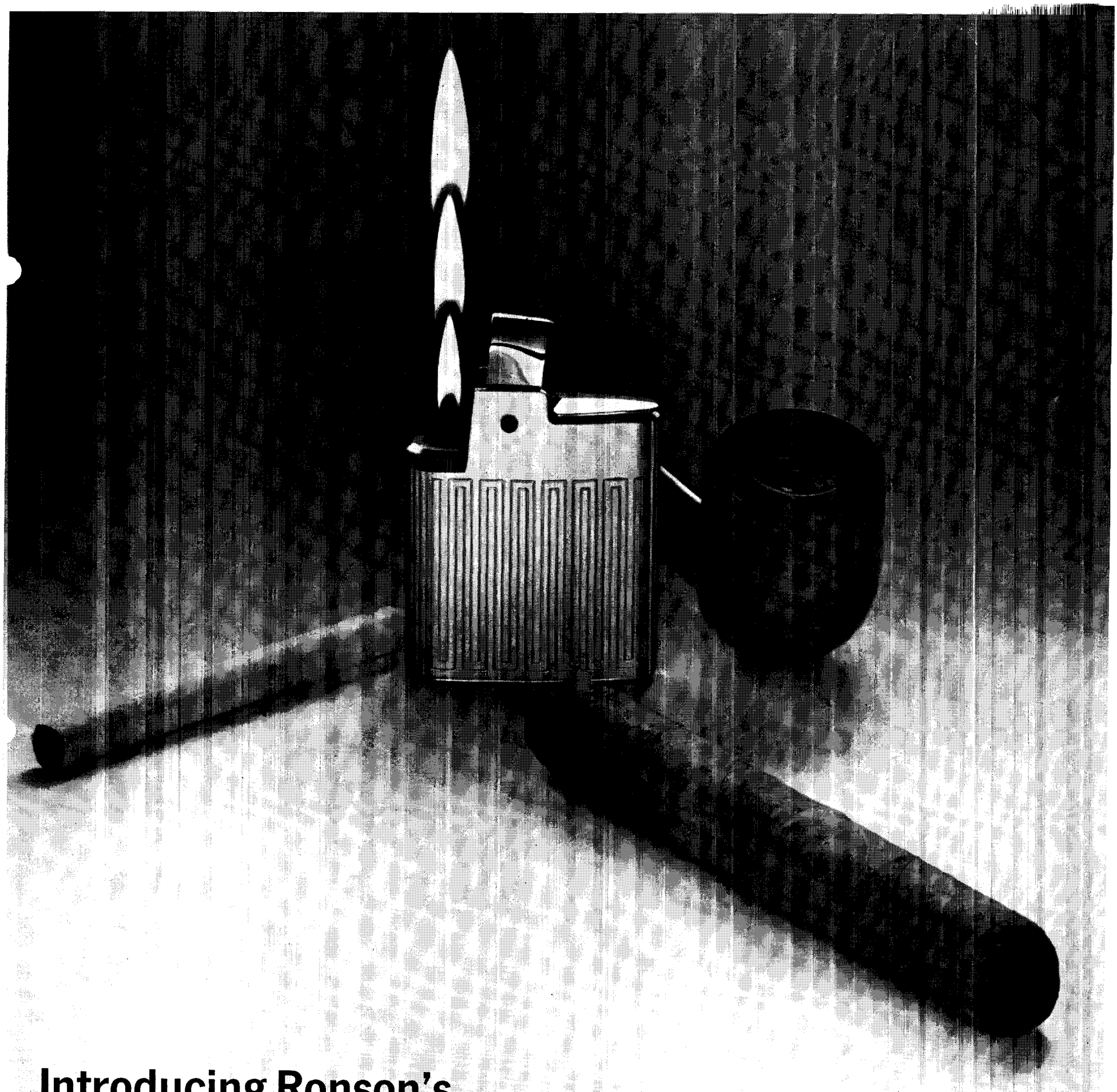

# Introducing Ronson's first automatic butane lighter for less than $10.

You can pay as much as $150 for a Ronson Varaflame pocket lighter.

On the way up you get a choice of some elegant exteriors: hand-stitched leathers, tortoise enamel, even 14-carat gold.

But you can't buy a better *working* lighter than the new Ronson Varaflame Standard. At any price.

Like the others, this lighter burns clean, safe butane gas. It lights for months on a single fueling.

Like the others, it has an adjustable flame. Turn a fingertip dial and the flame goes high or low for pipes, cigarettes, cigars.

A quick *phfft* from a Ronson Multi-Fill® injector refuels the Standard in seconds.

Just like the others.

The Standard isn't missing a trick.

From its automatic thumb-lever action to its lifetime service guarantee.

But the neatest trick of all is the price.

**RONSON® Varaflame® Standard.**

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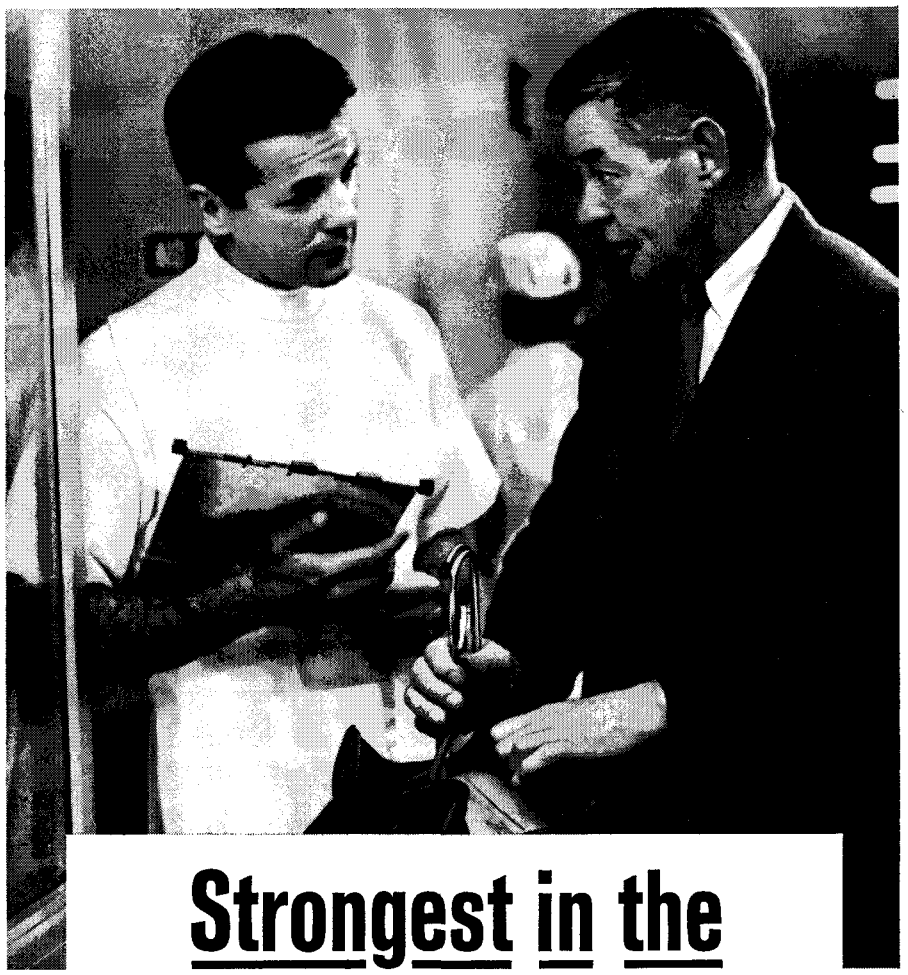
# HEADACHE PAIN



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Anacin is strongest in the pain-reliever doctors recommend most. That's why an Anacin Tablet gives you *extra power* to relieve headache pain.

With Anacin, relief comes fast! In 22 seconds after entering your bloodstream, Anacin is speeding relief direct to your headache. Not only does pain go quickly, but also its nervous tension and depression. You experience remarkable 'all-over' relief.

Remember, no tablet you can buy has the strong yet safe formulation in Anacin. See if Anacin Tablets, with their smooth, gentle action, don't *work better* for you. Buy Anacin today.

# Letters

remind you that there are 26 million who love and cherish their freedoms, people who believe that "any government that is big enough to give you everything you want is big enough to take everything you've got."

ROGER SCHOLL
*Boardman, Ohio*

• Many times we have asked ourselves, "What has become of the American Dream?" If we raise our eyes to world horizons, we will find out what has become of them. The American Dream has become the World Dream of millions and millions who previously had no hope for the future. Perhaps that is why our Peace Corps people are so welcome—not so much for what they can do, but for what they represent.

We can impose a Pax America upon the world not through force, no matter how mighty our nuclear arsenal, but through the ideas and ideals of democracy, and our implementation of them.

Our goal must indeed be "The Great Society," not for America alone, but for the entire world.

CHARLES D. STRONG
*Denver, Colo.*

## Mad oil boom

It always appears hard for a writer to move across the Allegheny Mountains to the West and write an article without being patronizing or sarcastic. I refer to OHIO'S MAD OIL BOOM by Bard Lindeman [November 14]. Morrow County was alive before Mr. Monk found oil. We've always had good schools and good churches, and as many of our young people went to college as in other counties of this size. Our three weekly newspapers are as intelligent reading as *The Saturday Evening Post;* we don't just read about school menus and rabid skunks. We have one of the largest manufacturers of hydraulic presses in the world in our village. It will be here long after your writer and the oil have disappeared.

J. E. AULD
*Mount Gilead, Ohio*

• Particularly enjoyed OHIO'S MAD OIL BOOM. Mad indeed! With several relatively serene years of work behind me in Venezuela, and even a short stretch in Castro's Cuba, it was in Morrow County, Ohio, that I was chased off location with a shotgun. Waved by a woman, no less.

HENRY C. AYERS
*Consulting Geologist*
*Columbus, Ohio*

## Seal story

How beautifully Nina Warner Hooke describes the level of feeling in the relationships man shares with animals [A GLIMPSE OF EDEN, November 14]—something we easily understand but express only with difficulty.

SUSAN HEMMINGWAY
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

## Mae West

What a hilarious story, LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MAE WEST by Lewis H. Lapham [November 14]. Saw her years ago in *Diamond Lil*, and have read much about her ever since. Wow! What a gal!

E. OVERHOLSER
*Ridgway, Pa.*

## Coming soon...in The Post

*A special issue:*

# OUR CHILDREN

THEIR MYSTERIOUS GAMES—NEW AND OLD

THE BILLIONS SPENT ON THEM

WHAT THEY THINK OF PARENTS

*And*_____

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A SIX-YEAR-OLD GENIUS

A LUMINOUS RE-CREATION OF DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

THE HARD, REWARDING DAY OF A PEDIATRICIAN

DISTINGUISHED FICTION ABOUT CHILDREN

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# Two-thirds of our elementary schools have no library. What you can do.

**Experts say a child *needs* a library when he's learning to read. Here are the reasons—and here is how *you* can help your child's school get the library it needs.**

GRADES one through six are the Age of the Question Mark. During these years, a child collects more answers than he will in any other period of his life.

Books are his best ally. *Yet more than sixty percent of our grade schools have no library.*

A few books on a classroom windowsill are better than no books, but they are not a library. Neither is a bundle of books collected at random. And public library service is often inadequate or inaccessible.

Experts say the best answer is a central *school* library with a trained librarian. A person whose very special knowledge of books will support the good work done by teachers in the classroom.

### The most important room

A good school library is the most important room a young reader passes through on the road to growing up.

Here he learns to *love* reading at the same time he's learning to read. Here he solves schoolwork problems on his own. And here he experiences the thrill of *discovery.*

### Quiz for parents

*Does your child's school have a library?*

*If it does, are there enough books to go around?* The American Library Association recommends ten library books per child. But the national average is less than six.

*Is there a full-time librarian on the school staff?* In many schools, mothers come in and lend a hand. But they need the direction and help of a professional librarian.

If you can't answer *yes* to all of these questions, there is important work to be done.

### How you can help

International Paper in cooperation with The American Library Association has prepared a *free kit.* Its purpose is to help parents get the school library their children need. No matter how big or small the school may be.

The job demands enthusiasm *and* hard work. But isn't your child's progress worth the effort?

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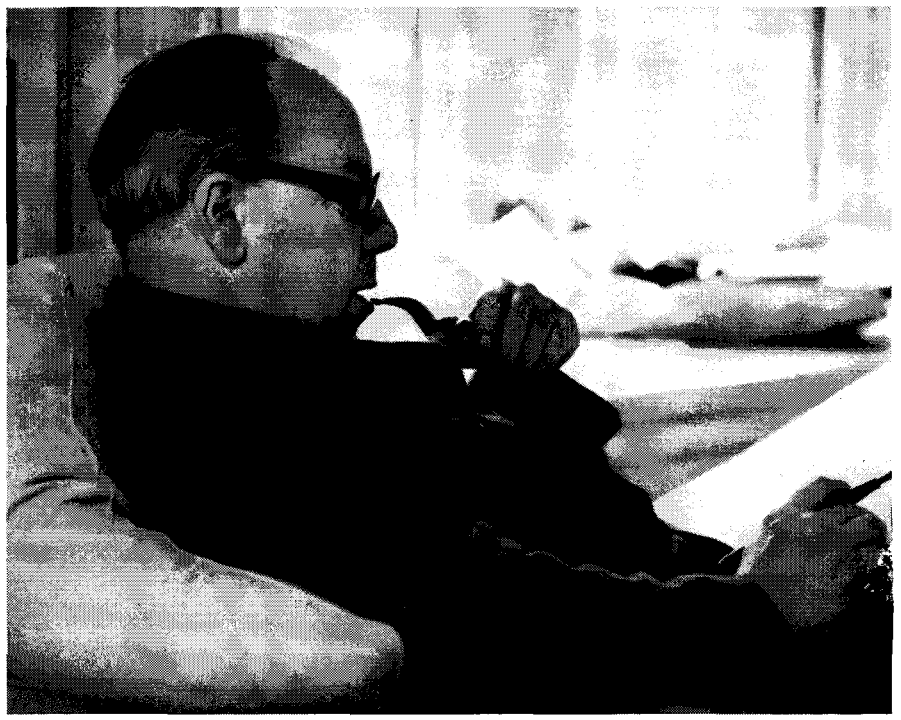
Speaking Out

# WOMEN DON'T RUN THE COUNTRY

By J. B. Priestley



*A prolific writer for 40 years, John Boynton Priestley recently published a book, "Man and Time," at the same time "A Severed Head," a play he coauthored, was on Broadway.*

A thousand times I must have read or heard that American society is now a matriarchy. I disagree. Here I may be told I am not an American, don't live here and only pay occasional visits. My personal opinions may not be important, but if I can persuade a few hundred thousand readers that this matriarchy idea is all wrong, I shall be doing this country a great service. The saving in analysts' fees might soon amount to several million dollars a year.

Nobody believes, of course, that America is a matriarchy in the anthropologists' sense of this term: "A state or stage of social evolution in which descent is reckoned only in the female line, all children belonging to the mother's clan." In such a society the chief deities would be Mother Goddesses, magically potent symbols of fertility. (In many places they began to be ousted by several law-making male deities about 3,000 years ago.) What a large number of men do believe, however, is that America is well on its way to becoming a new kind of matriarchy, increasingly ruled by mothers and dominated by Woman. In a superficial sense, American women do seem to have the upper hand. They appear to call the tune while their men pay the piper. They sweep in triumph along Fifth Avenue. This is their place, their hour. But it is all mere surface fuss, a little almond icing on the cake. In its fundamental values, tone, organization, American society is moving *away* from rule by Woman. American women make a fuss because they find themselves in a *man-made* society. The men who denounce this fuss should criticize the society they have created, and stop talking nonsense about women.

In a matriarchy it is feminine and not masculine values that are dominant. In such a society women feel completely at home. It provides the kind of life they want. It is shaped and colored by Woman's deepest feelings. It satisfies not her superficial wants—a washing machine, a new TV set—but her profoundest needs. What are these needs? They are not concerned with things at all; they are concerned with personal relationships. Woman enjoys things—furs, gowns—simply as toys of love, which to her is *the* gigantic blazing reality, compared with which defense, invention, politics, legal and financial systems are simply so much masculine hocus-pocus. In a true matriarchy, love, personal relationships, homemaking, family-creating and taking root in a settled society are at the top of all lists of priorities. They come first, and all the things that men are always arguing about come a very bad second.

A matriarchy is always a small society, deeply rooted in the earth and in tradition and custom. It would never attempt large-scale industry because one of the first things that such an industry does is to break up families. Then it keeps people moving about and prevents them from sinking any roots. All this, from the matriarchal point of view, is not progress but a barbarous invasion of the kingdom of love. It puts things before people, and in the feminine scale of values, this is a terrible crime, the ultimate treason.

I suspect that in most matriarchies the women work hard and the men take it easy. This should not surprise anyone who remembers that in these societies sexual love is much more important than business. A wife who sees her husband primarily as a lover, not as a provider, does not want him to work until he is ready to drop. A tired man makes a poor lover. And a man forever worried will not make the best husband and father.

In a matriarchal system a woman might toil for the comfort and well-being of her family, but she would see no sense in drudging away to add to the profits of some vast corporation. And we can bet our boots that in such a system nobody would be encouraged to travel at supersonic speeds, to land on the moon, to invent devices for destruction on the largest possible scale. These elaborate imbecilities are the products of the masculine mind, and they would not be tolerated in a society run by women. Men who even dreamed up such ideas, much less demanded that everybody make sacrifices on their behalf, would be given a very rough time by the females in charge.

Whatever else may be said about the character of contemporary American society, it certainly represents the triumph of the masculine principle. Nor is it hard to see why this should be so. American traditions, from Puritanism to pioneering, are severely masculine. The immense development of industry upholds the masculine principle. The emphasis upon invention and machinery and the prominence given to finance and commerce, characteristic of America, are essentially male. And up to now American society has been steadily offering Woman not more and more but less and less of what she really wants. Never were her superficial needs more elaborately attended to. Never were her deepest needs so often ignored. Remember, what she really wants is not a lot of "things," but love, a secure family life, taking root in a stable community. And nine times out of 10 she has a longing to be close to living, growing things, and does not want to find herself on some vast plain of cement.

Why do American men imagine that their society is turning into a matriarchy? It is because their women demand so much attention, spend so much on themselves, invade one masculine region after another, and now exercise tremendous economic power. (This last point is often because husbands overwork and worry themselves into early graves. In a matriarchy, these men would have been encouraged to take it easy, for most women prefer live husbands to blocks of shares and seats on the board.)

It is precisely because they find themselves in an alien society that so many American women demand so much attention. If this society represented their own deepest values, they would feel at home in it and therefore they would not be crying, "Look at me. Attend to me." They feel that unless they make a fuss, they will be in danger of disappearing from sight, like wives who have gone with their husbands to inspect some vast new machine which is entrancing to the male.



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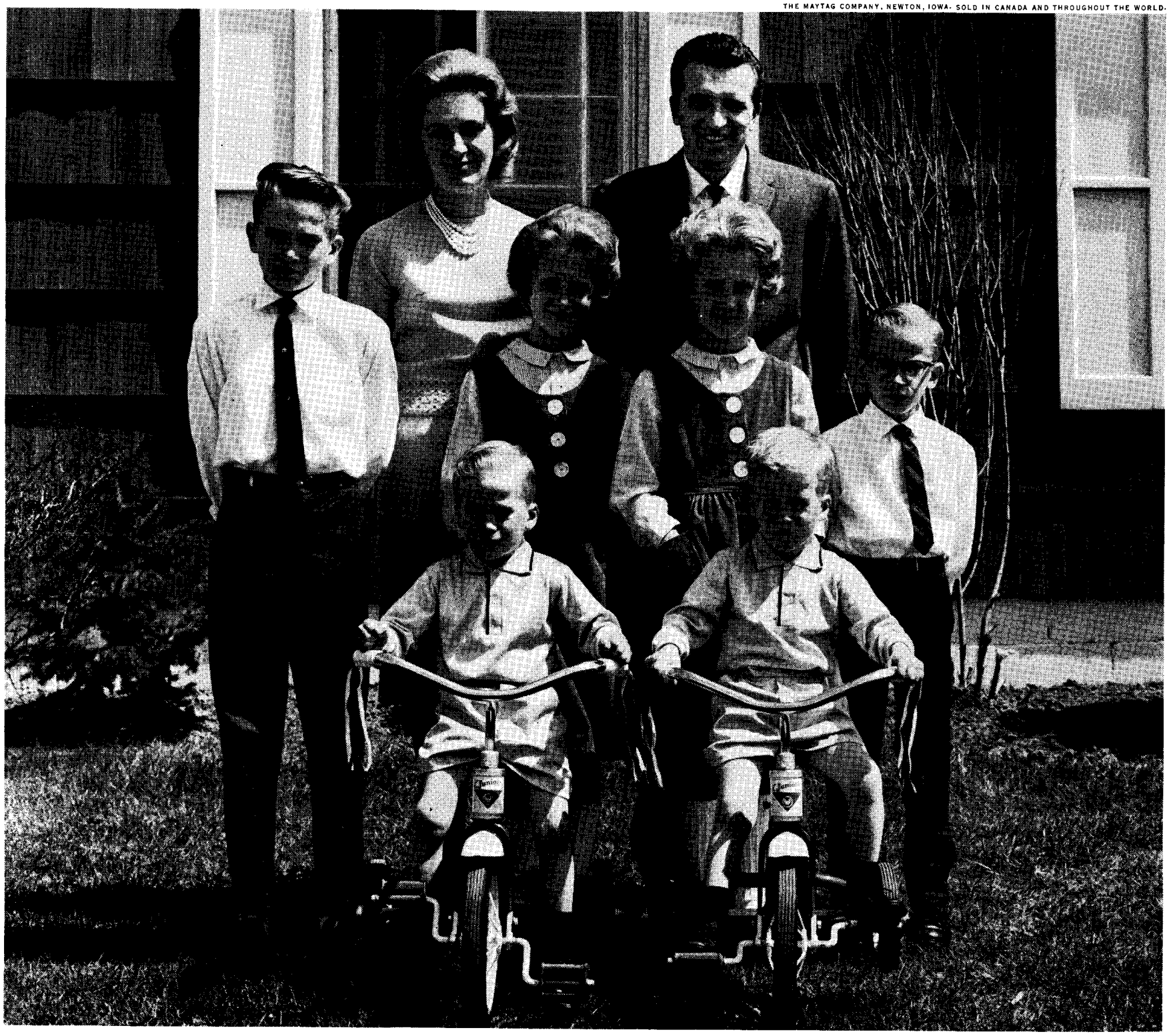


# Two sets of twins keep Mrs. Bodell's Maytag on double duty

If you think one set of identical twins is confusing, consider the plight of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bodell of Roseville, Michigan. They have two sets.

The only member of the Bodell family that doesn't seem to mind all the double doings, is their Maytag Automatic Washer. It's been with Mrs. Bodell almost all the way through both sets of twins, and only recently had its first minor repair.

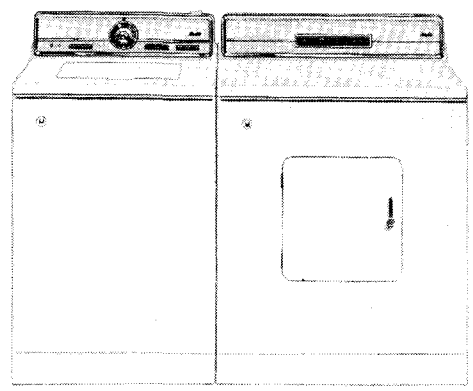
Twins Dan and Dave are just out of diapers, but they still manage to produce a steady flow of dirty clothes. Sharon and Sheryl keep Maytag's Wash 'n Wear Cycle busy almost every day.

Brothers Bob and Mike also add to the heavy load that the family Maytag carries.

Besides dependability, Mrs. Bodell likes her Maytag for the zinc-coated steel cabinet that still looks like new after 7 years, the perforated tub that rinses and drains cleaner, and the Gyrafoam washing action that does such a good job on everything from diapers to dungarees.

With two sets of twins, Mrs. Bodell may get a little mixed up from time to time—but not her Maytag.

*For a complete guide to all Maytag Washers and Dryers, send 10¢ in coin to: The Maytag Company, Dept. 365P-12, Newton, Iowa.*



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***WALTZ THROUGH WASHDAY*** ***with a dependable Maytag Washer and Dryer***



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# 2 NEW BOOKS BY 2 GREAT RIFLEMEN

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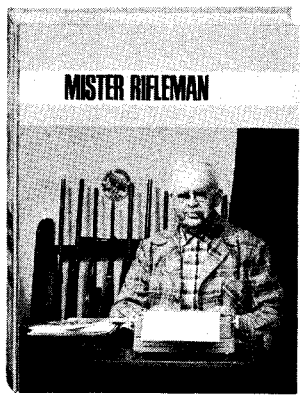
## MISTER RIFLEMAN

### BY COLONEL TOWNSEND WHELEN

(Edited by Bradford Angier)

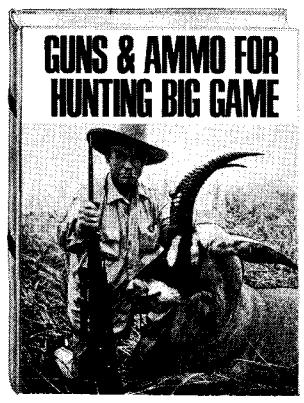



Colonel Townsend Whelen, the "Dean of American Riflemen," tells his own fabulous, absorbing story—a true and exciting account of his life, his experiments and his adventures!

Written by "Mister Rifleman" himself, the manuscript was discovered among his personal papers shortly after his death. Throughout its 384 pages, he relates how his life was guided by the development of the American breech-loading rifle—through the saga of the time-honored Krag down to the rifles and firearms of today. His explanations and recommendations cover every topic of particular interest to the true gun enthusiast—from handloading, bench shooting and shooting tips, to small-bore rifles, varmint rifles, handguns and rifles for the wilderness lover! All this, together with vivid accounts of his competition shooting and wilderness adventures, makes for intriguing and informative reading for everyone.

## GUNS & AMMO FOR HUNTING BIG GAME

### BY ELMER KEITH




Elmer Keith—rifleman, hunter, naturalist and outdoorsman—provides a captivating and exhaustive study of the guns, ammunition and techniques for successfully hunting big game.

Drawing from his fifty years of experience in the field, the author systematically covers every topic with authority and in great detail: how to look for big game, judging trophies before shooting, choosing the right gun and load, vital placing of the bullet, tracking and managing wounded game and how to hunt big game with handguns.

Mr. Keith also reveals his personal secrets for successful still hunting and stalking, special reloading techniques, wildcat cartridges, skinning and curing, equipment and packing. In short, all vital aspects of guns and hunting techniques for helping you bag your big game trophy—from deer to polar bear—are dealt with in Keith's expert, colorful style.

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SPEAKING OUT

It is true that far more is spent on feminine adornment in America than anywhere else on earth. There are two reasons for this, and neither of them even suggests that women rule America. The first is that this immense trade in feminine frippery is good for business, oiling innumerable wheels of production and consumption. But this idea of an ever-increasing turnover, together with the colossal amount of sheer waste, is itself essentially masculine and, I suspect, repugnant to Woman on her deeper levels, where she is a frugal creature. In societies that approach the matriarchal, the women are not forever buying new clothes but tend to be conservative about their dress, preserving through generations the same native costumes. Behind the whirl of fashion in America are men who are keeping an eye on their balance sheets.

The second reason for all this feminine adornment is that women are indulged just because they are in an alien society. They are like girls in a mining camp being rewarded with gold nuggets. Because they are out of place, they must be given a treat. Moreover, the woman elaborately adorned is a kind of tribute to the male, who can show her off. The natural woman enjoys dressing up occasionally, but she does not see herself as a kind of model. What she wants is an erotic relationship, offering her emotional security, a relationship in which she is clearly seen, appreciated, loved, *as a person*. And if she is accepted and loved as a person, she does not want to be expensively dressed-up all the time—this is the illusion of men who do not see women as real people—and can be quite happy messing about in old housecoats and wearing no makeup.

If American women often do make excessive demands—and here I am only repeating what I have heard many American men say—this may be a kind of revenge. They marry men who wear themselves out, make themselves unfit for conjugal companionship—but not for something noble and glorious, to which a woman can also dedicate herself, but for something that by the feminine principle seems contemptible and ridiculous—like selling 100,000 more boojums this year than last. It is worth pointing out here that nearly all courageous and truly dedicated men, not engaged in merely increasing profits, arouse intense feminine loyalty. It is the men who grind themselves away on ignoble and idiotic work who largely have to meet women's excessive demands. If Man has turned himself into a provider, then let him do more and more providing. If he believes cars and fur coats are more important than kisses and companionship, then she will demand bigger cars and richer fur coats. *But this is not what she really wants.*

It has been said—and here again I am only repeating what I have heard many times—that too many American women are sharply aggressive in an unfeminine way. And this aggressiveness has been put forward as proof of the growth of a matriarchy here. And again, this is completely wrong. It is precisely because American society reflects masculine and not feminine values that so many women become aggressive. They are putting on aggression as they would put on fur coats and boots in an arctic climate. If their world seems to them so determinedly masculine, then they feel they must adopt male characteristics. It is no use speaking in soft, gentle tones if everybody else is shouting. To make themselves heard at all, then they must shout too. Deep down they do not want to be aggressive, but the manner is forced on them. And this makes for further dissatisfaction, and this in turn may mean that the aggressive manner is now heightened. It is our old enemy—the vicious circle.

During the last 50 years American women, chiefly through inheritance, have come to possess a formidable amount of economic power. This is a country of rich widows. The extent of their influence has helped to create this legend that women are in charge. But this does not go down to the roots of American society, does not change its fundamental character: It is still dominated by the masculine and not the feminine principle. How do I know? Well, here is a quite simple test. At the present time America possesses sufficient instruments of destruction to kill every man, woman and child on earth. This macabre achievement, which has demanded an astonishing amount of technical skill and superb organization and the expenditure of billions and billions of dollars, not only represents the masculine principle triumphantly asserting itself but also suggests the male mind coming to the end of its tether. Where is the feminine principle, where is Woman, in this madness? Where is the feminine emphasis here upon love, on the happiness of persons? Is this how women want their money spent? We have only to ask the question to know the answer. Here is a society shaped and colored by male values. It is about as much like a matriarchy as the Marine Corps.

Now here I must make an important point. If I say, as I do, that a swing over from the masculine to the feminine principle is now urgently necessary, I do not mean that women must leave the professions and the businesses and return to the kitchen and the nursery. (After all, I am married, and most happily married, too, to a brilliant archaeologist and writer, who has her own career.) What I do mean is that society itself must be as thoroughly permeated by womanliness as it is by masculinity, that *as a community*, not simply as separate persons, we must accept feminine values with their emphasis upon love, people, relatedness, synthesis as opposed to analysis, intuitiveness as distinct from purely intellectual discourse.

We live in a sick world. It is sick because it is now hopelessly unbalanced. It is unbalanced because the masculine principle has been given too much freedom and the feminine principle has been fettered and stifled. This means that women feel frustrated and unhappy. And women who feel frustrated and unhappy find it hard to bring to men that idea of relatedness, that sense of wholeness, which most men ask from Woman. For the *psychological need* of each sex for the other (which women understand better than men) is unfathomably deep, going down to the very roots of our being. America is not a matriarchy, and I do not think it ever will be. But it will be a good day for both men and women when America begins to behave as if it *wanted to be a matriarchy*, turning from the bleak insanity of the unchecked masculine principle to the glow and warmth of the feminine principle, from the icy glare of Logos to smiling Eros.

J. B. Priestley



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THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE MUSTANG HARDTOP

Two weeks ago this man was a bashful schoolteacher in a small mid-western city. Add Mustang. Now he has three steady girls, is on first name terms with the best headwaiter in town, is society's darling. All the above came with his Mustang. So did bucket seats, full wheel covers, wall-to-wall carpeting, padded dash, vinyl upholstery, and more. Join the Mustangers! Enjoy a lot of *dolce vita* at a low, low price.

Best year yet to go Ford

**MUSTANG!**
**MUSTANG!**
**MUSTANG!**

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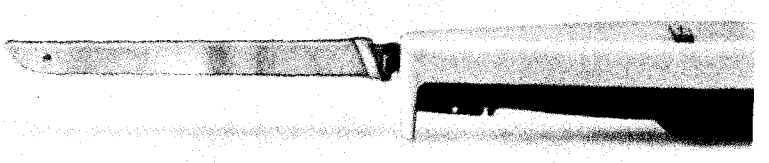
# General Electric presents, with Rhyme an

## Happy Holidays

This Fashion Set Hair Dryer
straps to your waist,
And its new bouffant bonnet
is styled in smart taste.
There's a spot-curl attachment
to set curls in place
And a tapestry-textured
carrying case.

## Merry Christmas

Electric, yet cordless, this knife's sure to please;
It glides through a roast with the greatest of ease!
So handy to store, on a wall or a shelf,
It rests in its rack and recharges itself!



It's cozy and warm,
and light as a feather;
The Sleep-Guard® Control
adjusts to the weather.
A blanket to treasure,
a prize among prizes,
It comes in a wide choice
of colors and sizes!

NOEL

## Holiday Greetings

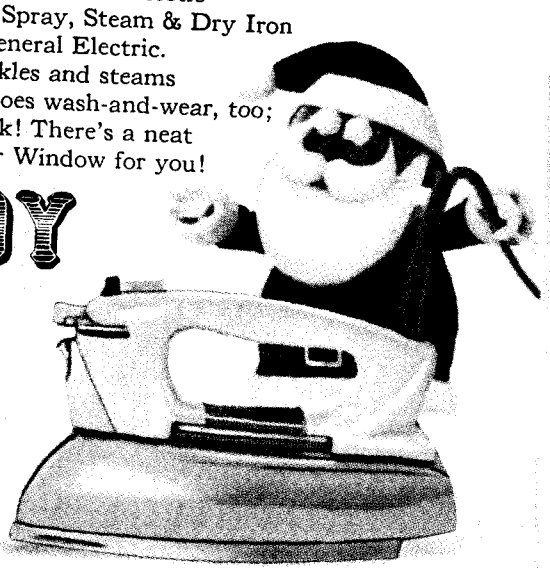
This new Buffet Skillet
is ready and able
To cook automatically—
and *serve* at the table!
The lid's extra-high,
to take a roast neatly;
For cleaning, the skillet
immerses completely!

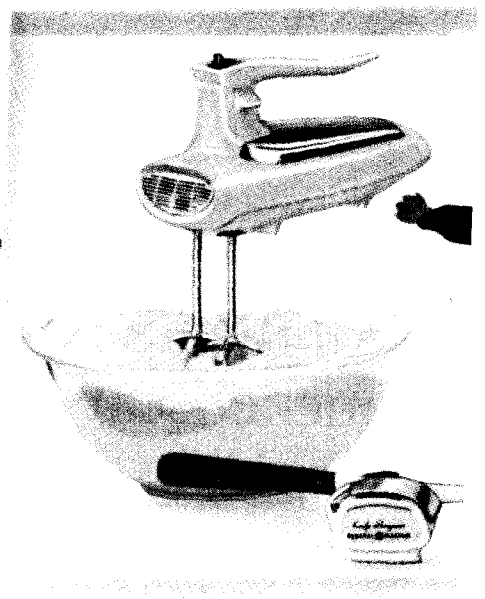
NOEL

Here's a gift that will
please her, ever so much.
It pierces and opens
a can at a touch.
Now take a close look—
it leads double lives—
When not opening cans,
it sharpens your knives!

When ironing piles up,
your work is less hectic
With a Spray, Steam & Dry Iron
by General Electric.
It sprinkles and steams
and does wash-and-wear, too;
And look! There's a neat
Water Window for you!

JOY





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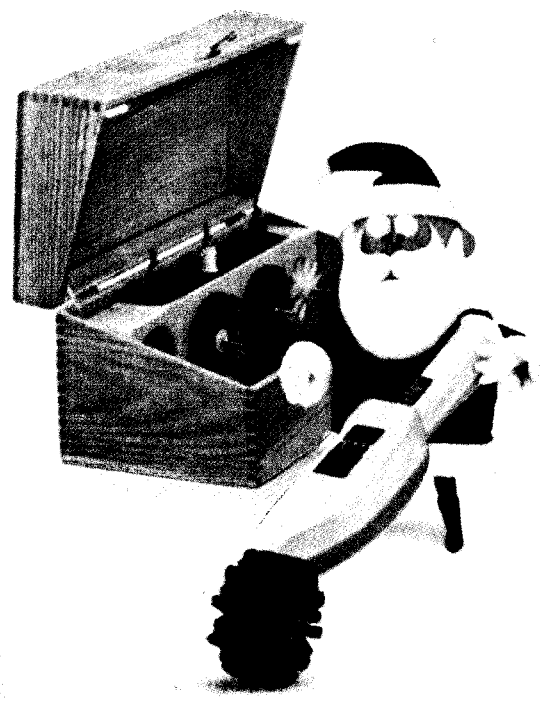
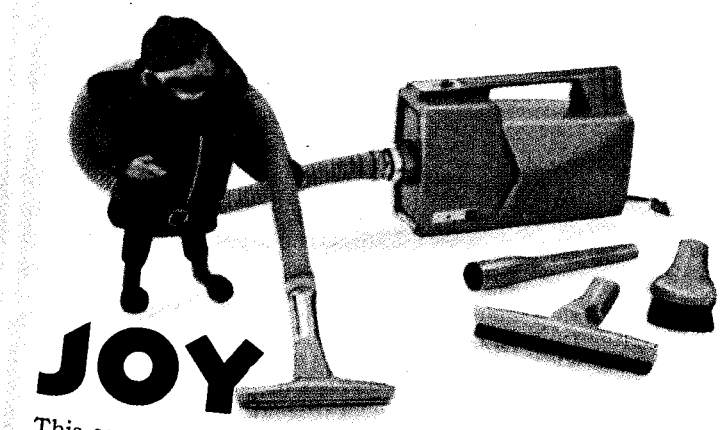
# Reason, 12 Great Gifts...to Give this Season!

## A Holiday Wish

An electric shoe polisher,
handy and keen,
Shines shoes professionally—
your hands stay clean.
Attachments connect at
the flick of a switch,
And the solid oak chest
hides away in a niche.





## JOY

This camera-sized Cleaner is lightweight and small;
You'll whisk through the living room, bedrooms and hall.
A package of power—and, wonderful news!
Includes four attachments, all easy to use!

## NOEL

It toasts thick and thin slices—
garlic bread, too,
And does what no regular
toaster can do.
It top-browns your muffins,
and guess what? *It bakes!*
A new Toast-R-Oven*—
that's all that it takes!

*Trademark of General Electric Co.

## Happy Holidays

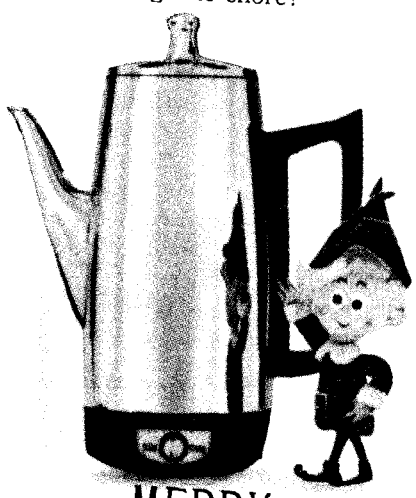
Gets your teeth cleaner
than brushing by hand,
Refreshes your gums,
leaves your mouth feeling grand.
This toothbrush by
General Electric, you see,
Is cordless, yet works
automat-ically!

## Greetings

Like a Portable Mixer
that sharpens knives*, too?
This General Electric is
just right for you.
It beats and it whips
and has power to spare
To mix heavy batters
with nary a care!

*Knife sharpener attachment optional.

Do you like coffee mild,
or brewed rich and strong?
With a Peek-A-Brew® Coffee Maker,
you can't go wrong.
It counts every cup, as you fill,
as you pour;
It's *immersible*, too,
so that cleaning's no chore!



MERRY CHRISTMAS

**A wish before Christmas**

From G.E. and Rudolph and crew,
This warm Christmas greeting for you:
May the coming year send joy and peace without end,
And may all of your wishes come true.

HOUSEWARES DIVISION, BRIDGEPORT 2, CONN.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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**Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop**

# The interesting Mr. Wilson

LONDON:

Harold Wilson, prime minister of Great Britain, is an interesting human being, and an unusual—by American standards a very unusual—politician. There is an excellent chance that he will be President Lyndon Johnson's British opposite number throughout Johnson's first full term, and even beyond, so it is worth having a look at the man and the politician.

Harold Wilson is a round-faced, stocky man of 48, with oddly expressionless small eyes and a pleasant but reserved manner. He has none of the expansive good fellowship Americans are accustomed to expect in a politician. He seems more like a technician—a professional economist, say, which he happens to be.

Those who dislike him say that he is secretive and devious. "If Harold Wilson swallowed a nail," a Labor member of Parliament remarked, "it would come out a corkscrew." Even his admirers agree that he has no close personal friends. His passion for privacy is famous—his closest political allies have never been past the front door of his house.

Yet it is possible to sense in this totally atypical politician certain of the qualities that have brought him to the top of Britain's political heap. His intelligence is strong and very quick—he shares with the late President Kennedy a rather embarrassing tendency to anticipate the sense of a question almost before it is asked, and jump ahead of his questioner to answer it. Like Kennedy, he is an activist, who seizes control of a situation—with a majority almost as small as Kennedy's in 1960, he is clearly determined to exercise every scrap of his new power.

And he is tough—his tough-mindedness comes through very clearly. "I don't like being ruthless," he has said, "but one has a job to do." The job Harold Wilson intends to do, a good many British Conservatives darkly suspect, is to end the long rule of Britain's ruling class, and thus change the face of Britain.

"One of the most important things about Wilson," says one who knows him well, "is something whose importance you Americans never understand—his accent." Wilson has a Yorkshire accent. Having a regional accent stamps him instantly as a nonwearer of the old school tie. Instead of going to one of the great public schools, where members of Britain's ruling class learn their inimitable, nonregional accents, Wilson went to a grammar school (the equivalent of our high schools) before getting a scholarship to Oxford.

This business of schools and accents seems odd and unimportant to Americans. It has deep political importance in Britain, which has been ruled for generations, with a few exceptions, by the tiny minority with a public-school accent. Old Etonians, for example, had a stranglehold on the last three Conservative administrations. Both of Wilson's predecessors as Labor leader, the late Hugh Gaitskell and Clement Attlee, went to public schools.

Harold Wilson has never been tempted to pass himself off as a wearer of the old school tie. On the contrary, he seems likely to be the first British prime minister consciously to exploit his identification with the vast majority of Britons who don't belong to the ruling class. The tone of his first speech to Parliament as prime minister was strongly, even bitterly, anti-old-school-tie. He is said to have excluded an able Old Etonian from his cabinet just because he was an Old Etonian. This suggests why Wilson is much more disliked within the British "Establishment" than Gaitskell or Attlee were.

Wilson is quite aware of this dislike, and it delights him. "A left-wing party is most successful," he has said, "when the Tories hate and fear its leaders." This raises a question: Just how left-wing is Harold Wilson?

In those "citadels of privilege," the London clubs, there is a minority view that Wilson will prove "sound" in the end: "Not a bad chap—cultivates roses, I hear." But the majority view is that Wilson is a doctrinaire socialist, with bitterness in his heart.

Which view is correct is unlikely to be finally proved until after the next British elections—Wilson can hardly change the face of Britain with a Parliamentary majority of only four votes. The Tories hope to bring Wilson down within a year to 18 months, perhaps on the issue of steel nationalization, which is unpopular. But Wilson as prime minister has the huge advantage of choosing his moment for an election. If he chooses shrewdly, which seems probable, and if he wins a solid majority of 20 or more, which seems entirely possible, he will be safely in power for five years. He can then get seriously about the business of changing Britain's face.

The face of Britain, even in the midst of one of the endlessly recurring balance-of-payments crises, is a seemingly pleasant and prosperous one. In the West End of London, the Rolls-Royces jostle the Mini-Minors, and you would scarcely believe that bombs ever fell on the city. But perhaps changes are needed all the same.

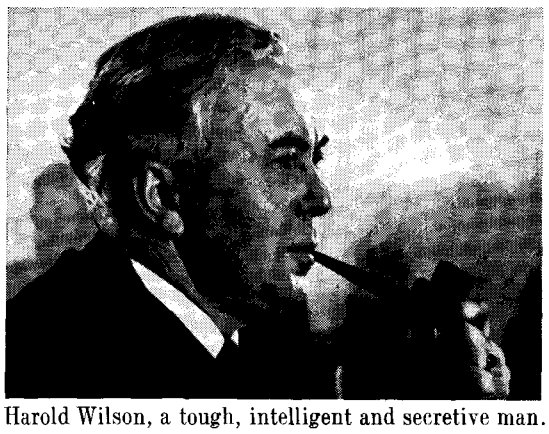
The British rich find it even easier than their American counterparts to escape income and inheritance taxes, while the poor fellow who earns his wages is savagely taxed. British industry is stodgy, the industrial growth rate is slow, and Britain is losing its competitive position in the world export markets, where Britain must sell if the British are to eat.

All this Harold Wilson means to end. He intends, he says, to transform Britain from the "sick man of Europe" into the "pilot plant of the world." Meanwhile, his immediate task is to reach an understanding on basic issues of foreign policy with Lyndon Johnson.

They are an oddly assorted pair. They share one characteristic, a total absorption in politics. "Harold's whole life is politics," says one who knows him. "There just isn't anything else." Almost the same could be said of Johnson. Otherwise, it is hard to imagine two men more different than the reserved Briton who cannot bear to invite close political allies into his house and the ebullient Texan who invites strangers into his ranch. But differences in personality are less important than differences in policy. Such differences exist, on the Labor Party's support of "disengagement" in Central Europe, for example. But on close examination the differences appear more theoretical than real.

In fact, it seems a good bet that, with Wilson running the British end, the old "special relationship" between Britain and the United States may be firmer than it was when the Tories, with their hankering for past glories, ruled the British roost. In any case, if Wilson does succeed in making Britain the "pilot plant of the world," by modernizing its industry and revamping its economy, that in itself will be a great contribution to the strength of the West. And this reporter's strong instinct is that it would be a very bad mistake to underestimate this tough, intelligent, strangely secret man.

Stewart Alsop



Harold Wilson, a tough, intelligent and secretive man.



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# *What to give Children at Christmas*



Because children believe, our own beliefs are deepened in this year of 1964.

The gifts they give us are enormous, being nothing less than faith, wonder, love, laughter, trust. They give in innocence and without question what cannot be bought in any store for any money—themselves.

What are we to give in return? Surely it must be more than things—the games, the toys, the candy. And more indeed than can be given in a single day.

It must be that which only we can create, alone and with others . . . a better, much better, world for these our children to inherit.

To this hope, we rededicate ourselves.

*Bell System*

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POST

Voters gave him a mandate, and here is how he will use it.

# THE BIG, BOLD PLANS OF LYNDON THE LUCKY

By BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

*Winning the election was just the beginning. A hundred unexpected boons may combine to make Johnson the most fortunate of American Presidents.*

English and French historians were not bashful about attaching labels to their leaders, running from England's Ethelred the Unready to France's long line of Louis—Louis the Sluggard, Louis the Fat and Louis the Just. If Americans ever adopt the habit, they may well look upon their 36th President as Lyndon the Lucky.

Lyndon Baines Johnson is lucky in the manner of the man whose unsuccessful rival said sullenly, "You're the luckiest man alive," and who replied, "Yes, and I find that the harder I work, the luckier I get."

So it is no detraction from the President's special genius to say that as he looks out upon the waiting pages of American history, he is able, as few men have been, to write it in his own image; nor is it belittling to add that enormous good luck will shape the new Johnson Administration. "These times were made for Lyndon and Lyndon for these times," a friend of his said recently. "It's going to be a hard combination to beat."

The social and economic forces that support the President will permit him to be simultaneously Johnson the Economizer and Johnson the Spender, Johnson the Friend of Business and Johnson the Social Reformer, Johnson the Tax Cutter and Johnson the Revenue Raiser. His opposition—such as it is—will be staggered when it discovers that these forces will bring a soaring boost to the economy precisely in time for the 1968 elections, presumably permitting Lyndon Johnson to begin a second term with another resounding mandate.

The President has called his goal The Great Society and has defined it as a program to perfect the American

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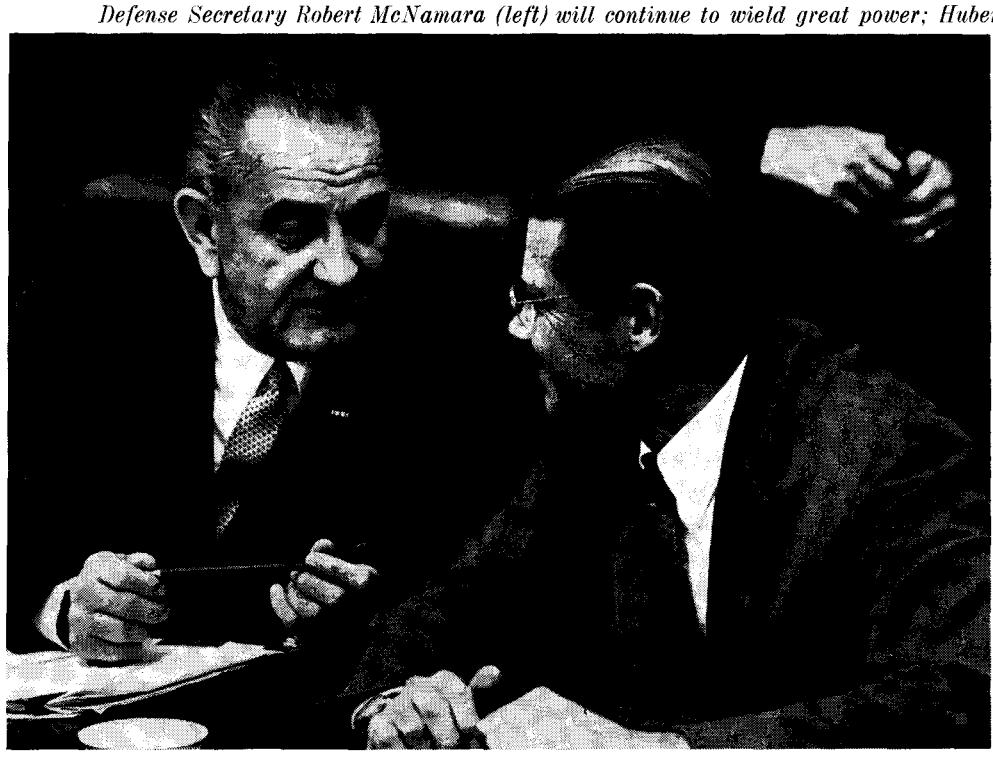
*Defense Secretary Robert McNamara (left) will continue to wield great power; Hubert Humphrey (right) will have to win his authority from a power-conscious President.*



## JOHNSON'S PLANS

civilization. It will be built around legislation enlarging education to extraordinary breadth—starting at age three and continuing for those who wish it after 65; it will include not only material benefits but the preservation of the country's natural beauty and resources, and elimination of the worst vexations of urban life.

Only monumentally bad luck—possibly a major crisis overseas—would thwart the President's program. Already history is behind it. The assassination of John Kennedy has catapulted Johnson into the Presidency over the gravest regional and factional barriers. The nomination of Barry Goldwater has not only driven a vast gathering of American political opinion into Lyndon Johnson's tent but also helped lay to rest social and economic taboos that have frustrated other Democratic Presidents. The incredible tactics of the Goldwater campaign have, among other things, relieved the President of the need to talk about specific programs and left him with fewer public promises and commitments than any recent candidate. And the election itself has helped solve the Democratic Party's worst internal problems.

The future also promises to aid Johnson. The American economy has entered a phase that, while not without problems, gives every sign of supporting the Johnson program. By the time of the 1968 election the one million "extra" babies of the postwar period will reach the age of marriage and childbearing, buying homes, appliances and cars. These buyers should set off the boom that will help carry the incumbent back into office.

In the meantime, what will the first Johnson Administration produce?

At this moment the White House is inundated with a series of reports from presidential task forces; each deals with leading problems and opportunities in a field of national concern and makes recommendations. Day by day and week by week the President is plucking from these reports what looks good to him, what might pass in the 89th Congress—what will help him to build his Great Society. Details will come out slowly in the coming months, but the main lines can be described now.

Education will get high priority with the President. Johnson was a schoolteacher and a youth administrator during the depression, but this will not be a sentimental exercise. The President sees education as the main weapon in his attack on other national problems. In a speech last September he said, "The answer for all of our national problems, the answer for all the problems of the world, comes down, when you really analyze it, to one single word—education."

He is expected to designate a separate Cabinet officer or executive agency to deal with the problem of education, giving it a symbolic value in the national consciousness, rescuing it from the sprawling Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The problem is that general aid to education—federal funds paid directly to local school systems for overall purposes—has always gone down in the fighting over whether such aid should go to Catholic schools and school systems accused of racial segregation. As one weary aide in the White House put it, "Here it is 1965, and the education bill is still hung up on two points: Martin Luther and Martin Luther King."

The President has been pushed to use his new majorities in Congress to fight for general, across-the-board aid to education. But he is influenced by Francis Keppel, the most successful of modern U.S. commissioners of education. Keppel wants to use existing channels of special aid—construction loans, subsidizing education of federal employees, supporting technical courses—to skirt the issues of religion and race. This back-door approach works fairly well, and it appeals to presidential advisers.

The educational back door opens onto another of the Administration's major ideas. The idea, like many in recent years, came from Walter Heller, the departed chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The Heller plan would return large chunks of federal money to the states, no strings attached, the poorer states getting slightly more than their share. The hope is that most of the money would go toward the states' most urgent single need, education. The disadvantage is that in spending the money, certain states would probably follow the questioned patterns of religion and race. But the plan would meet the crisis in state finances and get the albatross off the federal neck.

Constructing The Great Society will require that President Johnson play the role of Social Reformer in other ways. The new Democratic majorities in Congress will permit passage of medical care for the aged either under Social Security or through some separate fund (the difference is negotiable); a program for redeveloping Appalachia; and an enlargement of the poverty program, which is now disorganized and spotty.

Increasing support will be given to massive long-range plans for remaking urban areas—through slum clearance, revolutionizing the slum school, making public transportation tolerable and practical, and stimulating civilized neighborhoods and homes. The support will pick up as reapportionment shifts national political power from rural to city areas, with the first significant large-scale effects expected in 1966. Another cluster of programs will involve preserving natural beauty, keeping poisonous fumes out of the air, toxic fluids out of water and pesticides out of food. But these cost money. And they will have opposition, sometimes of a powerful kind. It is here that Lyndon Johnson's magic may permit him to be not only the Social Reformer but also The Great Economizer.

A year ago, when he put out the White House lights, he won snickers and jeers from the sophisticated; but he touched the hearts of all the griping fathers in America who cry to their wives and children, "Why are all these damn lights on?" He followed with an order to cut the number of federal employees, again touching the tax-hating hearts of millions of citizens.

Yet these acts sent a shiver down the spines of those who see the American population rising and the Government's role in society becoming more complex. For a decade there have been about 2.5 million federal employees, and during that time the population has jumped 20 percent. More mail is being sent than ever before, more passports issued, more income taxes processed. When the President began repeating Republican clichés like, "You don't have to be a spendthrift to be a liberal," it looked to many Democrats (and some Republicans) like irresponsibility.

But even problems can be turned to personal benefit. Automation is a major social concern, but it helps the Government. In department after federal department, more work is being done by fewer people because of data processing and automatic machines. Ten years ago, for example, it took 17,000 employees to handle GI insurance; today the same work is done by 3,000. It was Johnson the Economizer who took full political advantage of this and will continue to do so.

Those who argue that national growth calls for a larger federal budget have been disappointed. The President called for a ceiling on spending last year, and this year is trying to keep the budget under $100 billion. He needs money to launch The Great Society, but he'll get it even if he holds down the budget. Last year's big tax cut had the predicted booming effect; despite reduced tax rates, total revenues went up and should continue to increase by about six billion dollars a year.

To make life more frustrating for his opposition and happier for business, Johnson the Economizer-Spender plans another tax cut this year (another Heller idea), this time by eliminating excises on cosmetics, jewelry, furs and leather goods. He may request a cut of one billion dollars and could even ask for as much as five billion dollars, depending on how much the economy needs a boost by summertime and how much pressure business puts on him. But even with the tax cuts and even if he keeps the budget under $100 billion—by squeezing perhaps one billion dollars out of the present defense budget and a little out of agriculture—he will still have three or four billion dollars extra to finance the start of Johnson Administration programs.

Needless to say, this budgeteering can't go on forever. Demands on Government by a rising population will eventually push through the $100 billion budget ceiling, if not this year, then next. By that time, after a year of selling the ideas to the public, the real spending on The Great Society will start. And by that time, 1966, it will be clearer what the Johnsonian Democratic Party will look like.

It is ironic that John Kennedy, at heart an economic conservative, evoked the



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New Deal heebie-jeebies among businessmen, while Lyndon Johnson, who is far closer to Franklin Roosevelt, has more business support than any Democratic President of modern times. This paradox has something to do with the American businessman. The 1964 elections symbolized a change in the commercial community, the passing of the old-timers who had bitterly fought the New Deal and the emergence of a new generation of management. The new men are eager for economic coexistence in the world (it is businessmen who push for trade with Russia, not the Government), and they generally accept the role of Government as a coordinator of the economy.

Lyndon Johnson perceived this subtle change in the American businessman. His greatest political talent is his uncanny radar that perceives other men's emotions, opinions and problems, permitting him to tell in what direction and how far he can move them. It is no accident that the word he most commonly used in talking to businessmen during the campaign was "partnership." Beyond that, the President has made a strong personal impression on many important Republican businessmen. He has met a payroll. He loves balance sheets. There seems to be a mutual recognition of a basic American go-getter type. Abe Fortas, a close friend and adviser, says, "I'm on the board of a few corporations which are not filled with Democrats, and it is amazing how many of these people come back from a conference with the President surprised at his business sense and knowledge. Quite a number of them have told me they wished they could find a man like him to head their corporation."

Partly because of the change among American businessmen and Lyndon Johnson's peculiar ability to capitalize on it, the Democratic Party will never again be the same. New support from the business community will extend the party toward the right, but the dropping of the Dixiecrat South as the party's electoral foundation will push it to the left. For the near future this would seem to mean that Lyndon Johnson will be able to stretch his long legs over the massive center of American politics, far toward both edges, leaving not much room for anyone else.

The course of the Johnsonian Democratic Party also depends on what happens to congressional Democrats. With Goldwater's help, the conservative coalition has been broken. Anti-Administration Democrats are extremely vulnerable, but the President is not likely to indulge in obvious purges. Too many of his advisers were around when Roosevelt failed in his attempt to purge the conservatives. They remember that 1936 was the year of F.D.R.'s greatest election triumph and 1937 the year of his worst legislative defeat, his attempt to alter the Supreme Court. They are also aware of the pitfall of having a comfortable majority: The liberals can now afford the luxury of fighting among themselves.

Senator-elect Robert Kennedy is the cloud on the horizon of the Johnson party. It will surprise many people in Washington if the former Attorney General and Johnson-Humphrey do not collide sooner or later in a struggle for party power. It was coldly, if silently, noted that when Robert Kennedy gave public thanks to everyone who helped him win in New York, he omitted mention of Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey, both of whom campaigned with him there.

Closer to home, congressional Democrats already are showing signs of nervousness over the prospect of dealing with a powerful President. Always jealous of their prerogatives in dealing with the White House, the Senate and House want to strengthen their own leadership—not necessarily picking the President's men. John Kennedy was often accused of leaning too far backward to avoid a fight with Congress. But Johnson, though not one to invite conflict, has a strong impulse for decision.

It was this characteristic that changed the opinion of many Kennedy men who thought at first that they had a grandstanding actor on their hands, but came to respect the new boss. The day after the assassination, the new President had to make far-reaching decisions on budget and program, and he showed a sure touch. When Kennedy's preliminary plans for an attack on poverty came up, he listened quietly and said, "Good. That's my kind of a program. But it won't sell the way it is. Change it and bring it back." After completing decisions on the Kennedy program, he made some of his own. The cutback in production of nuclear materials was pure Johnson.

Where will the new ideas come from? Part of the answer can be seen by examining one neighborhood in Washington.

In the District of Columbia there are two major topics of conversation: politics and real estate. Men come and go; their homes are bought and sold. Eisenhower's businessmen liked the new brick mansions on the outskirts. New Frontier taste in homes was typified by a section called Cleveland Park, a neighborhood of massive old houses of indescribable architecture, which appealed to the university types brought in by Kennedy.

The unexpected impact of Johnson is typified by one block of a meandering street in Cleveland Park called Highland Place. It is mostly without sidewalks, though 10 minutes from downtown. The quasi-antebellum house at the end of the block belonged to Robert Manning, assistant secretary of state for public affairs, a Kennedy man. Two houses down is the clapboard house with white picket fence of James H. Rowe Jr., a leading member of the tribe of lawyer-confidant-to-Presidents so influential in Washington, a Johnson man. Two houses from him, behind a six-foot fence, is the great ark of a dwelling belonging to Nicholas deBelleville Katzenbach, acting Attorney General, a Kennedy man. Next door is the modest cottage of George Reedy, presidential press secretary and a Johnson man. Across the street is the Chinese-Victorian manse of Max Kampelman, another lawyer-confidant who is extremely close to Hubert Humphrey.

Before the assassination the most powerful men on the 3200 block of Highland Place were Katzenbach and Manning. After the assassination the power shifted primarily to Rowe and secondarily to Reedy. After the election it spread across the street to Kampelman. Yet no FOR SALE signs have gone up. Only Manning has left, to become executive editor of *The Atlantic* magazine. Stories persist that Reedy will resign, but at this writing his car is in the driveway. The absence of moving vans is evidence of the President's devotion to continuity.

This desire for continuity led to the President's request after the election that the entire Cabinet stay. But not all Cabinet members have equal staying power. The most likely to stay are Robert McNamara, Secretary of Defense, and Willard Wirtz, Secretary of Labor. Almost as likely to stay are Dean Rusk, Secretary of State, and Douglas Dillon, Secretary of the Treasury, in that order.

McNamara continues to be the most important man in the Cabinet, having brought the Pentagon under rational and civilian control while riding herd on half of all federal spending. His name is an awkward but common verb in Washington, as in "What the State Department needs is to be McNamara-ized." Having reorganized the Pentagon and its activities, McNamara has no greater worlds to conquer. An associate of his says, "McNamara will stay, but he'll be a very bored McNamara."

The star of Willard Wirtz has been rising steadily for a year: He was mentioned early for Attorney General.

The White House staff will also continue to be sprinkled with people brought in by Kennedy. For instance, McGeorge Bundy, the former Harvard dean who was Kennedy's chief assistant on foreign affairs, is at least as important to Johnson. But Johnson has his own men, including Bill D. Moyers, a young, thoughtful handler of ideas and programs who comes closest to doing for Johnson what Ted Sorensen did for Kennedy. Jack Valenti, a public-relations man from Houston, is the President's jack-of-all-trades.

Friends of a President reflect his personal values and social outlook. Kennedy's youthfulness permitted him to feel at home with young men, and to go on making close friends after he entered the White House. Lyndon Johnson, moving into the White House in his 50's, is a man with firm friendships already made, and, like most men in their 50's, seldom makes new friends as intimate as his old ones. Kennedy's taste ran to younger journalists and quick-witted academicians. Johnson's runs to middle-aged, quick-witted politicians and lawyers. Some of these are Thomas Corcoran, the brilliant and shrewd New Dealer, now a private lawyer, who has for years been mentor and friend of Lyndon Johnson; James Rowe, Corcoran's law partner, another Rooseveltian lawyer-confidant; Abe Fortas, partner in yet another old New Deal law firm and leading candidate for the first Supreme Court vacancy; Clark Clifford, a lawyer-confidant on whom all recent Democratic Presidents have leaned and another candidate for Attorney General; Dean Acheson, Secretary of State under Harry Truman; and Benjamin V. Cohen, who, like Corcoran, was contributed to F.D.R.'s staff by Felix Frankfurter.

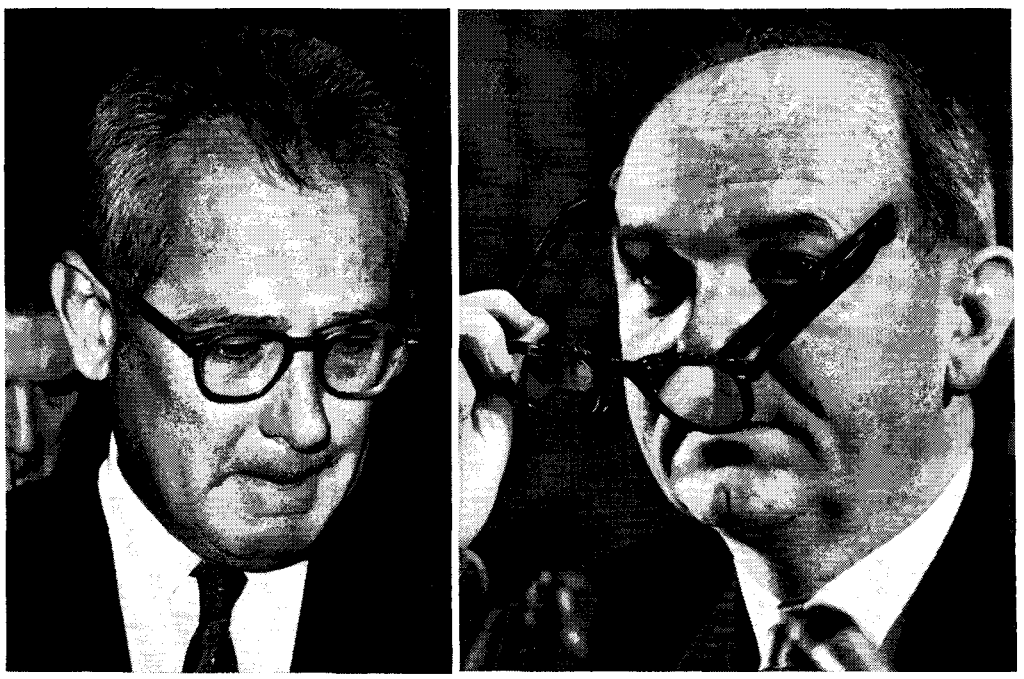
There is a unique category for John B. Connally Jr., governor of Texas, who was wounded in the Kennedy assassination car. Connally, a conservative, is an old friend and assistant of the President. He is the real "No" man in Lyndon Johnson's world. It is not easy to say "no" to any President and harder to Lyndon Johnson than to most, but Governor Connally can say it more consistently and effectively than anyone else.

Twenty years ago an article like this could have been written without mentioning the Vice President. Presidential control of nuclear weapons and the murder of John Kennedy have changed that. Hubert Humphrey, by force of history if nothing else, will be in the President's orbit. In some ways the two men might be expected to clash—they are both compulsive talkers; they come from conflicting political and regional traditions. But Humphrey knows the First Lesson of Vice Presidency: The President has all the power. He learned much as Johnson's deputy in the Senate.

It is expected that Humphrey will be involved in almost all phases of presidential responsibility as "Executive Vice President." Johnson, despite his vanity and love of power, knows he is mortal. Like John Kennedy, he chose his running mate not for sentimental reasons.

Lyndon Johnson has been a constant surprise to both friends and enemies. In his Senate career, for example, he was regarded by the military and armament lobbies as their champion in getting them bigger budgets. After he became President, the lobbyists were disappointed. One official told Johnson shortly after the assassination that he was surprised at a certain decision Johnson had just made. "Two months ago I don't think you would have made that decision," the official said. "Two months ago," Lyndon Johnson replied, unsmiling, "I was not the President of the United States."

Two months ago Lyndon Johnson was not President in his own right. Today he is, and it would be rash indeed to predict any dull moments. THE END



*Esteemed holdovers are Labor's Wirtz, who may become Atty. Gen., and State's Rusk.*



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# 'THIS

## *To be a sophisticated Santa*

This ho-ho-ho business can be crucial," said the dean. "A big, boisterous ho-ho-ho frightens children. It must come from within. It's a deep chuckle. Now, let's all stand up here and chuckle. Then we can listen to ourselves on the tape recorder."

Dean Charles W. Howard wore a red suit and so, at one time or another during a busy autumn week, did his 14 pupils. This was the 28th annual Santa Claus School in Albion, N.Y., where department-store Santas plus a few free-lance St. Nicks converge for beginner courses (tuition: $50) and refresher courses ($25). Here they master such subjects as "Origin, History, and Evolution of Santa Claus," "Science of Santa Claus Mechanics," and "Anatomy of a Reindeer." To the store that sponsors pupils, Santa Claus School urges "getting the most for your Santa salary dollar." For the student, the course can lead to a formal B.S.C. (Bachelor of Santa Claus) degree.

Charles Howard welcomed his Class of '64 (10 Santas and four women studying to be Mrs. Santas) with these words: "I hope to mold in your mind a picture of the Santa Claus I've learned to love, honor and respect over the years. . . . Rule One in the Santa Claus business is: *Never promise anything.* Nod your head That just means you got the message."

In Howard's 68 years some two million children have crossed his knees and transmitted urgent messages, almost all beginning with "I want. . . ." He has experienced every crisis known to the trade. A few Christmases ago, for example, one taciturn youth plunged a penknife into Santa's innards, which luckily happened to be an inflated pad. "With a sickening hiss," Howard recalls, "I lost fifty pounds right there." As Santa Claus in the Macy's Parade since 1948, Howard has greeted many more children than he has ever met. In department-store Toylands, where Santas are paid $40 to $500 a week when they work (average: $125), Howard commands the highest fee.

He served as technical adviser to *Miracle on 34th Street* and other movies with Yuletide motifs. Last month—via jet, not reindeer—he dropped in on a school founded (under his supervision) by the Myer Emporium of Australia to put Santa Claus over Down Under.

The campus of Santa Claus School is an amusement park which furnishes an ideal laboratory in which the student can work with live children and live parents.

But before a student Santa converses with a *bona fide* child, he works out with his own classmates. Howard outlined the rules and the Santa-baiting began:

PROBLEM: "Santa, you're too big for my chimney."

SOLUTION: "The chimney problem is a

*Student Santa sits on knee of Santa-school dean Charles Howard to throw questions that kids use to fluster unprepared Santas.*

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By ALAN LEVY

# HO-HO-HO BUSINESS'

*takes a formal education at a school where the first rule is "Never promise anything."*

*The Nate Doans as Mr. and Mrs. Santa.*

vexing one for many children. I tell them I have a chimney-expander in my pocket. But I never show it to them."

PROBLEM: The beard tugger.

SOLUTION: "When he says or hints that he's going for your beard, put one hand under it and grasp the chin cup. Then let him pull. As soon as he pulls, cry 'Ouch!' He'll let go."

PROBLEM: "Can you bring me a baby brother for Christmas?"

SOLUTION: "First off, gentlemen, try to notice if the mother is pregnant. If not, just say, 'Well, I hope so.'"

When the session was over, Howard had two general criticisms: "Too much promising and too much time. Volume means business. This is one of the hardest things I've ever had to do. I've actually had a hand on their shoulders, hurrying them along without their realizing. Keep a jovial attitude and they'll leave with a smile." Practicing what he preached, Howard then processed a class of 29 Albion third-graders in seven minutes flat.

Howard was not the entire faculty this year. There were visiting professors of gift-wrapping ("You're not Santa if you're all thumbs") and toy orientation. ("Know the brand, know the names, know how they work. After all, Santa made them.") Mrs. Joy Ohs Merkel—the Cyd Charisse of Skaneateles, N.Y.—drove some 80 miles to teach a few simple dance steps to enliven Santa's routine: "All right, boys! Let's do *Jingle, Bells* from the top! A-back-side-cross-kick. A-one-two-three-kick. Very good, boys!"

The scholars attending Santa Claus School were a varied lot. The Class of '64 ranged in age from 24 to 73 and in heft from 120 to 250 pounds. This year's freshmen included Justus J. Austin Jr., 25, a flanneled junior executive from J. L. Hudson's in Detroit. Austin supervises 14 Santas who process some 25,000 children a day—eight per minute per man at peak hours.

Five previous graduates of Santa Claus School—all skilled technicians—returned this year to better themselves. They included Curtis Zintel, 39, of Mount Morris, N.Y., who was voted this year's Outstanding Santa; Arnold Taylor, 24, a Rochester accountant; and John R. Vincent, 40, the postmaster of Eloise, Mich. Inevitably, there was Harry Bloomer, 57, of Johnson City, N.Y., who has been attending for 18 consecutive years. Harry, who can neither read nor write, is a bachelor who ekes out a living as a mower of lawns, a clown for hire, and a Peter Rabbit at Easter parties. The fifth returnee was Nate Doan, 45, of Bay City, Mich., who has been coming for a decade. Nate, father of three sons, moonlights most of the year as superintendent of supplies for the board of education. Starting November 30, he reverts to Santahood and visits all 34 public schools in the Bay City area at no cost to the taxpayers. He appears free for charities and makes house calls at three dollars a visit. He also presides at a yearly party for children who have moved to Bay City. "They're terribly worried that Santa Claus won't know their new address."

Four Santa students also enrolled their wives. The character of Mrs. Santa Claus is a merchandising concept born during World War II's manpower shortage. "One store," says Charles Howard, "even tried dressing up a female as Santa Claus himself. You can imagine the complaints they got when people caught sight of Santa Claus around the ladies' room."

Charles Howard's incentive system is one lure for old grads to keep coming back to Christmas Park. Upon successful completion of one school year the student merely receives a diploma and the interim rank of Santa's Helper. To continue on for his B.S.C. degree, he must work one season in a department store, present 15 letters of recommendation from customers and three from store officials, prepare a scrapbook illustrating his achievements, report on his outside studies of Santa Claus lore, write a 1,500-word thesis interpreting the character of Santa Claus, and return for another school year at Christmas Park. He then receives his B.S.C. and the Silver Chimney pin that accompanies it. "Only thirty people in this world," said Charles Howard, "are entitled to wear the Silver Chimney." Bloomer lost a few years because illiteracy kept him from writing his B.S.C. thesis, but when Harry's hometown paper interviewed him, Charles Howard accepted Harry's quotes instead.

Even a week-long Santa Claus School has a dropout problem. This year's was a beginner who, by the third night, was so impressed by Howard's grandeur that he muttered, "The store should have known better than to hire the likes of me." On the fourth day, as dancing practice loomed, he remarked that he had "two left feet" and quietly slipped away. Howard and another Santa intercepted him at the Greyhound bus depot and persuaded him to stay on.

Howard founded his school in his own living room after a toy company that he owned failed during the Depression. He charged $15 for tuition. Only three men came. Howard approached several regional department stores to ask why they didn't enroll their Santas. One executive replied, "If it only costs $15, it can't amount to much." Howard raised tuition to $150 and, in subsequent years, his enrollment quintupled. After establishing a reputation, a corporation, an amusement park, a Santa haberdashery, a cleaning-and-storage business, he cut tuition back to $75 and then $50.

Today Howard is not in the best of health. He has been hospitalized 14 times with, among other ailments, a chronic cracked lower lip, two broken legs, a broken neck, a heart attack, and two nervous breakdowns. Howard's breakdowns came from overwork. "During one of them, when it got around the ward that I was Santa Claus, it looked as if I'd never be let out of there."

Howard trains by example. As he dons wig and beard, his head and chest swell like a float in the Macy's Parade: "There's all kinds of hair on the market—Dacron, nylon, you name it. Here I use yak hair exclusively. It keeps its shape and is cooler than nylon. But the cost keeps going up. Only a few years ago a beard and a wig cost $75. Last year it was $95. This year I have to charge $125. Why? The Asian Communists. They'll burn yak hair by the bale just to keep the price up on the world market."

He steps into his $155 Santa suit and his voice has a new timbre: "Now don't forget to brush your fur often. There are no loose hairs on Santa Claus! There are no flies on Santa Claus! And *you* are Santa Claus!" THE END

*Student Santas form chorus kick line to practice simple dance steps intended to put appropriate twinkle into Santa's movements.*



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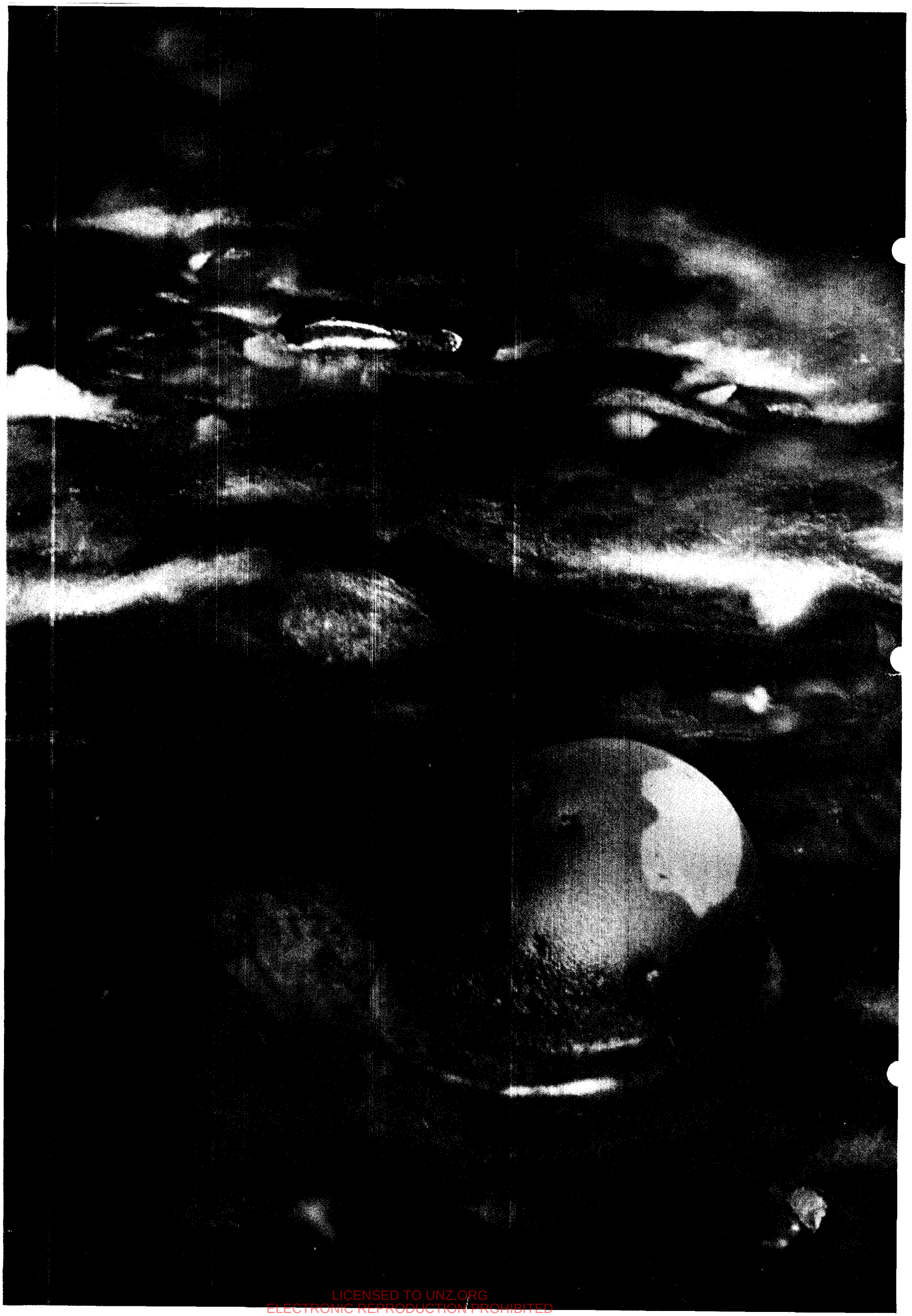



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## AFTER TWENTY YEARS:

*By W. C. Heinz / Photographs by John Launois*

# THE GI'S WAR FADES AWAY

In Western Europe the earth has healed its scars, and a new generation looks at the old pillboxes and bullet-scarred walls without hearing the sounds of battle.

Shortly before six A.M. on December 16, 1944, 17 German divisions, moving through the rain and the fog in the wooded hills of southern Belgium, suddenly struck at four American divisions along an 80-mile front. Here in the mysterious frozen darkness of the Ardennes forests, the *Wehrmacht* monster turned on its pursuers in one last death struggle. For days the outcome of the fighting was in doubt. Then, after six weeks, this "Battle of the Bulge" was over. It cost 158,000 casualties on both sides. It was the beginning of the end of Hitler's "thousand-year" Reich. W. C. Heinz was there 20 years ago as an American war correspondent. Recently he made a pilgrimage back to the battlefields that he and thousands of Americans can never forget. This is what he found.

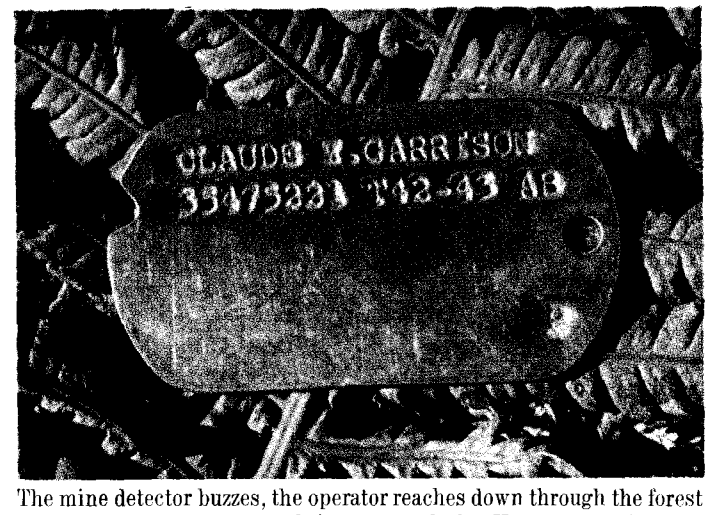
MAUBEUGE, FRANCE.

"But why do you wish to see the mayor?" the secretary is saying, and he is a man in his 60's, gray-haired, wearing a dark gray suit.

"Perhaps he can tell me what has happened to the man who was the mayor twenty years ago," I answer.

"It is the same man. Doctor Forest."

I remembered Maubeuge because it was our last French town, and I remembered the mayor because we could not make him understand.



The mine detector buzzes, the operator reaches down through the forest carpet for the stainless-steel dog tag, and the Hürtgen—still a no-man's-land, still deadly—yields up another of its 20-year secrets.

The GI helmet, pierced with death and rusted with sorrow, sleeps today in the River Kyll where clear, shallow waters whisper through the respectful silence of the Hürtgen Forest.



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Dragon's Teeth, the GI's called them; they were part of the overrated Siegfried Line.

**Row on row stand the fortifications and the crosses of the dead as if still arrayed for one more battle.**

## AFTER TWENTY YEARS

In Maubeuge it was the same as it had been in all the French towns that the Germans evacuated without a fight, and where the people, laughing and crying, throwing flowers and running out with waffles and those bottles of beer with the white-porcelain caps, clogged the streets so that the tanks and half tracks and the trucks and jeeps could not get through. In all these towns and for all these people the war was over, although it was not over for us, and then I saw the mayor of Maubeuge for the first time.

"What does this man want?" the general was saying, trying to withdraw from the small, excited man who had him by the arm and was trying to pull him from the jeep.

"He's the new mayor," I said. "He wants you to come to the city hall and be honored."

"Tell him we have no time," the general said. There were 30,000 Germans pulling back parallel to us, and if they tried to escape us at Mons we wanted to be there. "Tell him we're trying to fight a war."

As I started to explain to the mayor of Maubeuge, he released his grip on the general's arm and the tank ahead started and the general was gone. It was about four blocks later that I saw the mayor of Maubeuge again, running out of the crowd, and again he had the general by the arm.

---

"You tried twice to stop the general," I am saying now to the mayor of Maubeuge. "You were wearing a black suit, a black bow tie and a black hat."

"Incredible!" he says now, this small, bald man with the blue-gray eyes, turning to his secretary and his deputy. "It is incredible! After twenty years this man remembers exactly!"

He takes us, then, in his Peugeot and shows us, proudly, the traffic moving past us, the place where he ran up to the general the first time, and he explains that they have changed the road at the corner where he tried a second time. Then we all go to lunch and we toast the memory of the general, for he was killed in another foolish misunderstanding seven months later on a road just south of Paderborn, Germany.

---

It was dusk when the German Tiger tank cut off his jeep and, as he tried to surrender his automatic and reached for it, a kid in the turret and just out of *Panzer* school cut him down. This ended, at 46 years, the life of Major General Maurice Rose.

---

"The General Rose was a great general, yes?" the mayor of Maubeuge is saying.

"Yes," I say. "He was as fine a tank commander as we had in the American Army."

"He was a brave man," the mayor of Maubeuge says.

The mayor of Maubeuge and his secretary and his deputy are brave men too. They headed the local Resistance, and they still get letters from American fliers they sheltered and moved through the Underground, and so I do not tell them what the general told me, when the mayor of Maubeuge had him by the arm the second time.

---

"Tell this man for the last time that we're fighting a war," the general said, angry and his face hard. "Tell him that if he doesn't get off this vehicle I'll shoot him."

It was just a misunderstanding.

---

MONS, BELGIUM.

We crossed the Belgian border at 4:10 that afternoon with our lead tanks pushing to take the high ground just west of Mons. The road is absolutely straight and where it widens out now for the Customs it was then just the blacktop ending and the beginning of the two-lane concrete. In the culvert that runs under the road just inside Belgium a woman and her two small daughters were hiding, and now the woman has been dead for four years and the daughters are married and have moved away.

---

The little man who owned the big fieldstone-and-red-brick château about two miles up on the left side of the road is dead, too, but his widow still lives there with a son and a daughter and their families. She is a stout woman who uses a hearing aid, and she talks about the general as if he spent the whole war there instead of just two days and two nights.

"He was charming," she keeps saying. "The General Rose stayed right here and I was enchanted."

---

Her husband kept saying, too, how honored he was. While he was running around in those long knickers and tweed jacket and looking like a lot of money, he kept saying it, and I kept thinking of the mess our tanks would make of his orchard and wondering what would happen if the Germans should try to break through this place.

---

"You remember," I say now, "that we ate our meals here behind the cover of this grove?"

"Yes," George Hicks says. Twenty years ago he was a war correspondent for the National Broadcasting Company. We have come back together. "The first day at lunch a sniper kept trying to pick somebody off, and everybody was spilling his coffee and getting madder by the minute until a couple of GI's went out and flushed him."

"And I remember," I say, "how innocent he looked—just a kid—when they marched him back here with his hands on the top of his head."

It is still plowed ground just beyond the grove and for as far as you can see. About a quarter of a mile from the grove the plowed ground crests, and where the tractor is working the crest now, the dust rising from it, the column of Germans tried to come.

---

They came from the left, a couple of armored half tracks and the rest trucks, and it was just high noon. There was nothing between them and us but this quarter of a mile of plowed ground and they had no idea we were here, and our people just let them come. They let them get up onto the crest, strung out in that single line, and then, from the trees just beyond the orchard, the 155-mm. Long Toms opened up. The Long Toms worked from the ends toward the middle and there were pieces of trucks and pieces of half tracks and pieces of people just flying through the air.

---

"And then," I am saying, "do you remember the Germans running?"

"Yes," George Hicks says. "There were three of them and they ran to the left there, where those two haystacks are standing again."

---

Somehow they had got out of that column, and they were running as



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hard as they could. For a moment they disappeared behind the rise and then they came out again, still running, where it flattens out, and we watched our tracers arching at them, orange and slow-looking in the sunlight, and kicking up the dust. They ran behind the first haystack, and when they did, one of our Long Toms took the haystack. It fired once and the haystack went up in flames, and we stood here watching the haystack burning brightly and never again seeing the three Germans who died in the hay.

It was when I walked away from that that I met the chaplain. He asked me if I knew the major I shall call Graves.

"Yes," I said. "I know him."

I had met him the evening before. It was just getting dark and he was in the orchard. He had some water in his helmet, and he was kneeling with the helmet between his knees and getting ready to shave. I took him instead up to my room with the big double bed in it on the second floor of the château and got him some hot water and held my flashlight on his face while he shaved in the mirror over the washbasin.

Later we were sitting around G-2 in the big square room with the white-marble floor and the grand piano in one corner and the chandelier made of deer antlers when we heard that the first American tanks were in Mons. The major was in his late 20's, slim and good-looking with light-brown hair and blue eyes, and he asked me if I wanted to go to Mons. I said the first Belgian city would be a story, if we could manage to get in, and then he said he would take me to Mons.

He said it just like that, and we went out into the orchard and took the branches off his jeep, and he took the carbine off the dashboard and put it between the seats. Then we moved out into the moonlight and we drove to Mons. The moonlight was very bright and like snow on the fields and the road, except where the dark patches of woods came down to the road, and where the poplars bordered the road a light breeze was stirring their leaves and turning them silver in the moonlight.

We did not talk as we rode. We passed a couple of American tanks still burning at the side of the road, and we knew we were in Mons when we came to the statue in the middle of the circular grass plot. We stopped by the statue and then went around it and down the street. One half of the street was in moonlight and the other half was in shadow, and the sound of the jeep engine and of the exhaust was the only sound in the street. When we found no one in Mons we turned around and on the way back we talked.

"After you got back," the chaplain said that next noon, "the colonel sent the major back to Mons."

"I knew the colonel was looking for him," I said.

While we were putting the branches back over the jeep a GI had come up and had given him the message. Then we had walked to the château together and I had told the major that, when he got back, he could sleep in the other half of the bed if he wanted to.

"No," the major said. "We're not supposed to sleep in the house."

"You can come up the back stairs," I said.

"All right."

I went up and went to bed in the clean sheets. About three o'clock I woke up with the firing, and I could sit up in the bed and look straight ahead out of the leaded-glass window and see the Germans trying to come through the orchard. The whole orchard was growing orange bursts in the darkness and the moonlight, and after it stopped I went back to sleep. When I woke up again the sunlight

Sundown of a dream: German infantry dead rest under birchwood crosses and steel helmets in a small churchyard cemetery at Strauch.

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Boats dot the Riessersee now; in 1944 Americans died to win it.

## Today's beauty distracts the eye from yesterday's agony

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

was coming into the room and I could hear GI's talking in the orchard and the major was not there and no one had slept in the other half of the bed.

"When Major Graves wasn't back this morning," the chaplain said, "they sent a sergeant up the road in an armored jeep."

"Oh," I said, and I knew before he said it. I had thought it first when I had awakened and now I knew.

"The sergeant found the major," the chaplain said. "He was dead by the side of the road and the jeep was wrecked. The Germans ambushed him with a machine gun. The machine gun cut the windshield right off the jeep, and the Germans took the major's automatic and his field jacket off his body."

I went up to the room in the château and I gathered up the major's shaving things, and I brought them down and I gave them to the chaplain. Then I got a jeep and a driver and we went back down the road about a mile to the old red-brick sugar refinery where they had the prisoner-of-war cage. I thought that looking at some German prisoners would make me feel better.

They had plenty of prisoners to look at. They had 3,000 of them in the refinery and around it. They had three German generals and 12 ambulances. In one of the ambulances there was a dead German and a motorcycle, and in the others there were cans of sardines and bars of soap and blankets and surgical instruments and boots and canteens and newspapers and those hard, flat biscuits, and bandages and cotton and Christmas cards.

---

"But there is no one buried in the yard," the director of the refinery, a stocky, middle-aged man, whose name is Maton, is saying now. "There are no Germans buried here."

"I know," I say, "but I would like to find the place where I watched the young S.S. tanker dig his own grave."

"If you wish," he says. "We can examine the yard."



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"but there is no grave there"

"I know," I say. I know because they never did break him.

When the young 2nd lieutenant who was doing the questioning asked him, he said he had a wife and two small children back in Germany, but when the young lieutenant tried to work on that the young S.S. tanker still said he was willing to die for his *Führer*.

"So what are you going to do?" I said when we walked away.

"Nothing," the young 2nd lieutenant said.

"You mean you are going to let him get away with this in front of all the others?"

"That's right."

"Then you shouldn't have gotten into this."

"We need a new latrine hole anyway," the young 2nd lieutenant said.

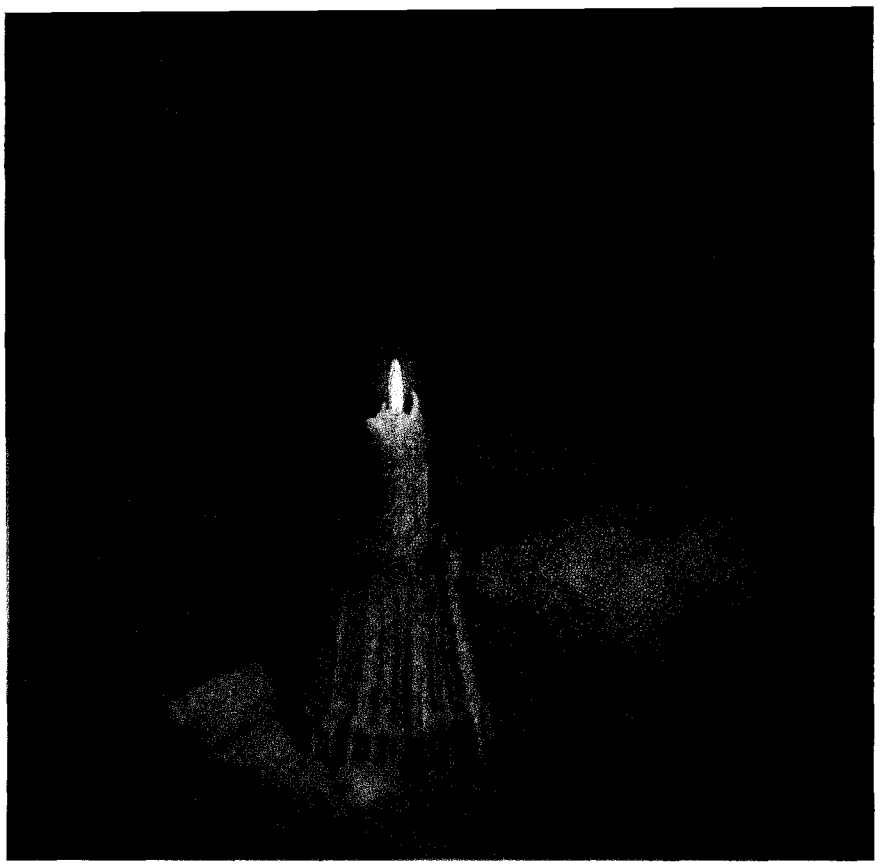
I rode back then to the château thinking about the major and the S.S. tanker. In three days at Mons the 3rd Armored Division captured 9,000 Germans, and the 1st Infantry Division in support captured 17,000.

"But you weren't disturbed?" I am saying to the stout widow with the hearing aid, sitting under the chandelier made of deer antlers. "You were not bothered by the damage done to your grounds and your orchard?"

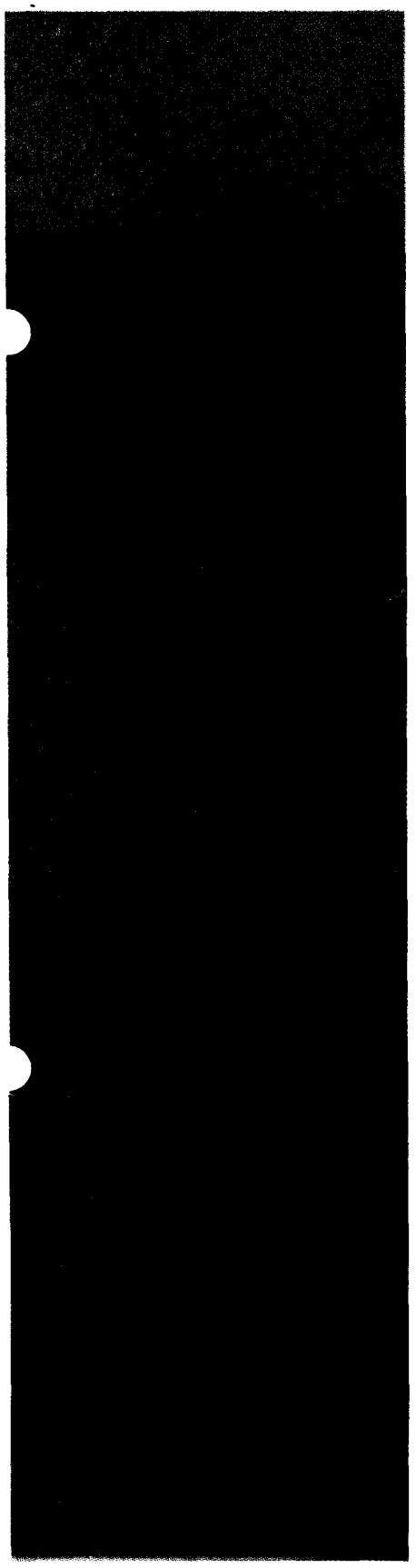
"Oh, no," she says, smiling. "Only an American soldier took the carved lion's head from the newel post of the stairway."

LIÉGE, BELGIUM.

We went in that morning with the Combat Command that had swung around to the right and came up from the southeast and along the right bank of the Meuse. There was very little fighting in the city as the Germans withdrew and we wrote our stories in the first bar we came to. We had only a half hour to write them to get them back to the Cub plane that would fly them out, and up at the end of the block the first tank was firing into a corner building. A half hour later the street was filled with people waving homemade American flags, and all the way through the city it was that way, the first two or three tanks and then the people spilling out behind them with their joy and with the flags and marking the progress of the advance.



Symbol of a siege: for 40 days a candle burned in the cellar while, outside, men died.



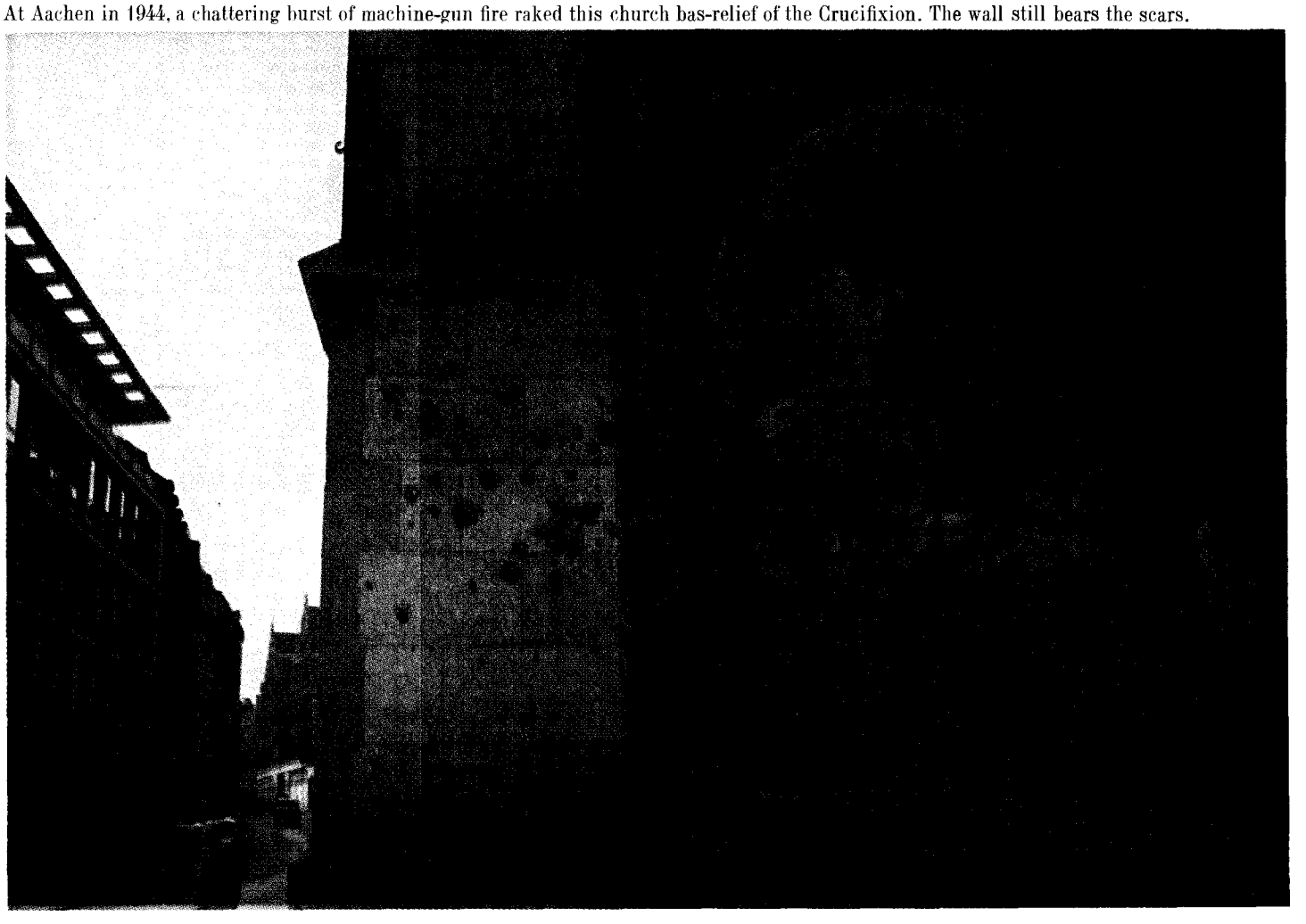
The S.S. tanker had refused to talk. The rest of them, the officers excepted, were all talking, but the S.S. tanker had said he was willing to die. He was a good-looking blond, but arrogant like all the S.S. When we ordered him to start digging his own grave because we said we were going to shoot him if he didn't talk, he got down and measured his length on the ground and then dug a grave, sweating in the hot sun and from the effort of getting through the earth.

"It was right over there," I am saying, pointing to where a poured-concrete wall now has been erected to hold refuse from the furnaces.

"Perhaps," the director says,

"But why do you wish to visit the basement now?" the *chef de bureau*

At Aachen in 1944, a chattering burst of machine-gun fire raked this church bas-relief of the Crucifixion. The wall still bears the scars.





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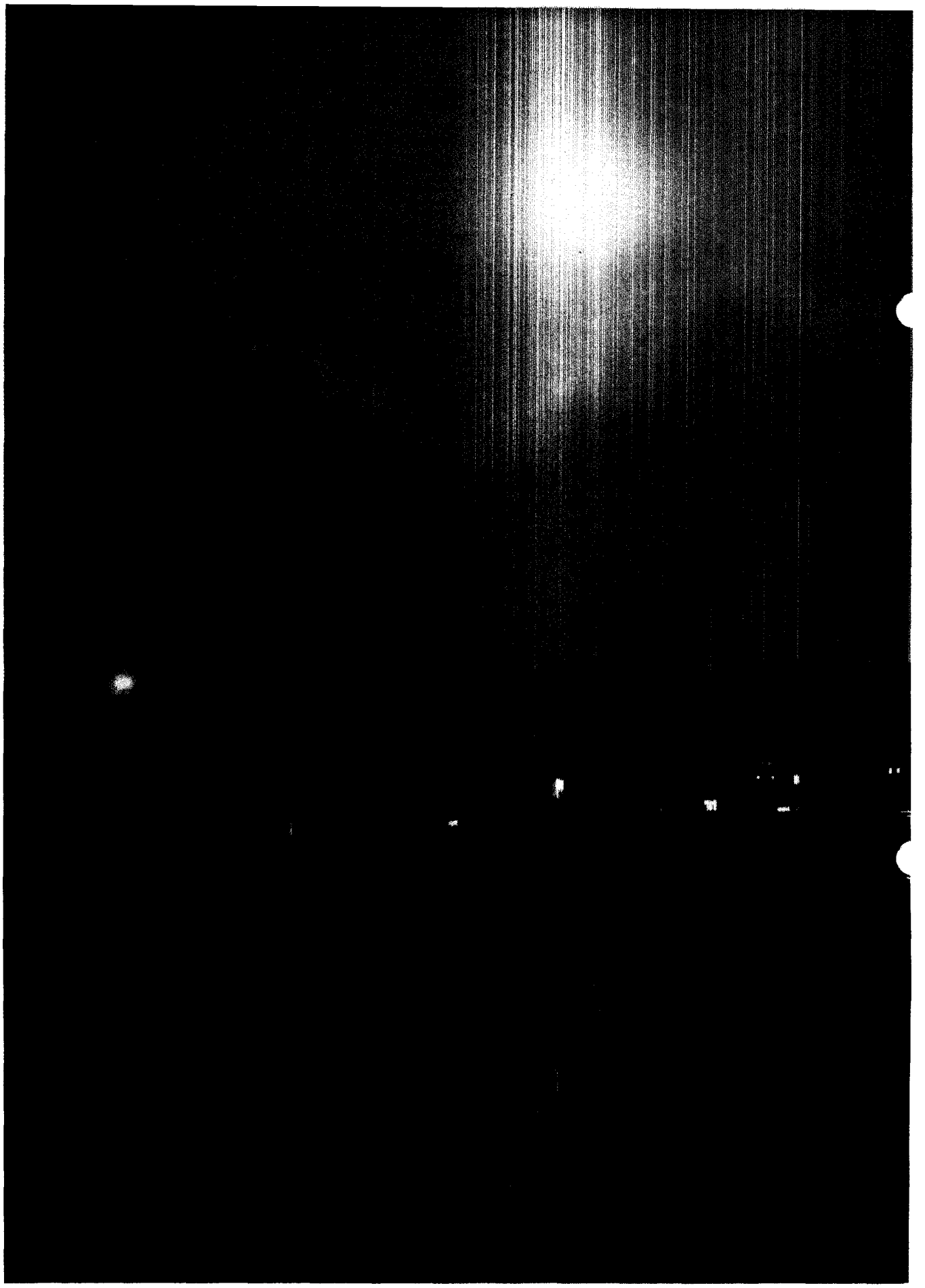
# They look smaller now, these Belgian towns that loomed as roadblocks to Hitler's homeland fortress



AFTER TWENTY YEARS

is saying. He is short and big in the chest and he looks you right in the face because, like all good office managers, he wants answers.

The *Hôpital de Bavière* is on the other side of the Meuse and north of the center of the city. It is a walled complex of old red-brick buildings, and when we went in there, the three of us, dirty and tired, the Sisters of the Order of Augustine de Bavière in their white robes with the black coif brought us pails of hot water and poured them into the white tub that stood in the center of the room.

"Now may I ask of you a favor?" the one called Sister Eugénie said after I had bathed and shaved, and her face, framed, oval and soft and starting to age, had the beauty of a painting. "Before the fighting for the city, we moved our sick outside of the city. The ones we could not move because they are too ill are still here. They are two hundred and they are in the basement. For two days they have heard the guns and have waited for this moment of liberation and now they ask to see an American."

"But I am only a writer," I said. "I did not liberate them. The first American they should see should be an American soldier."

I went out onto the street, but th one GI I found said he didn't thir he would be good at it, and so I went back and Sister Eugénie led me down the curved stone stairway. At the foot of the stairway there was a naked light bulb hanging from the ceiling and, as we stopped under the bulb, I could see, in the weak light of the other bulbs down the long, gray corridor the sick, the too sick to be moved. They were lying on mattresses



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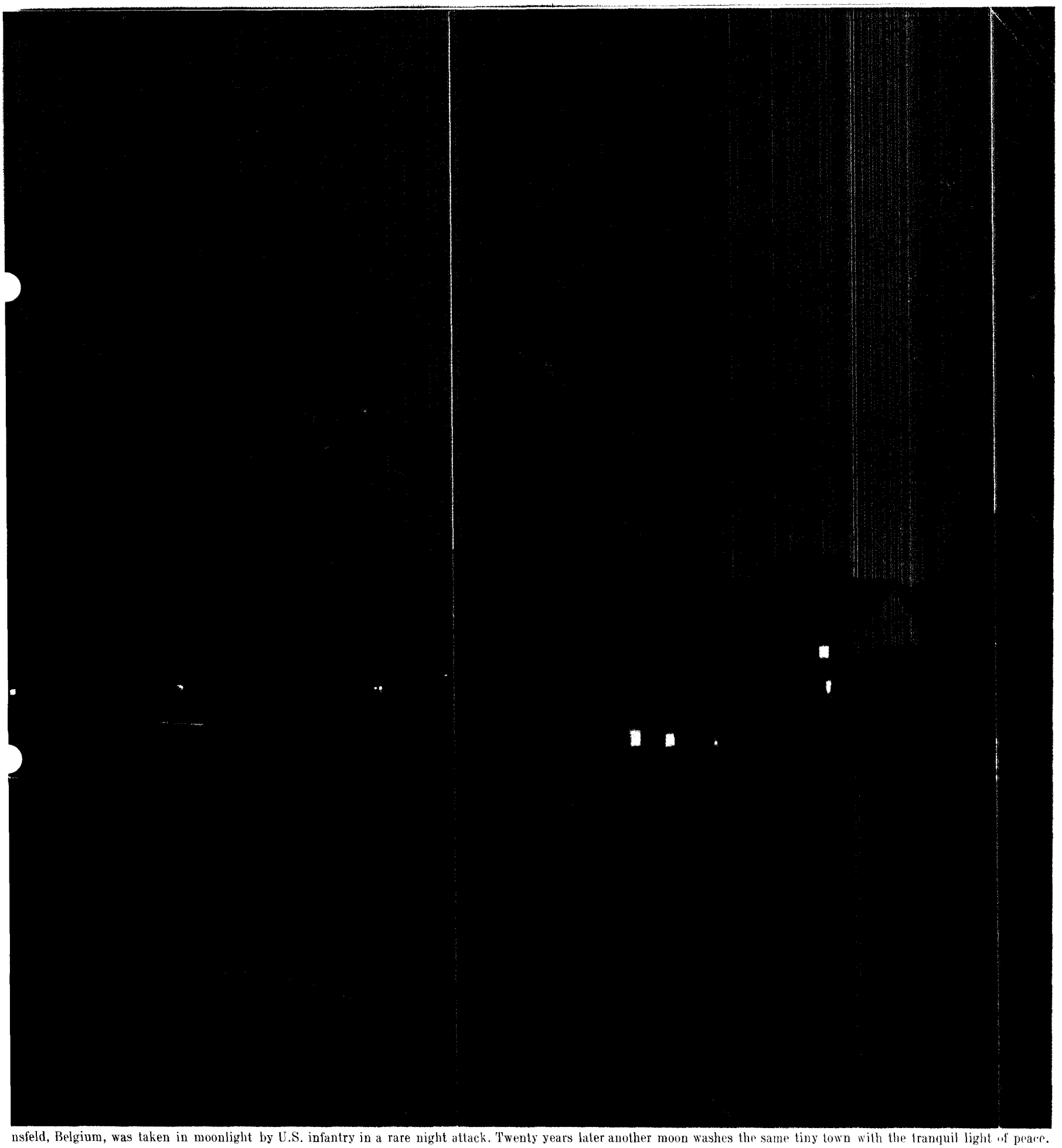

nsfeld, Belgium, was taken in moonlight by U.S. infantry in a rare night attack. Twenty years later another moon washes the same tiny town with the tranquil light of peace.

the floor along both sides of the rridor, all of them facing us, and ey had heard the sound of our ɛt coming down the stairway, and ·e was silence and the faces staring. n Sister Eugénie said one thing. "This," she said, "is an American." The first one was an old man and, I stopped and bent over, he ıched up his arms and, as I bent wn, he pulled me to my knees. The nes of his thin arms were hard ross the back of my neck, the stub- ɛ of beard rough against my cheek, ɛ bones of his face hard against my ɛe with his tears between. He did not want to let me go, the two of us shaking as one with his sobs, and Sister Eugénie knelt down and slowly opened his arms and I went on, walking, with them reaching to touch my clothing because I was an American.

---

"But there are no sick there now," the *chef de bureau* is saying, "and Sister Eugénie died in 1960."

"I know," I say.

"It is all changed there now. There are laboratories and offices and the workshop for the electrician and the plumber."

"I understand."

"Then why do you want to go? You would not find it the same there now."

Leading into the city from the south there is one street with the Vesdre River on the right and, at one point, a brick wall on the left. On the brick wall, painted in yellow letters, are the words: YANKES ASSASSINS. It is Communist propaganda against NATO and no one has painted it out.

---

When we came into the city 20 years ago they kept apologizing for the homemade American flags. Some were just crayoned on paper and some of the cloth ones had no stars in the blue field and one had polka dots for stars and not enough of them.

"But we are so sorry not to be ready with your flag," one woman said, crying. "We did not expect you for two more days."

---

EILENDORF, GERMANY.

It was about 10 o'clock at night, and quiet in the cellar except for the occasional artillery outside. The ones that were close sounded like two big pieces of lumber being clapped together, and each time one went off like that it would rattle the door



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leading out to the back of what was left of the house.

"You know this house has taken twelve direct hits?" the captain said. "But I'll tell you something else."

There were four of us in the cellar, and we had only a half bottle of whiskey, so it wasn't that. It was that the captain had had his company up on this ridge now for 39 days and 39 nights. The ridge is two miles northeast of Aachen, and the 1st Infantry Division put two companies on the ridge before it went into Aachen to take the first German city slowly, house by house and block by block. The two companies kept turning back the Germans who were trying to relieve their people in Aachen, and it had been very bad.

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"This is an American journalist," the interpreter is saying now to the woman in the doorway of the house. "He was here, in your cellar, twenty years ago, and he wonders now if you will allow him to see your cellar again."

The woman is short and plump and middle-aged, and she has on a dark-blue housedress and blue bedroom slippers. She has plastic curlers in her hair, red and orange and blue and green and yellow curlers, and she looks at me and then back at the interpreter."

"She says," the interpreter says, "that she is eating. She asks us to come back in a half hour."

"Then she'll let us in?"

"Why not?"

"She's not mad that we knocked her house apart, although it was the Germans who really did it?"

"She has only been living here a few years," the interpreter says. "A farmer lived here when you were here."

---

The captain was six feet two and he had lost 25 of his 170 pounds. He was sitting at the table with the lighted candle on it and the map and the two field phones in the light-brown leather cases. The lieutenant was sitting backward on the straight-backed chair, his arms folded across the top of the back and his chin on his arms, and he and Gorden Fraser of NBC and I formed a kind of semicircle around the table and the captain.

"But I'll tell you something else," the captain said. He said it slowly. "You know why we have this cellar here? You know why this candle burns here? Because out here on this ridge, starting 50 yards from here, there are kids who have nothing, except wet and cold and shelling and misery and the Germans coming at them, and they're dying."

We took three major attacks here, the captain said, battalion strength or better, and in the first one, he said, I lost every man in my second squad of my first platoon. They weren't wounded, he said. They weren't captured, he said. They were killed, he said, but we piled them up. One German reached a heavy machine gun, he said, and fell dead right over it. When they reached our mortar positions, he said, there was a kid who was hit, and he waited until the German showed himself, and then he shot him and the German toppled over and they died side by side, the captain said, and we really piled them up.

We literally piled them up, he said, at least 70 of them, and after we counterattacked, he said, there were over 200 bodies for 18 of ours spread over 400 yards. And the kids, he said, they don't want them moved. He said they stink, but the kids say they can live with the stink because they don't think the Germans will come over their dead. And for 17 consecutive days, he said, we were shelled with a minimum of 500 rounds a day and we still annihilated three waves of infantry, he said.

---

"She says we may come in now," the interpreter is saying. "Her name is Nyssen, and her husband is a chauffeur and they moved here from Aachen."

The woman has taken the curlers out of her hair, and she has put on black shoes, and she leads us through the small white kitchen and we go down the cellar stairs. The room is about the right size, but the ceiling is too low. I don't remember that the ceiling was this low.

"Oh, she says the ceiling is new," the interpreter says. "She says they had to put in a new ceiling and new floor."

The cellar floor is black with the dust of the briquettes and the small coal piled in the corner where I slept. Against the wall where the table was there are shelves, and on them are empty wine bottles and fruit jars and three empty Bols pints and a crate of green pears.

---

"So that's the way it is," the captain was saying. "They say, 'OK, I'll get the water for the platoon,' and they start out and they're blown to bits right here outside that door where you came in.

"They don't come off here with flesh wounds," he said. "They come off here with legs gone and arms gone, with their eyes shot out, with jaws gone, with their guts gone. They come off here dead.

"And one of them comes to me," he said, "and he says, 'I can't take it any more.' And I say, 'You will.' He says, 'But captain, I can't.' And I grab him by the throat and I shake him and I say, 'You will. If I lose you I lose a squad. If I lose a squad, I lose a platoon. If I lose a platoon, we lose this ridge, and we're not gonna lose this ridge. There's no going back from this ridge, except dead.' Then I turn him around and he goes out and I watch and a mortar comes in and he's dead.

"I've lost 112 out of 136," he said, "but we took your goddamn ridge and we're holding it, aren't we?"

He was looking right at Gordon Fraser.

"Yes," Fraser said.

"And we took your Omaha Beach, didn't we?" he said, looking at me.

"Yes."

"And we broke through and we chased the goddamn Germans across France and Belgium and we came up here . . ."

He stopped and I could see it coming.

". . . and we died," he said. "We died right here, because they'll never be another G Company like this one. Never."

And then he cried. The big gaunt man put his head in his hands and he cried. I could hear, outside, the shelling, then a machine gun fired one burst somewhere and then, in the silence of the room, because the captain was crying quietly, I was aware for the first time that a small battery radio was playing at the end of the table against the wall, and that Lily Pons was singing.

"Shut up," the captain said.

No one had said anything, but the captain had raised his head from his hands and he was listening.

"*The Bell Song* from *Lakmé*," he said. "Puccini."

"No," the lieutenant said. "Not Puccini, but I can't remember the name of the guy."

---

I looked it up later, and Delibes wrote it, and the captain was Joe Dawson and we named the ridge after him. He is in the oil business now in Corpus Christi, Tex., and for 20 years I have thought that that was the end of the story.

"But if they are going to take a photograph of my cellar," Frau Nyssen is saying, "I must clean it."

"No!" John Launois, who is taking the pictures, says. "Tell her, 'No!' Tell her not to touch a thing."

"But in America," Frau Nyssen is saying, "the people will think that I don't keep my house well."

---

AACHEN, GERMANY.

It was the same in all the cities where they held out and fought house to house. First we put the air on them and then the artillery, and the fronts of the houses just fell out into the streets. It was the start of the autumn rains when the infantry took Aachen, so the hills of rubble, wet by the rain, smelled of plaster and charred wood and of the disintegrating bodies underneath. The infantry, running low and spaced out, preferred building lines and doorways for cover, and the rubble forced them out into the middle of the streets.

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"Somewhere in this city," I say to Dr. Fritz Velz, who is the head of the tourist-and-information bureau, "there is a domed plaster ceiling, and on it are painted pink cherubs floating amid white clouds in a blue sky."

"I don't know," Doctor Velz says. "You must find that?"

"Yes."

Doctor Velz is semi-stout and he has long, almost straight white hair and a ruddy complexion.

"Doctor Velz," the interpreter says, "wants everything to your satisfaction. He will inquire about the ceiling."

---

Eighty-three percent of the houses were destroyed or damaged in Aachen and 70 churches and 50 schools. In what was left of the houses there were canaries dead in their cages and rubber plants turning yellow and, in the kitchens and dining rooms, where the chairs had been pushed away from the tables in haste, the food had turned to mold on the plates. At the foot of a child's bed, sitting so that it faced toward the pillow at the other end, was a doll with its arms outstretched. There were also the Nazi propaganda books and swastika armbands and swastika pins.

---

"Ah, yes," Doctor Velz says when he comes back. "That ceiling is in the Suermondt-Museum. That was where the American Military Government had its headquarters. You wish to go there now?"

---

The lieutenant colonel who was the head of the American Military Government was very worried about the whole ceremony. He said we absolutely had to find somebody who would serve as bürgermeister if we were going to get Aachen running again. He said out of 10,000 civilians he had managed to get 12 names, and five had said they might serve, but they were all afraid of Nazi reprisals, and now he had picked one.

---

"Yes," I say now. "This is it. This is the ceiling."

"But this was not a library then," the director, Dr. Gunther Grimme, is saying. The museum specializes in the Netherlands School of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and in sculpture of the Middle Ages, and the most prized of its possessions is Rubens's *Damnation*.

---

The lawyer was 43 years of age and his name was Franz Oppenhoff, and he stood under the domed ceiling with the cherubs on it. He was rather short, and balding, with an oval face, and he had on a gray-herringbone topcoat.

"Although a bürgermeister can be instituted even against his will," the lieutenant colonel said, "no amount of coercion can make him serve. Therefore you gentlemen of the press will not be able to use this man's name. Also photographers will not be permitted to take his picture."

The lawyer was standing with his back to us. The lieutenant colonel swore the lawyer in that way, with an American Bible, and then, without turning to look at us or saying anything, the lawyer walked out.

"He can be a great help to us," the lieutenant colonel said, "if he lives."

---

There is a 12-foot-high bas-relief of the *Crucifixion* on an outside wall of the St. Nicholas Church, and 20 years ago somebody sprayed it with a machine gun. There are chips out of the right shin of the Christ and a finger is missing from His left hand, and one of the apostles is without a head, but there is very little evidence of the war in Aachen now. They moved three million cubic yards of rubble, and the fountain with the colored lights at the start of the Autobahn to Cologne is like a roulette wheel with the traffic spinning around it. On Charlemagne's throne in the Imperial Cathedral 32 rulers were crowned, and there is the municipal theater and the technological university and the thermal baths and the annual horse show.

"We talked of what they wanted him to do," Mrs. Oppenhoff is saying, "but it was clear that my husband had to do it for his country and for his city."

She is a rather small, gracious woman who looks younger than her years. Her gray hair is set in small curls, and she is wearing a black skirt and a white blouse.



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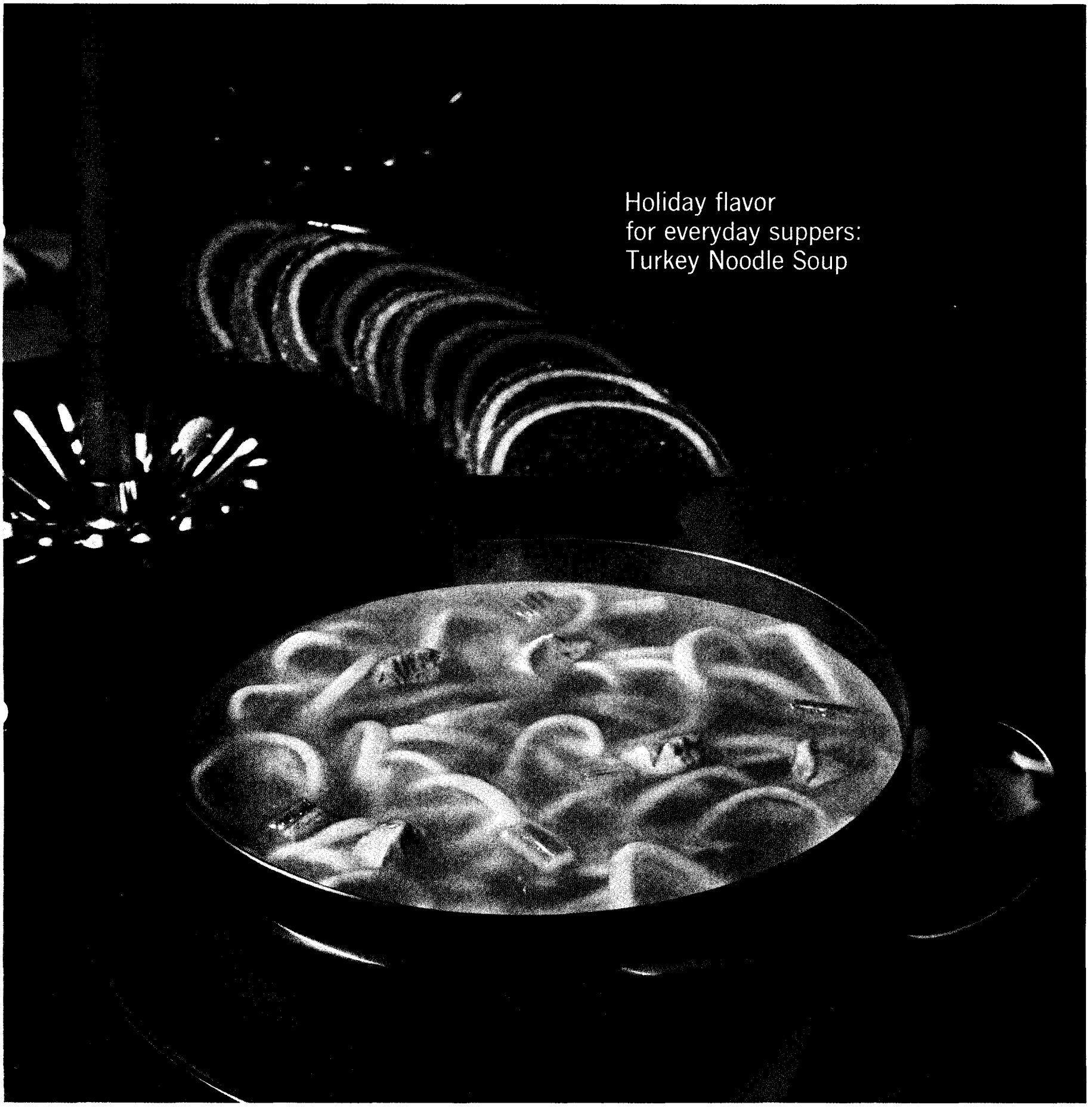


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## AFTER TWENTY YEARS

"It was the evening of Palm Sunday," she says. "They had come down in the woods by parachute. We were at a neighbor's house, and the maid came and said she thought that some Americans wanted to talk to my husband. He came here, and they were Nazi youth, and they shot him by the door leading out to the garden.

"The trial was in 1949," she says. "Three of them were sentenced, but they did not get hard punishments. They have never found the one that, the others say, was the killer. My husband had told me that we had to do, both of us, a great sacrifice, but I couldn't have known, of course, that the sacrifice would be that great."

They named a street after her husband. They changed the name of Kaiseralle to Oppenhoffallee.

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WERTH, GERMANY.

There was nothing moving in the town, so we parked the jeep behind the yellow fieldstone back wall which was all that was standing of the first house on the left and, in the bright afternoon sunlight, we walked down the sloping dirt road into the center of the town. There were only about three dozen houses in the town, and they were all of yellow fieldstone and they had all been hit, although the small, red-brick church was still standing.

The church stood at the right of the only intersection, and there was a shell hole in the roof and another shell hole in the wall at window height almost big enough to crawl through. When I looked through the shell hole, I could see the wooden benches that had been tossed around and broken, but the altar, with the clean white lace cloth on it, was intact. At the right side of the altar there was a life-size, painted plaster statue of the Savior, with His right hand extended. On the left of the altar there was a similar figure of the Virgin with the head, lying on its right side, at the feet. About 10 feet down the aisle there was an unexploded 150-mm. shell, and another 10 feet beyond the shell a dead German soldier was lying face down, his feet toward the altar. He was wearing a black helmet, with a narrow orange band painted around it, and he had his full field pack strapped to his back. I could tell he had been shot while running, because his left foot was still crossed behind the calf of his right leg, the way he had tripped as he had fallen.

Up the dirt road to the left, where the houses ended, there was one of our medium tanks parked behind a high green hedge. Fifty yards beyond it there was a broken yellow-fieldstone farmhouse, and there were three GI's in it looking out of the window at a .50-caliber machine gun about 70 yards out on the slope of the green field. They had abandoned the gun when the Germans had caught them in a cross fire, and they were debating whether to make a run to recover the gun or whether to wait for darkness. They were all afraid of their captain, but they were more afraid of the Germans, so I finally left them and started back toward the intersection. Where the medium tank was parked by the hedge, there were two GI's standing and looking down at another GI who was lying between the road and the hedge. He was lying on his back in the sunlight, a khaki blanket over him with just his head and his feet showing.

"Maybe he's asleep," one of the GI's was saying.

"Asleep, hell," the other said. "Can't you see he's dead?"

At the intersection the Germans had been throwing in some mortars, and the GI's were standing in the doorways. When I passed the church I looked through the shell hole again, and the dead German was still there. He was still sprawled out in the aisle, in his gray-green uniform and black helmet with the orange stripe, and his full field pack and his left foot crossed behind the calf of his right leg. At the altar two GI's were kneeling and praying.

---

"He says," the interpreter is saying, "that this was not his parish during the war. His parish was at Untermaubach, just south of Düren, but he came here right after the war. He says ninety percent of this village was destroyed."

"I know," I say.

The priest is short and stocky with black hair and heavy black eyebrows, and dark eyes. In his black-felt hat he reminds me of Fiorello La Guardia.

"He says the church is all new now. They have been rebuilding it for fifteen years, and last Christmas they received the organ and the bells."

It is gray stucco now and modern, and the roads that run past it are no longer dirt but blacktop. All of the houses are stucco now, except for the farmhouses where the GI's debated about the machine gun, and from one of the houses across the street we can hear men's voices singing and then laughing.

"He says," the interpreter says, "that they have won their football match, but about his church, he says it is not a large one and he is curious why you from America are interested in it."

"Tell him," I say, "that, during the war, I looked through a shell hole into his church and I want him to know that, at his altar, two American soldiers were praying."

I watch him, listening to the interpreter. I watch his eyes, and then he starts to talk, and I see his eyes fill.

"He says," the interpreter says, "that in Untermaubach there were American Negro soldiers who were prisoners. He says he still tells the people in his parish about them. He says that whenever he walked through the village, carrying the Body and Blood of Christ to the sick, the American Negroes would kneel in the street. He says he tells them that here many of them do not even lift their hats."

"Thank him for me," I say. "Thank him very much."

I do not tell him about the German soldier I saw sprawled in the aisle of his church, dead because he, too, had stopped to pray.

---

ÜBACH-PALENBERG, GERMANY.

It was almost dark and raining hard, and on the right the infantry was moving up, in a long, curving line, moving into the rain and onto the big, flat plain. Where the plain ended, the ground dropped away, and there was only the darkening gray sky with the artillery bursts like sunflowers against it. The bursts lighted the faces of the infantry and gleamed on their helmets and rifles and wet clothing, and as the infantry walked toward the bursts and the head of the long, curving line reached the end of the plain and disappeared, it seemed as if they were walking off the end of the world. It was the 30th Division and they were going to have to go through the Siegfried Line and attack the next town.

---

"There it is," I am saying, pointing toward the broken slabs of concrete on the grassy knoll next to the parking space and across the street from the small hotel. "Our infantry came across the railroad tracks here and it was getting toward night and raining hard, and this was the first pillbox they took."

There is a wooden soft-drink stand between the pillbox and the street now, and a board fence runs between the soft-drink stand and the restaurant. Next to the restaurant there is a grocery store, and they are both owned by a couple of brothers named Joeris. Paul Joeris is 35 years old, and he has gold caps on his canine teeth, and blond hair and blue eyes, and he is wearing gray slacks and a brown sport jacket, and his sport shirt is open at the neck.

"So you're the one who shot everything up here?" he says, but he is smiling.

"We and your own people," I say. "Your own people did the most damage after we got in here."

"No matter," he says, shrugging. "I was only a boy then."

---

The GI's blew the outer steel door off the pillbox with a bazooka, and inside they found three wounded Germans and a dead German. They also found a phonograph and some records, three typewriters, a half dozen cameras and a lot of pink lingerie. The GI's had a lot of fun with the lingerie, holding it up in front of themselves in the candlelight and, with the rain and the artillery falling outside, sashaying around the three rooms. The captain made no objection to it, but it was obvious he didn't see much humor in it and that he was getting morose.

"You train and train with guys," he said at one point, "and three months later you look around and where are they? They're all gone. All the good guys are gone. The sergeant and I are pinned down in a hole, and when it lets up I shake him and say, 'C'mon. C'mon. Let's get goin'.' He can't get goin'. He's dead. Will you tell me what the hell I'm being saved for?"

"For the Pacific," somebody said.

It could have been the artillery that was getting the captain. It was really shaking the ground and, although it was safe enough in the pillbox, the captain knew that the next morning they would have to clean out the Germans who were spotting for the artillery and sniping from the slag heap 100 yards up the road.

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"You see," Paul Joeris is saying now. "It is impossible to enter."

The way the roof was blown, it has fallen into the pillbox. There is a mulberry tree, the trunk about as big around as a man's forearm, growing at what had been the entrance, and as far as you can see in, there is refuse, old papers, cartons, broken eggshells, orange peels and a rusty length of pipe.

"We young Germans," Paul Joeris says, "use these things for garbage."

"But he has been telling me," the interpreter says, "that he is thinking of buying this property to put a large store on it. Before he buys he must know exactly where the foundations of the pillbox go. They get what would be in American money $6,250 from the government to get rid of these pillboxes, but he says that if the foundation wall is there it will cost too much. He wants you to remember it as exactly as you can."

"Well," I say, "it was a big one. The entrance was here, and there was one room here and another room here, and the message center was at the other side. It slept twenty-four men in triple-decker bunks, if they could sleep."

---

The captain slept well, although I couldn't sleep. The shelling made too much noise, and the air was so stagnant that I had to get up every half hour and turn the iron crank on the ventilator for 10 or 15 minutes. The next morning, though, the captain felt much better, especially when we heard our tanks coming across the railroad tracks and up the street, because the tanks would get the Germans out of the slag pile.

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"Then, if that is true," Joeris says, "the foundation must run all the way to the street."

"That's right."

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The tanks started the Germans shelling again, but finally I went out to try to find our driver. He was a black-haired, blue-eyed Irishman and he was the best driver in the press camp. He was also the best looter I ever saw. He had pulled the jeep with the trailer around so that it was pointing down the street and out of town, and then I saw him, coming around the corner. He was riding a bike and over one arm he had about a dozen women's dresses, on their hangers, and first he put the bicycle into the trailer and then the dresses on top of it.

"Hey, Mac!" One of the kids was calling to him from a doorway because they were still shelling. "Don't you know you ain't supposed to loot?"

"Yeah," he said, still loading the trailer. "I heard."

What the kid didn't know was that he would loot anything. Before the war he had been a truck driver, and he was saving up to buy a whole fleet of trucks when he got home. Once he even looted a girl. She was a Dutch girl, and he brought her back to the press camp dressed in a GI overcoat and helmet. He said she was very refined, and he hoped to marry her and loot her all the way back to the U.S. He said she played the piano. The way he put it was that she played Chopin without even reading the music, and he said he and the girl's mother sat one whole evening just listening to her play it.

---

"Then, if you're right," Joeris is saying, "that's no good."



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"He says," the interpreter says, "that if you're right it will cost him too much money and he can't buy the property."

"I'm sorry," I say. "I wish him luck, but I didn't expect to come back here twenty years later as a real-estate appraiser."

---

Our driver never did loot the very refined girl all the way back to the U. S., though. One day he came and told me, his head hanging a little, that he had had to go and see the medics. He was the only one I ever heard of who got it listening to Chopin.

---

INDEN, GERMANY.

The infantry company was from the 104th Division, and two thirds of them were in the three rooms of the cellar on the edge of the mile of open ground. The mile of open ground was all that separated them from the Germans in the next town, but it was a fine cellar.

It obviously had been built as a shelter, with a heavy, arched ceiling, and along one wall in each room there was a wide, slightly sloping shelf, for sleeping, and covered with straw. It was about 11 o'clock at night and the Germans were shelling heavily, and at eight o'clock the next morning the infantry would have to climb up out of the cellar and go across the open ground.

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"He says there's no one in the police station," the interpreter is saying. "He is the only policeman in the town."

He is sitting on his motorcycle at the head of the driveway. He looks about 30 years of age, well-built, with a square face and strong neck and brown eyes. He is wearing a white plastic helmet and a green leather jacket and green trousers.

"He says he wasn't here during the war. He doesn't know of any cellar that was a shelter and near a bridge, but he is willing to lead us through the town."

---

When the men got to sleep it was quiet in the cellar, except for the constant shelling, muffled by the heavy walls and ceiling, and for the sounds that the men made in their sleep. Every now and then one of them would say something in his sleep, or cry out, and then I was conscious of one of them talking.

"Wake that man," the captain said, and I had thought that he had been asleep too. "He's talking in his sleep."

"No, he's not, sir," a voice said at the far end of the room. "He's awake, sir."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He says it's his eyes, sir. He says his eyes are burning, and something about a gun."

"Take him to a medic," the captain said.

Then it was quiet again, and then I heard the stirring again at the far end of the room. In the candlelight I could see the two GI's, the GI in back with his hands on the shoulders of the one in front, guiding the other between the men sleeping in the straw.

"Now if he steps on you guys," the GI in back said, "don't say anything. If he stumbles over you, don't get mad."

"What's the matter with him?" one of them, lying in the straw, said.

"He can't see," the GI said.

After that there was just the muffled sound of the shelling, the sounds of the men breathing heavily and turning in their sleep, and the sound of the straw.

---

"Well," the interpreter is saying, "is it the cellar?"

"I don't know," I say. "I'm not sure."

"But it has the arched ceiling."

"Yes."

"She says she would like to know someone who stayed in her cellar," the interpreter says, meaning the woman who owns the house. The woman is middle-aged, with dark-brown hair, and she is wearing a dark blue dress and smiling at us. "She says she wants it very much to be the right cellar."

"I would like it to be the right cellar too," I say, "but the rooms seemed bigger. I can't place all of us here."

"And she says they closed off one room when they rebuilt the house."

"It may be," I said.

---

It was five minutes before the attack across the open ground when the GI shot himself. There was the quick report and a small orange flame, and at first I thought a shell had hit right over the cellar. Then the GI was

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rolling at our feet on the straw, holding his hand and moaning.

"What's this wire doing here?" the captain said.

The GI had worked it out during the night while the rest were sleeping, and it was obvious how he had done it. He had placed his rifle upright on the small table and leaned it against the wall. Then he had taken a wire from a crate of K rations and wrapped one end around one of the legs of the table. He had hooked the other end over the trigger of his rifle. Then he had picked up the rifle with his right hand, his left hand over the end of the barrel, and the bullet had gone through the thick of his left hand.

"I don't know anything about a wire," he was saying, moaning and rolling on the straw.

The wire was supposed to fall down out of sight, but it didn't. It was sticking straight up, the end still hooked, and the whole two thirds of the company in the cellar filed past the wire and up the stairs and into the shelling and out across the mile of open ground.

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"If it is not that cellar," the interpreter is saying, and we are standing outside and looking at the two-story white-stucco house now, "the officer says there are no others like it. He says, anyway, that he must go now for his exercise."

"His exercise?" I say, and I notice for the first time that his green trousers are really sweat pants, and his shoes are black-leather gym shoes with rubber soles.

"Every year he has to take a physical examination. This is the afternoon each week that he takes his exercise."

"But it was a red-brick house," I say.

"The lady says that this house was red brick during the war, but then it was so much destroyed they built it this way."

"But I remember that above the cellar there was just one corner of two walls remaining, and in that corner a refrigerator was standing."

"Yes," the interpreter says, "she says that there was a white refrigerator standing just as you say. It is not your cellar?"

"I don't know," I say. "This street was so different."

"This does not look like the street?"

---

The street was half-filled with rubble, and there was a Sherman tank parked behind one wall. The shelling was so intense that the tankers were down in the cellar of the house, with the line to their headset running from the tank through the cellar window.

"Get out of there!" one of the tankers was hollering at us from the window. "You guys better get out of there!"

Gordon Fraser was trying to turn the jeep around, but the single knuckle joint of the trailer hitch was giving him trouble, and the trailer kept doubling back. When he got it around, the two left wheels were up on a pile of rubble, so that the jeep was canted over to the right, and then it stalled. There was a dead German, just his shoulders and arms and his helmeted head protruding, wedged between the right front fender and the wheel.

"What's the matter?" Fraser was hollering.

"There's a dead German wedged between the right front fender and wheel," I was hollering.

"Well, pull him out."

"I can't," I was hollering. "Put it in the low gear."

So he put it in the low gear and the jeep started, the head and shoulders of the dead German shaking and the arms flopping. When I got into the jeep and we started down the street, there were a dozen Germans coming up the street, their hands on their helmets, and they had seen it all.

---

"I don't know if it looks like the street or not," I am saying.

"Then the officer must go for his exercise," the interpreter says.

---

HÜRTGEN, GERMANY.

The Hürtgen Forest was the worst of it all. The fir trees were 60 feet tall and planted 10 feet apart in absolutely straight rows, and there were 200 square miles of it. We had to go through the Hürtgen to get to the two big dams that controlled the level of the Roer River. The Roer River flows north and then northwest across the plain that leads to the Rhine. As long as the Germans held the dams we could not cross the Roer River because, if we had, the Germans would have isolated us by opening the dams and flooding the plain. It was as simple as that.

---

"So what happened here?" John Launois, the photographer, says. He was 12 years old and living in Paris at the time, and in each place he tries to get the feeling of it first.

"Everything happened here," George Hicks says. "It was, I suppose, the closest thing we had to the jungle fighting in the Pacific and, in its own way, it was perhaps as bad."

There is a light rain, and we are sitting in the car in the lane. On the left the wooded ground rises, but on the right it is flat and there are the open, brown-carpeted aisles between the fir trees, with the branches starting about 10 feet above the ground. Beneath the branches and between the trees the still, gray air has that look of twilight even at midday.

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We had five infantry divisions and elements of four other units chewed up in here in three months. The Germans had six divisions and parts of two others. There were 120,000 Americans in this forest and 80,000 Germans, and each side had about 33,000 casualties. In World War II, 10 percent casualties was high, and we had more than 25 percent and the Germans more than 40 percent in the Hürtgen.

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"The Germans had all the major roads and crossroads zeroed in with artillery," George Hicks is saying, "and pillboxes and bunkers among the trees. Between the trees they had thin, almost invisible trip wires that would set off chains of explosives, and they had four or five different types of mines."

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The mine the men feared most was the one called Bouncing Betty. When it was triggered it would come up out of the ground and go off between a man's knees and his groin.

The 9th Division made 3,000 yards here and lost 4,500 killed, wounded and missing, and one regiment lost 2,600 out of 3,200 men, including, within 36 hours, four battalion commanders. The 4th Division had 2,000 casualties for a mile of gain. In 10 days some companies lost as many as four commanders, and it was a good day when they got the replacements into the line without losses. Ernest Hemingway once suggested that it would save everybody a lot of trouble if they just shot them as soon as they got out of the trucks.

---

"The Germans really fought here," George Hicks is saying.

"Yes," I say, "they took one wounded GI and booby trapped him so that, if anybody picked him up, the explosive charge would blow him and anybody near him to pieces. He lay in the cold and rain for three days and, when our people got to him, he was still conscious enough to tell them to defuse the charge, and he lived."

"Incredible," John Launois says.

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The whole thing was incredible. It rained most of the time and the water ran into the holes, and the men slept in it and got pneumonia and trench foot. Then the first snow came, wet snow and wind-driven, and it fell on the men and into their food and into their coffee, and it plastered their helmets and the sides of the ambulances so that, through it, the red crosses showed pink.

"It was haunting," George Hicks says. "The men were like wraiths appearing and disappearing between the trees."

I spent a whole day watching them pick up dead Americans. The lieutenant was 23 years old and wore silver-rimmed eyeglasses, and he had six men and two jeeps. They lifted them onto the stretchers, and then rolled them off the stretchers into the trailers behind the jeeps. When the trailers were full they pulled the tarpaulins over them. It was raining, and on the ride back the rain ran in rivulets off the tarpaulin, and the men said they didn't mind it so much anymore. They said that at first they were always picking up friends, but now they seldom found anyone they knew. At the collecting point they took them out of the trailers and stacked them between the trees, and the people from Quartermaster would take them from there in the trucks.

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"What does this place mean?" John Launois says.

The roads are all two-lane blacktop now, with white stripes down the middle, the roads that were all dirt and then mud with the tanks and the tank destroyers and half tracks and jeeps stuck in them, and the men up to their knees in the mud trying to get them out. The Germans are out on the roads in their cars now, and along the sides there are the walkers. Well-to-do middle-aged Germans are great walkers in their good rain gear and the men carrying canes.

"They used to call this 'The Million-Dollar Corner,'" I say. "They figured that in three days we expended one million dollars' worth of material here."

"This was all splintered firs," George Hicks says. "There were no farms here then, just broken forest, and the pillbox we tried to get to was off down there in that new wood near the edge of the farm."

"Chick Hennen should see this," I say.

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Maj. Norbert J. Hennen was out of Sheboygan Falls, Wisc., and he fascinated me. He was a wry little guy who had been in it since Africa, and he was very tough and he never smiled. On most of our people the American helmet looked like an inverted mixing bowl, but the way he cocked his over one eye it made me think of a snap-brim hat. They were going to burn the Germans out of the pillbox with a flamethrower, but when we got within 100 yards of it the tree bursts started. The air was filled with the splintering noise and the shrapnel and the tops of the trees coming down, and Hennen was sitting on one of the fallen limbs and whistling *The Darktown Strutters' Ball*. For months after that I wanted to try to get him drunk to find out what made him like that, but I never saw him again, and now he's a lawyer in Minneapolis.

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"Yes," the forester named Karl Buch is saying, "we still find bodies. American. German. In March, after the snow go, we find seven German. They all time find soldiers."

"Can you usually identify them?" I say.

"All bones, but sometimes material," he says, tugging at the collar of his jacket. "Sometimes helmet. Sometimes *Namenschild*. Name tag."

"Dog tag," I say.

"Yes," he says, smiling. "Dog tag."

He was captured in Africa in 1942 and for two and a half years cut sugar cane and harvested rice in Louisiana and Texas. He is wearing a short green woolen jacket with braided silver epaulets and a golden acorn woven into each epaulet, gray woolen breeches, gray woolen stockings, thick-soled shoes, and there is a tuft of boar hair in the band of his green alpine hat.

"More weapons, though," he says. "Explosives enough to start another war."

He has led us off the road and down the hillside and into the tight little valley of the Kyll River. Along the bank of the river one of the clearing crews has marked the safe path between the trees with white and blue iron stakes, and where the white and red stakes stand beyond the others they have yet to search. In the 20 years they have cleared about half of this forest, and it will take the crews another 20 years to clear it all, and 160 civilians and workers have been killed.

"American issue of *Panzerfaust*," he says, picking up one of our bazooka shells from among the German and American hand grenades in the wooden box. "Very dangerous. Bullets in trees bad for sawmills too."

To the left, along the river bank, they are working in pairs. There is the humming of the mine detectors, and then the high-pitched stinging whine of one of them, and then the sound of a shovel striking the ground once.



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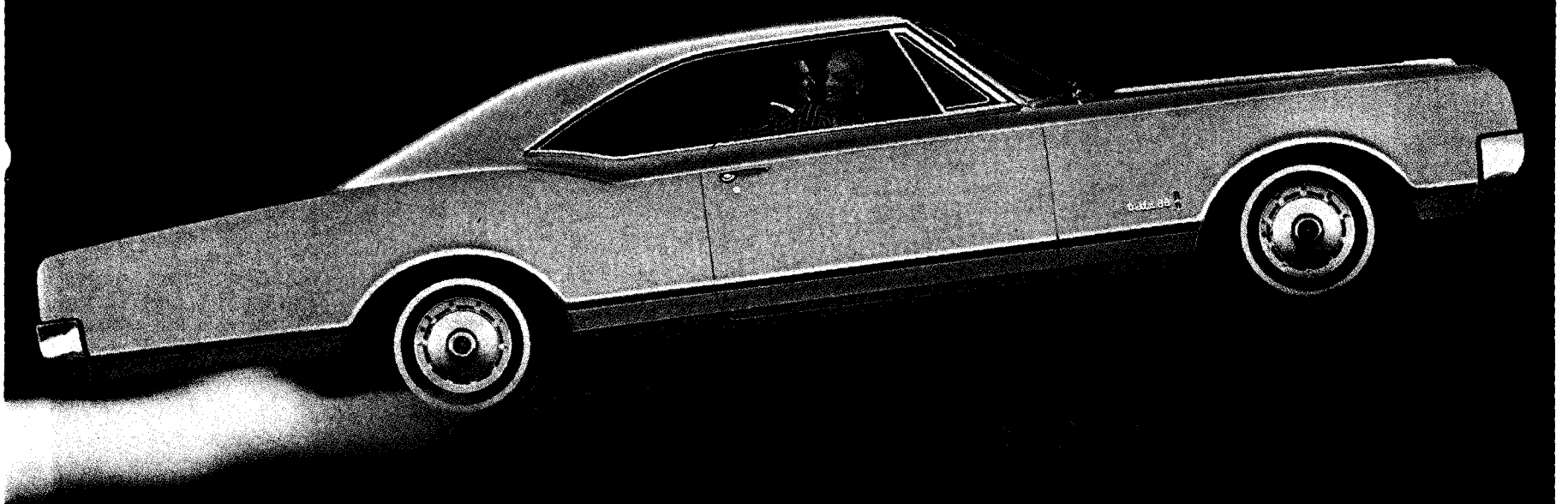

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## AFTER TWENTY YEARS

"*Namenschild!*" one of them with a shovel is saying, walking up to John Launois and showing it to him. "*Namenschild!*"

It is an American dog tag, with the name and the serial number and the years of the tetanus shots and the blood type and the religion. It reads:

CLAUDE M. GARRISON
35475221 T-42-43 AB
P

Later we checked. He was killed in action on November 8, 1944.

"Yes, I like my work," the forester named Buch is saying. "I love the trees, the woods. I am content. I have peace here now."

---

VICHT, GERMANY.

"Here!" the old waiter is saying to the young waiter who has just come out of the bar. The old waiter is pointing through the window toward the house. "He says the American writer Hemingway lived there."

"That's right?" the young waiter says.

"Yes," I say. "Twenty years ago, during the fighting in the forest, he lived there for perhaps a month."

"I never heard that," the young waiter says. "No one here knows that."

"But you have heard of Hemingway?"

"Oh, yes," the young waiter says. "*Old Man and Sea.*"

It is a two-story, square, fieldstone house on the left of the road about 75 yards from the hotel. On the right, and almost directly across the road, there is another two-story house, but rectangular and red brick, and I remember now that one of the families who lived there had a baby. There was a battery of guns behind the house, and when they fired at night they awakened the baby and it cried.

"She says," the interpreter is saying of the gray-haired woman standing in the hallway and searching our faces, "that she never heard of Hemingway."

"How about her husband?" I say. He is also gray-haired, slim and immaculate, and wearing a gray-checked sports jacket and gray slacks.

"She says he does not hear well and has never heard of Hemingway either, but I have explained. She is happy to have you in the house you remember."

Hemingway had the big brass bed in what is now the living room, and the dining room was across the hall. There is a wooden featherbed and an armoire and a dresser in what was the dining room, but there used to be a round table and some straight-backed chairs and a pot-bellied wood stove. The front was just three miles up the road in the Hürtgen, and when we got back from the front each afternoon we would write our pieces at the round table and send them back with one of the drivers the 30 miles to the press camp and then eat.

"The former owner," the interpreter is saying, "is dead now fifteen years. The present owner also owns the lumber mill up the road."

---

Up in the Hürtgen there was a dead American lying right across one of the trails. The jeeps and the trucks that had used the trail had had to run over him, and he was there for quite some time before someone complained that he was making a bad impression on the replacements who came up the trail, and they got him out. When Bill Walton tried to write it for *Time* the censors wouldn't pass it, claiming that it was an isolated incident and not typical, and bad for morale. This made Hemingway irate.

---

He was writing then, when he was not helping command the regiment up in the Hürtgen and fathering the rest of us, for *Collier's*, and I don't know if he ever got it into the magazine but he got it into *Across the River and Into the Trees.*

"There are three families living here now," the interpreter is saying. "Eleven persons."

---

After that all censors held the low position around the house until they were replaced by all psychiatrists. The psychiatrists got in bad when the major who was a psychiatrist dropped in one evening. He was stocky, black-haired and still young, and he was sitting in one of the straight-backed chairs against the wall, and Hemingway was sitting at the table, and they were discussing combat fatigue when the psychiatrist said it. He said that, in his opinion, Hemingway romanticized war.

"What?" Hemingway said, getting up and walking right over to him. "Did you just say I romanticize war?"

Hemingway was wearing a sheepskin vest with the gray skin side out. It made him bulk bigger than ever.

"Well," the major said, and you could see he was trying to get out of it now. "Yes. At least that's my opinion."

"Where?" Hemingway said. "In what that I have written?"

"Well," the major said, "right now I can't. . . ."

"Have you read *A Farewell to Arms?*" Hemingway said.

"No," the major said.

"Have you read *For Whom the Bell Tolls?*"

"No."

"Just what have you read that I have written?"

"Well," the major said, "some short stories."

"Have you ever been to the front?"

"No."

"Would you like to go?"

"Yes, I would sometime."

"How about tomorrow morning at eight?"

"Well," the major said, "I can't go tomorrow."

"How about the day after tomorrow?"

"I can't go then, either, but I'll let you know when I can go."

"You do that," Hemingway said.

The major left then, and while Hemingway was pacing the floor one of the others told him about a sister whom, he said, a psychiatrist had ruined. The chaplain was there, another major, but big-boned and with a deep voice and from somewhere in the South.

"Have no truck with that psychiatrist, Papa," the chaplain was saying, leaning back in his chair against the wall. "That psychiatrist is courtin' the devil and defyin' the Lord."

"That's right," Hemingway was saying, pacing.

"That psychiatrist is courtin' the devil, Papa," the chaplain kept saying, "and defyin' the Lord."

I never found out whether the psychiatrist ever got to the front, but the next night Hemingway felt a lot better. He was writing a love letter for one of the GI's who stayed at the house. The GI kept getting love letters from his girl back in the small farm town he came from, but he wasn't much of a writer, and Hemingway answered them all. A couple of times he read us passages he particularly liked and, although I never learned how that romance came out, I often thought that someday, perhaps in an attic of a farmhouse somewhere, someone would find tied with a pink ribbon some love letters that would be most unusual.

---

"Ah," the interpreter is saying, "this man has heard of Hemingway. This man lives upstairs."

He is a small man, thin, with an aquiline face, and he is nodding.

"He says he heard Hemingway's name on TV. He says he knows nothing about him as a writer, but he heard his name and he has asked if Hemingway killed himself."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him I do not know. Then he said it is not possible that Hemingway would kill himself. When I asked him why he is so sure, he said, 'If a man is well known and has a lot of money, and he is an American, he doesn't kill himself.'"

"Let's thank these people," I am saying. "They've been very kind."

"But I don't understand this man from upstairs," the interpreter is saying. "That makes no sense what he said."

---

HENRI-CHAPELLE, BELGIUM.

They had the three stakes set in the ground in front of the back wall of the low, gray-stucco munitions building. It was two days before Christmas, and they shot the three German spies at 9:30 in the morning.

---

"*Mon commandant?*" the *adjudant première classe* is saying into the phone. "*Adjudant première classe* René Parisse, *mon commandant.* There is an American journalist here, *mon commandant,* who witnessed here the execution of the three German spies. Yes, *mon commandant,* I, too, was here, and he is correct. All of the details he tells me are correct. Yes. Thank you, *mon commandant.*"

---

It was during the Bulge, and the Germans were dropping them in American uniforms by parachute and sending others through our lines in American jeeps. Before they shot the three, a young captain briefed us in the big, barnlike room in the red-brick barracks building at the left of the quadrangle. It was as cold in the room as it was outside, but the young captain was very efficient.

---

"You witnessed the execution?" I am saying to the *adjudant première classe.* He is short and stocky, with blond curly hair and heavy blond eyebrows and pale blue eyes. He walks with a restricted gait because he was wounded in the right leg, as well as the right arm, when the Germans came through Belgium in May of '40.

"Oh, no," he says. "Only Americans were permitted, but I saw the three Germans when they marched them to be shot. I saw that."

---

The young captain explained that the three had had an American radio transmitter and receiver in the American jeep, but that they never got by the first M.P., who stopped them. He said that the leader was a Nazi, but that the two others were just ordinary soldiers. One of them was a farm boy, and we got the impression that the captain felt the farm boy had been innocent of any intent to spy.

"He's quite simple and, I think, honest," he said. "He says that several weeks before this German counteroffensive started, a call went out for men who spoke English. He thought it would be a soft job back at headquarters in propaganda or prisoner interrogation. The next thing he knew he was in an American uniform and in an American jeep and heading for our lines."

The captain said all three seemed to be taking it well. He said we had some *Wehrmacht* nurses in the next cell and, the last night, they had been granted permission to sing Christmas carols for the three. He said the only carol he recognized was *Silent Night,* but then they had had to stop the singing. He said it was unnerving our troops.

---

"And this is where they marched," the *adjudant première classe* is saying, motioning. "They marched here."

"I know," I say. The munitions building is on the left, and we are walking out into the field where we turned and faced the wall. There are two cows—black-and-white Holsteins—grazing in the field. The field slopes slightly away from the wall, and beyond the barbed-wire fence the ground drops away into the valley. It is a gentle, farming valley, and it widens out to the northwest, and you can see for miles.

---

So that technically they will not be shot in American uniforms, I was thinking. The three were dressed in GI fatigues, but with a light blue stripe painted down the front of each leg. The farm boy was first, tall and loose-limbed, and then the Nazi, short and with a prominent forehead and steel-rimmed glasses, and then the other. As the farm boy walked across in front of us, across the frozen and uneven ground, he kept looking back, trying to be certain that he was in step with the M.P.'s behind him. When he backed against the stake he was trying, with his whole posture and looking back again, to make it easier for the two M.P.'s who tied first his ankles and then his wrists to the stake.

While they were pinning the white paper disks, the size of a grapefuit, one over the heart of each of the three, I turned and looked at the valley again. There was a mist in the valley, but it was starting to take on a brassy tint from the sun trying to work through it. I could make out three white farm buildings on the valley floor, a little yellowed now in



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the weak sunlight, and I knew that this would be the last view their eyes would ever see, the last valley, the last room.

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"So, look at this," the *adjudant première classe* is saying. We are standing at the wall, the three areas chipped where the bullets hit, and the *adjudant première classe* has pried out a blackened piece of lead. "For you? A souvenir?"

"No," I say, "but thank you."

---

The Nazi rejected the chaplain who walked up to the stakes, but the two others accepted him. Then they blindfolded them, and the Nazi shouted something about a long life for his *Führer* and they died.

---

"But see here," the *adjudant première classe* is saying, pointing to the chips out of the overhang two feet above his head. "The Americans did not shoot well. Why?"

"They had never done it before," I say.

---

Eight M.P.'s fired at each white disk, but even at 20 paces one of the targets had only three bullet holes in it. The captain said it would have been better if we had used combat troops out of the line.

---

"This corporal here," John Launois is saying, "says that that is not the only mistake the Americans made here. He doesn't like Americans."

It is not the tall, thin, sandy-haired corporal with the long nose who polices the barracks with the *adjudant première classe* and whose name is Sameese. This one is shorter, with a finely chiseled face and a strong jaw and dark eyes.

"What's his complaint?" I say.

"You Americans left a lot of babies here," the corporal says. "Not only white babies, but black babies."

"Oh?" John Launois says, and he is pointing across the valley now to where you can just see the flagpole and the American flag. "Do you see that? Look at that. The Americans also left more than 7,900 bodies over there."

"I know," the corporal says.

---

After they cut the three down, there were just the three white mattress covers, one before each stake and each bulked out by a body, and strewn on the frozen ground were the black-paper ends from the photographers' film packs, the expended flash bulbs, milky-white, and an empty, crumpled Lucky Strike cigarette package. When we got back to the press camp the weather cleared and the Germans came over and bombed us. They killed Jack Frankish of the United Press and three Belgians who were guarding he bridge, and the colonel named Flynn Andrew died later in the hospital.

---

CHAUDFONTAINE, BELGIUM.

It was such a good hotel that it was embarrassing. It was four stories, rectangular, with a white-brick-and-glass facade, and it faced onto the formal garden. Across the formal garden was the gambling casino. The gambling casino wasn't operating, of course, but it was there with its big picture windows looking out onto the formal garden with the low hedges and the flower beds. The two generals, Montgomery and Bradley, had used the hotel the day before.

---

"They are Germans," the mayor is saying. His name is William Grisard de la Rochette and he is 79 years old and raises Thoroughbred racehorses, and he was also the mayor 20 years ago. We are standing on the front terrace of the hotel in the late-afternoon sunlight and watching the three buses make the turn around the formal garden and stop in front of the casino. "Half of the clients of the casino now are Germans. They come from Cologne and Düsseldorf."

---

The colonel who ran the press camp was named Flynn Andrew, and he had said that there would be a briefing in the dining room after lunch, but I had walked out and around the garden instead. They had the jeeps and trailers and trucks parked between the casino and the hill, and I wanted to find the two bottles of champagne. I had been saving them to take them up to some of our people in the line on Christmas Eve, but when I found the trailer and pulled the tarpaulin back and opened my barracks bag they were gone. The driver was very occupied with his head under the hood of the jeep, but I knew he was a thief anyway. He kept protesting and saying that I had it all wrong, and then I heard the first plane. When I looked up it was right over us and I could see the black crosses on it, and the pilot.

---

"You will remember," the mayor is saying, "that the first day the correspondents use my château. The colonel was speaking in the great room and the bomb fell and one was wounded, and the colonel was slightly wounded too. Then they say to me: 'This is not good place.' I obtained, then, the hotel, and the next day the colonel is speaking now here and the bombs fall and a correspondent is killed, and the colonel is wounded again and this time dies in the hospital."

---

When the first one hit I was lying, with the driver who was a thief, under a truck. It hit in front of the hotel and to the right, and the orange bowl of the explosion hid that side of the hotel. Then, next to us, I heard the glass go like the ice breaking up in a frozen waterfall, and lying there on my belly under the truck I could see the GI's at the left of the garden leaping the hedges and running toward the right while those on the right were running toward the left, and they were passing in the middle of the garden.

---

"It is strange," the mayor is saying, "that you should be bombed one day at my château and then the next day here."

---

After the first one hit I reasoned that, if there were enough of them, they might try for the motor pool, so I hollered to the driver who was still a thief, and we ran for the casino. The second one hit just as we were stepping in through the window, and then the air was full of plaster dust, and I fell on top of a GI who was lying face down and crying. When I looked out of the window, the whole front of the hotel seemed to be sagging. There was a truck burning off to the left. As I started around the garden and back toward the hotel, the gas tank of the truck exploded, and then one of the tires went.

---

"I remember you standing right on this step," I am saying to George Hicks. "You had a cut on one cheek and one hand was cut."

"I remember Casey Dempsey," George Hicks says, meaning the captain who ran the press camp for a while and whom we all respected. "We were all wondering who that was, lying out there, and I was trying to crawl over to see. I was actually crawling, but Casey walked right over and bent down and looked at the dog tag and straightened up and said: 'It's Jack Frankish.' God, how I admired the way he did that."

---

When we pulled out we had to drive by the dead Belgians at the bridge, and a Belgian woman was standing, looking down at one of them, and crying. Just north of Liége a V-1 landed about 75 yards ahead of us and we could see the people on the sidewalk just rise up into the air. They went up into the air and turned over, some with their arms and legs spread out, and came down again. When we got to Maastricht it was dark, and the German planes were looking for the bridges, but we finally found the hotel There was a lieutenant just inside the door waiting for us with a bottle of Scotch, and a waitress in a black dress with a white apron and wearing a white Dutch cap took our coats. All the waitresses were dressed like that, and at one end of the dining room there was a band in dinner jackets and they were swinging *Honeysuckle Rose.*

---

"A man we knew," I am saying to the director of the American cemetery at Henri-Chapelle, "is buried here."

I am standing in the small office at one end of the colonnade. The director is sitting at one desk, and there is a Belgian working at some papers at another.

"If you give me his name," the director says, "I can look up the location of his grave."

"His name. . . ." I say, and I stop. The directors of our military cemeteries in Europe say it happens all the time. They say that many Americans who come back cannot go beyond the beginning of the grave areas.

"I'm sorry," I say. "His name was John Frankish and he was a war correspondent and he came from El Centro, California."

"That's all right," the director says. "I'll look it up."

I start to look around the small office, and then I see again the Belgian at the other desk. He has his handkerchief to his face and he has been quietly crying into it.

"Do you have many visitors this time of year?" I am asking the director, whose name is Ambrose Decker. "I mean, after the American tourist season?"

George Hicks and I have walked to the grave and we have walked back. Now we are starting back up the broad steps to the colonnade.

"Oh, yes," the director says. "Just this morning we had six big busloads of Germans."

"Why do you suppose the Germans want to visit our cemeteries?" I say

"I don't know," the director says. "I've wondered myself, but I can't answer that. They ask a lot of questions too. How many dead? How many unknown?"

"It's on the tour," George Hicks says, "and German tourists will look at anything."

---

TROIS-PONTS, BELGIUM.

The old woman was wearing a gray housedress and slippers and sitting on the front lawn in the rocking chair in the snow. There was a small, blackened bullet hole in the middle of her forehead, and on the four miles of road between Stavelot and Trois-Ponts the S.S. killed 116 other civilians. That, of course, was after they had killed the 146 American prisoners who stood with their hands over their heads in the field at the crossroad south of Malmedy.

---

"In this house," the woman is saying in English, "all persons were killed but two or three."

The woman is middle-aged now and wearing a gray-checked suit and carrying a black purse. She is standing in front of the row of small houses and it is a Sunday and she has to pause to be heard between the exhaust sounds of the traffic.

"In this other house," she is saying, "a father, mother and two sons and a baby lived. The baby has been killed in its small bed, then the father and the mother. The six- or seven-year-old boy the S.S. shot here in the road. As he ran they shoot him to make fun. They shoot him first in arm and then in leg and finally they killed him. The other boy of eighteen ran away and save his life."

One of the houses is of red brick, another is of fieldstone and another of stucco and they are less than 10 feet from the road and the traffic. There is an elderly man looking out of the window of the fieldstone house and studying us.

"In that house," the woman says, being careful not to gesture, "there were 70 persons in the cellar. The S.S. soldier came and said, 'In a few hours you will be killed.' Then the S.S. soldier came again and saw a young woman and said, 'If you make love with me no one will be killed.' The people, see, wanted to be in life. They said nothing and the young woman went with the S.S. soldier to make love with him. Then the S.S. soldier kept his word, because the people were not killed."

"How," I am saying above the noise of the traffic, "do sixty-nine people who owe their lives to her thank a woman like that?"

"By not saying anything," the woman says. "After the war is ended the woman left the town."

---

HONSFELD, BELGIUM.

The snow was waist high, so there were only a few landmarks to remember. As it was, when the lieutenant in the white snowsuit and the sergeant came in off patrol, the lieutenant located the barn at the wrong



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coordinates and the stone wall on the wrong side of the road, and the sergeant, always begging his pardon, had to set him straight. The lieutenant had just been in it too long.

"We must have come down from over there," I say, pointing to the right of the road. "We mounted up in a stand of pines on a rise like that. It was 1:15 in the morning."

They had the tanks painted white and, because of the waist-deep snow, the infantry rode the tanks down the 1,500 yards to the edge of the town. It was bright moonlight, with the blue flames spitting out of the tank exhausts and the men bunched behind the turrets, and the first tanks starting to fire into the town, when the 88-mm. shell hit. It hit about 25 yards off to the left, the flame and then the snow rising and then the smoke and the black on the snow, and when it hit, the lieutenant facing me made his move. He threw one leg over the side of the tank but, as he did, the sergeant next to him swung his arm across, and he had the lieutenant pinned now against the turret.

"I'm sorry, sir," the sergeant said, holding the lieutenant, "but you'd better not."

"But we'll all get killed," the lieutenant was saying, looking at the sergeant and his voice rising. "We'll all get killed!"

"You'll get killed if you leave this tank, sir," the sergeant said.

"But we'll all get killed!" the lieutenant was saying.

"I'm sorry, sir," the sergeant said.

The sergeant kept his hold on the lieutenant until the tank stopped and we unloaded. It wasn't until sometime later that I realized that the lieutenant and the sergeant on the tank were the same two who had been out on patrol, that the lieutenant was the one who had just been in it too long.

"This is the town all right," I am saying. "It's just that it seems so much smaller."

They all seem so much smaller. There are hundreds of towns like this that the GI's fought for and took and that seemed so much larger then and seem so much smaller now. Only 404 people live in this town.

"He says that he was here then," the interpreter says, meaning the old man in the blue work clothes and with the red face and the halo of hair and the spot of gray paint on the bridge of his nose. "He was in a cellar, but he says you came from the southwest with the tanks, and the snow was waist high."

"That's right," I say. "Ask him if a barn was burning right here at the fork in the road."

"He says yes."

When the call came to unload, the barn was already burning and lighted the snow orange and the tanks orange and the men orange as they jumped off the tanks to start toward the crossroad. Some of them fell on their hands and knees and some of them sat right down and looked pathetic and swore. Then the two lines started, one down on each side of the road, the tanks moving between, the men lighted figures running and slipping in the loose snow, bent over and keeping their intervals and breaking off to take the houses, dark, on both sides of what had now become a street. There was the sound of small-arms fire from the houses and then ahead the brrrp-brrrp of a German burp gun.

"Machine gunners. Machine gunners," the request came down the line, distant first and then louder and then passed on and diminishing behind. "Machine gunners."

The men rested then, many of them on their hands and knees in the snow, and the machine gunners came up the road between the two lines. There were the men with the guns and the men with the tripods over their shoulders, running and slipping and running and then, after a while, there was the heavy chut-chut-chut of the machine guns, and the lines started forward again.

"Medics. Medics. Medics," the word came down the line. "Medics. Medics. Medics."

The next morning in the command post in the dining room of the house there was a young 2nd lieutenant who said he had lost his helmet, and once he picked mine up from the floor, but I showed him my name on the liner. I did not see him go out, but later mine was missing, and when we went back past the fork in the road the young 2nd lieutenant was directing traffic there and he was wearing a helmet.

"How did it go?" the captain named Max Zera, who was the PRO of the 1st Infantry Division, was asking me a couple of nights later at the press camp.

I said it went fine, but then I told him about the young 2nd lieutenant and the helmet. I said I saw him wearing a helmet at the fork in the road and that I bet it was mine.

"What time did you see him?" Max said.

"Oh," I said, "about 11:15."

"You'll never cash your bet," Max said. "Just before noon a shell came in and took his head off."

REMAGEN, GERMANY.

It was the only bridge still standing on the Rhine, and when the first Americans started across it they knew it was wired for demolition. They knew that at any moment the whole bridge could go and take them with it, and they had to run 1,000 feet, 700 of them over water. It was one of the bravest acts of the war.

"Can you imagine what a run that was?" I say.

We are standing at the two blackened brownstone towers on the west bank and looking across at the two oval brownstone piers in the river, the wild grass, brown now, sticking out of the tops of them, and at the two towers on the other side. That is all that is left now, but there are the Rhine River barges passing, black with white trim and, on one of them, the laundry hanging on the deck in the sunlight, and a white excursion steamer from Holland.

"It scares the hell out of you," John Launois says, "just to stand here and think of it."

It ended after Remagen, after the 9th Armored Division captured the only bridge on the Rhine. There were still two months of it, and some of the fighting was vicious and many died, but then it was the tanks rolling again as they had rolled, after the breakthrough, through France and Belgium.

"All right," he says in English, sitting down at one of the tables in the small, plain bar-and-dining-room. "I am busy, but I give you five minutes. What you want to know?"

His name is Gerhard Rothe, and he is 52 now, and he has become a local celebrity. He inherited from his father the 40-bed hotel across the plaza from the railroad station, but he inherited his fame when he was the last German soldier to retreat across the Remagen Bridge.

After the bridge, even the German High Command knew it was over, and they executed three majors and a 1st lieutenant. After our tanks it was our infantry riding in the trucks and the white bedsheets of surrender hanging out of the windows of the German towns. Then it was the trucks rolling back through the towns, this time filled with the prisoners standing 70 packed in a truck.

"Ach!" he says. "That story I tell too many times."

He is tired of our war. Sitting here in this small bar of his own hotel, wearing a white smock and looking like a grocery-store owner, tall, lean, wearing glasses, his black hair streaked with gray, he would rather be doing something else.

It was clever the way they got 70 prisoners into each truck. They faced them standing forward and, when a truck was full, the prisoners packed so tightly that it was impossible to add the five or six more, the M.P. would shout to the driver. The driver would start the truck and go about 20 feet and suddenly stop. As the prisoners shifted forward, the M.P. would add the others to make the 70 in each truck and then put up the tailgate.

"So I am 1st sergeant and come down from the hill with my group," he says, "and on the road to Coblenz there is armored car and a machine gun fires and I am wounded in legs. So I have to crawl across the bridge, and I am the last one."

As the trucks rolled through the small towns, it was the women throwing the bread to the prisoners. The bread would bounce off the sides of the trucks and out of the prisoners' hands and roll in the dust and be crushed by the trucks. Some of the women cried, and a few of them held up babies.

"So when you were taken prisoner," I ask him, "the Americans treated you well?"

"The first thing they have done is take my watch away," he says. "It was good watch."

Before the bridge collapsed on the 10th day, the Germans tried to knock it out with everything they had left. They put planes on it and artillery, rockets, frogmen and floating mines. Along both sides of the river we had the largest concentration of anti-aircraft put together in Europe, and it was a show the day they got 16 out of 21 planes, and I saw the baby.

"Tell her," I am saying to the interpreter, and we have crossed on the car ferry to Linz and come up the east bank to just south of where the bridge used to be, "that I met her last when her daughter was three days old."

"He was there?" the woman says, surprised, and we are sitting in the small living room of the gray-stucco house. "He remembers where that other house was?"

The 40-mm. ack-ack gun with the sandbags around it was in the front yard of the white-stucco house against the hill. The two GI's had come running up to the medic's station to say a baby was being born right behind their gun. The captain named Albert J. Haft, from Queens, N.Y., had gone back with them and into the cellar. In the light of two flashlights, and with the German planes making three runs at the bridge and the sound and the vibrations coming into the cellar, he had delivered the baby.

"He remembers," the woman says, nodding. She is forty-two now and in her blond hair there is gray. She has three children now.

"Tell her," I say, "that in the cellar she and the baby were lying in a big wooden bed under a red quilt. There was a table and a kitchen sink and a kerosene lamp, and a gray-haired woman was taking care of her and the baby."

"He is right," she says, nodding. "He remembers."

"Tell her," I say, "that I have been looking forward to seeing her daughter again, and talking with her."

"Oh," the interpreter says, and I have it already. "The girl is not alive."

"I'm sorry," I say, because I can think of nothing else to say. "I'm very sorry."

"The baby lived only seven days," the interpreter is saying. "She says there was something wrong. The baby slept all the time. She was never really alive."

"I'm sorry," I say. "Tell her I'm sorry I came."

"She says she is glad you came. She says she is happy to see someone who remembers her baby."

I am still sorry I came. I had wanted, at the end of it, at the end of all the seeking, to find not whatever there was but whatever there is. I had wanted to find the 19-year-old blue-eyed, blond German girl. I remember how she was born, and that was in my world and in my time, but now my own youth is gone and I am middle-aged. I had wanted her to talk to me of her world, of what she does and what she thinks and what she dreams. I had wanted to find what came out of my world for hers, but that was impossible, of course. It was impossible, for the 19-year-old blue-eyed blond German girl never really was.

"She asks now," the interpreter says, "if you will have a glass of wine."

"Tell her I thank her," I say, "but tell her we have to make a train and that I am going home." THE END



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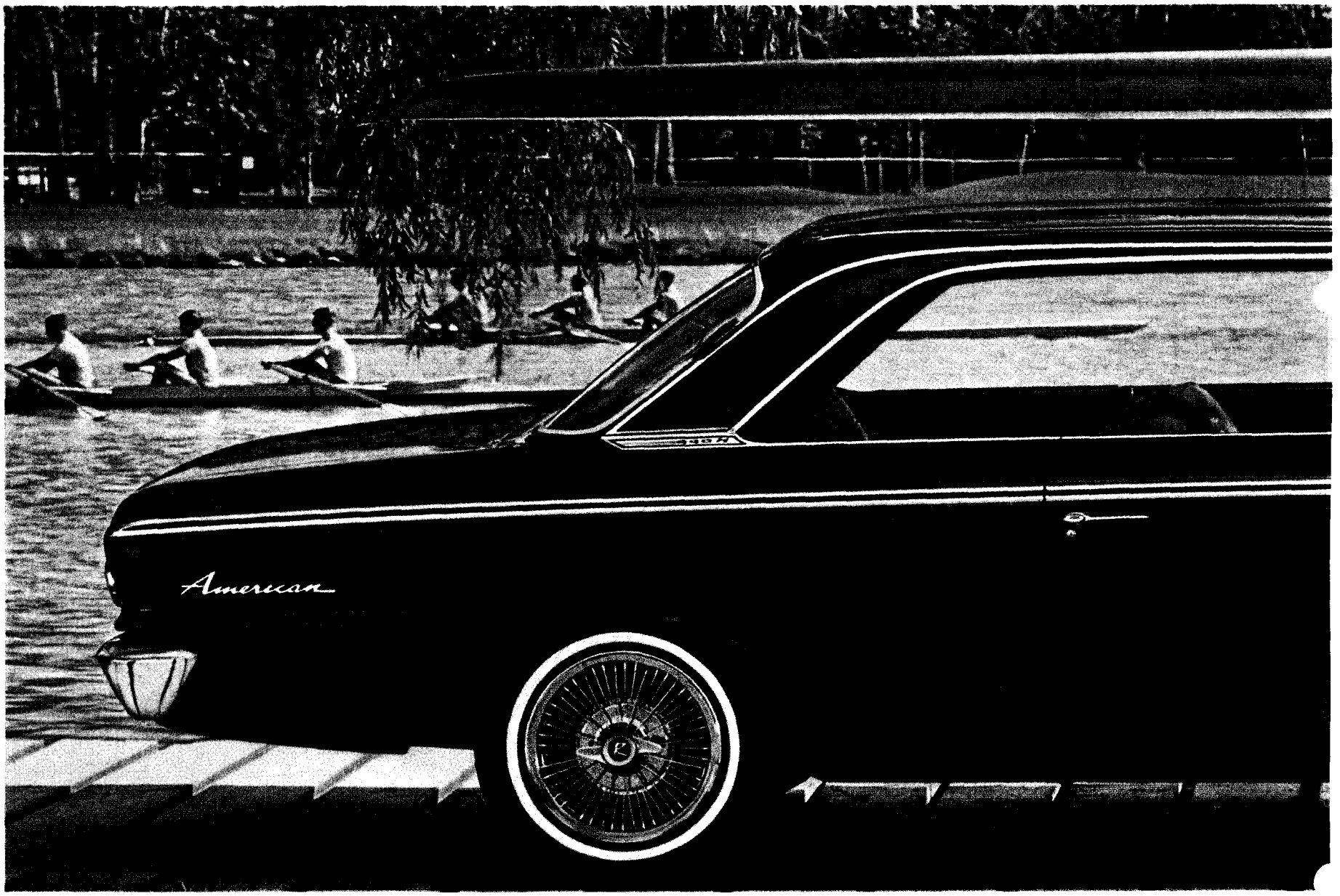


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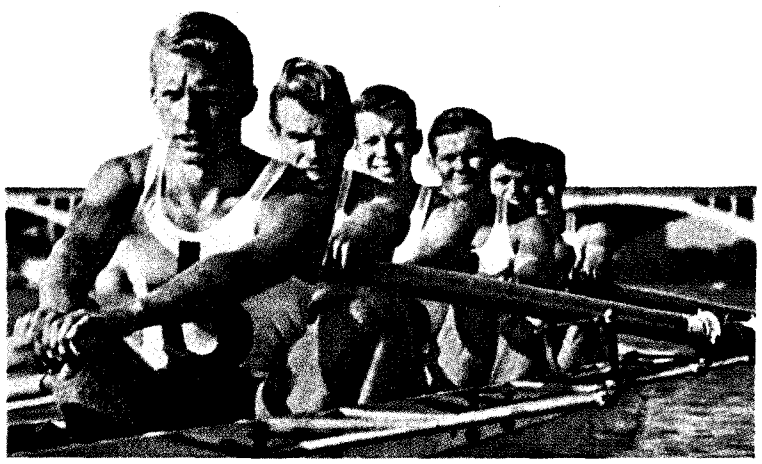

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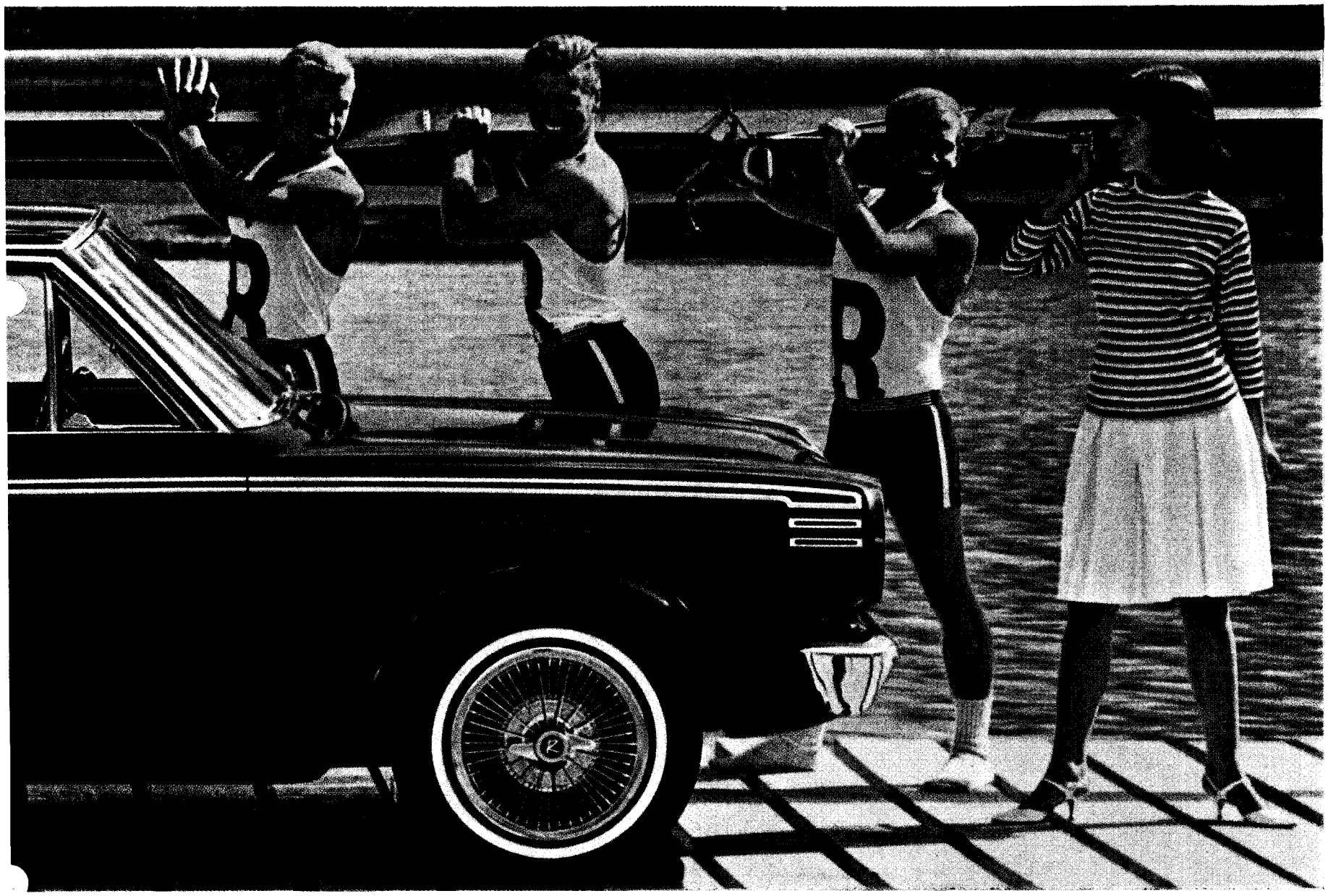

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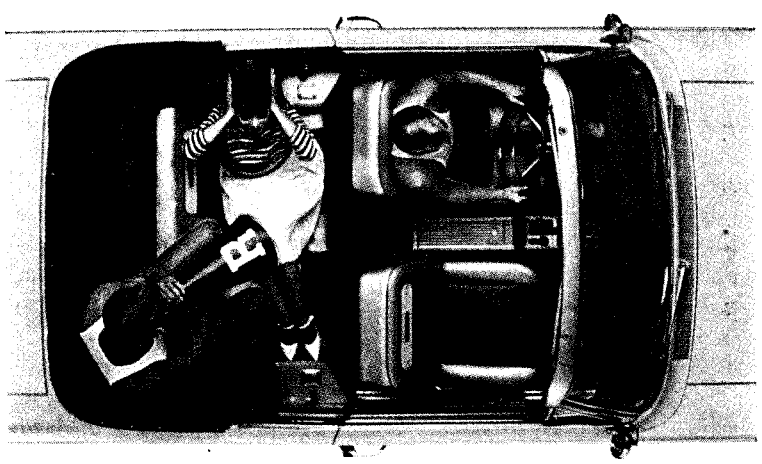

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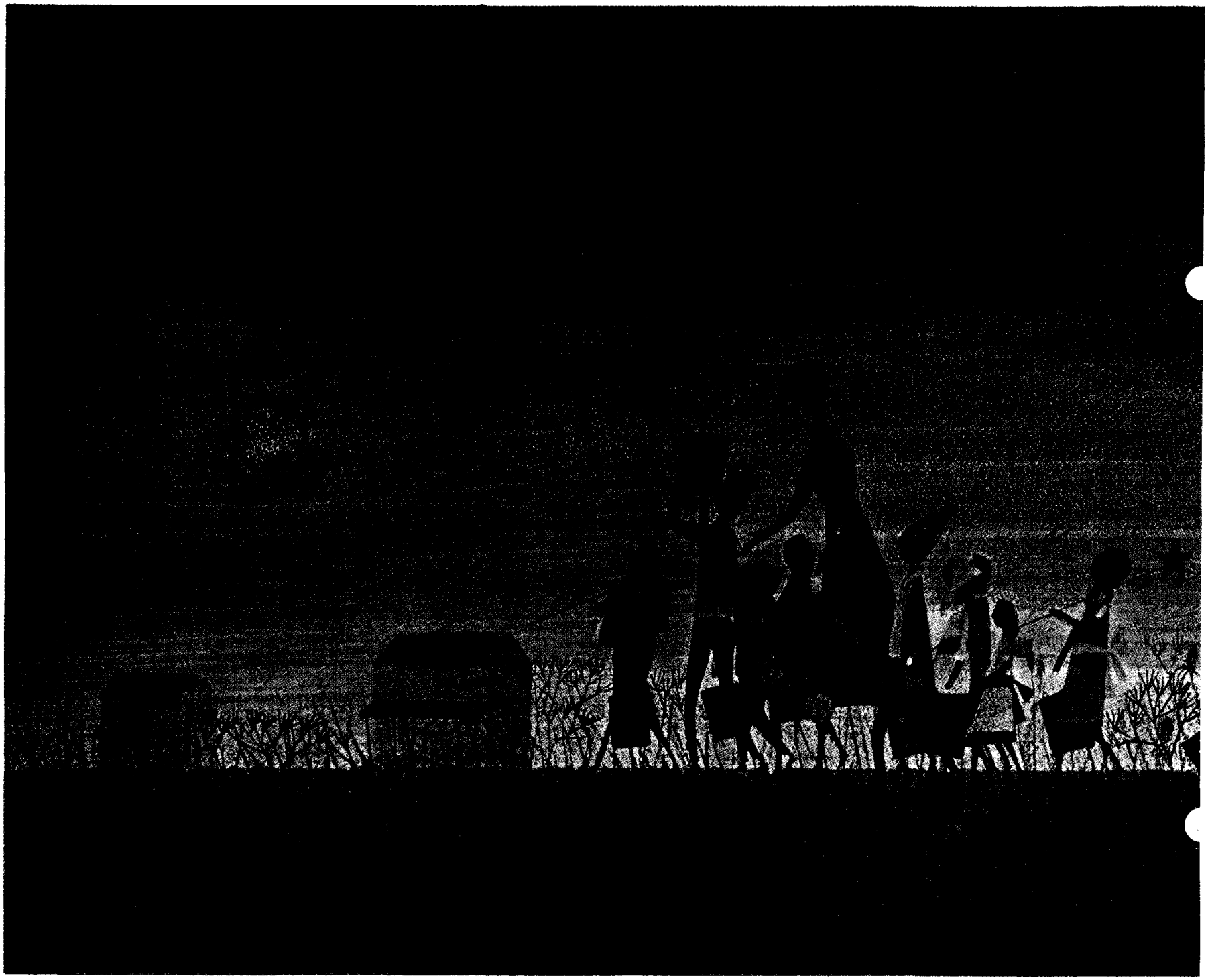

*BY MACK THOMAS*

# 3 TREATS

1. FIG NEWTON
2. HARD-ROCK CANDY
3. APPLE

**Hard times are the best times: for then most anything seems like something very special.**

## 1.

The chickens were climbing each other trying to change worlds, stacking up in the corners of the chicken yard, their feet pushing and their necks pulling and their eyes about to blink out of their fool heads from the strain of trying to figure out what was going on. Pud was jumping up and down in the middle of the chicken yard, chopping the air with his arms, and his feet hammering dirt the chickens had raked so fine it almost squirted as it came through his toes and out of his arches. Pud was five years old and just fat enough to jiggle a little where he lapped out around the hip hole of his farmer overalls, galluses pale across the sunburn lacing freckles thick as wild flowers on a hill all over his naked shoulders.

He turned quick as the change in his mind and made a dash for the gate. The way he yelled "Shooo!" and struggled with the gate made the chickens as scared as he was and sent them trying to go in directions that were impossible. A few out of control came straight ahead but before they could make it Pud got the gate closed somehow. He stood safe outside the chicken yard with his hands hanging in the wire on the gate and blinked back at the chickens until a look at Ceil got to be the most important thing in the world.

The September Bermuda grass around the back porch bristled the feel of the chicken yard off his feet and had them ready for the hard planks of the porch. The house was quiet behind the door screen and the kitchen looked cool and dark. Pud put his face into its sag in the screen and cupped his hands at the sides of his eyes to keep the light out and let him see inside. It looked like Mamma, her red hair hanging like a long tail of light down her shoulders, standing at the Roper stove pouring water out of a cup into the pot of beans. Mamma and Papa hadn't come in from work yet and the wave of feeling broke into spray against another need, his lips moving against the screen because of the way it felt, the gurgle of the water making him say, "I'm thirsty, Ceil."

Celia put the blue lid back on the enamel pot,

MACK THOMAS *grew up in a small Texas cotton-mill town during the depression—poor but happy, something of a switch on most annals of that era. Like many of his contemporaries, he traveled widely and worked at many jobs. "Treats" is three sections from a book of interrelated stories,* Gumbo, *which Grove Press will publish in January.*



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then came to the cabinet and dipped the cup into the water bucket. She brought it to the door, saying, "I guess you think I didn't hear you out there, scaring the living daylights out of the chickens! Get back out of the way now so the door can open." Pud stepped back, the door nudging him. Celia put her left hand high on the back of his neck and tried to put the cup to his mouth, but he started having a fit, "Me! Me!" so she let him take it and dropped her hands to her hips. He turned it up and poured water down the bib of his overalls. Celia said, "There now, do you see?" Pud opened one eye and squinted along the cup barrel to look at her face. She tried to do something about the grin, but Pud saw it anyhow and went on drinking without missing a beat of his gulping until the cup was empty. He cradled the cup against the dribbled bib of his overalls and started gasping, "Is it . . . Ceil?" all out of breath from the drinking, "is it school-out time?"

Celia took the cup before he could break it and said, "He'll be along soon now."

Pud smeared chicken-yard dirt down his cheek and across his chin wiping the water off his face with the back of his dirty hand. His face got solemn and he said, "Chickens are crazy, ain't they Ceil?" Before she could answer he whipped off the porch and around the corner of the house, flapping his arms and shouting, "Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!" the real chickens back in the chicken yard stiffnecked and cackling, trying to decide if the commotion along the side of the house meant danger. Then Pud turned the corner at the front, and they went back to their raking.

Celia gazed off the porch, taking in the well with the bleached rope hanging dry from the pulley except down close to the bucket hung among the coils on the peg. The well door was closed good and safe, so she let her eyes move on to the thirty-seven chickens, some red and some muckled but most of them white, kind of pretty with their tomato-red combs and wattles and their legs yellow as butter. Her gaze went on through the chicken yard across the path that went through the weeds where the back yard ended, on past the Gannaway house by the railroad track, on up and along the sprawling flat line where the top of the mill slashed four floors out of the clean blue sky. The steady rustle of the mill was loud in her ears for a few seconds but faded again as she looked down the white front and the four layers of windows to the dirty cup in her hand.

She closed the door screen and brought the cup to the dishpan sitting by the water bucket on the cabinet. She frowned at the cup but couldn't get upset about it and smiled because of something that had to do with being fifteen and the oldest. One last "Shoo!" at the front of the house made her tilt the smile as she listened. The listening brought her head around and put the kitchen stove back in her gaze and in her mind. She started wondering if the red beans had enough salt. She went to the stove and took the stirring spoon from the top of the tall oven while her other hand closed on the butterfly potholder she'd made last year in

ILLUSTRATED BY JAN BALET



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TREATS

Homemaking Class at the High School in Town. The potholder hand took the lid off the pot and the spoon hand dipped up a sample of juice. She blew on it first, but it scorched her tongue all the same when she sipped it, burnt for nothing, the beans salty enough already. The lid clanged when she clapped it back on the boiling pot. She put the spoon and the potholder back on the oven and turned to give the cabinet a thoughtful look as she drew her tongue across the straight edge of her upper teeth. She saw the jar of sour pickles on the second shelf and took it down. The cap and ring came off the Mason jar all right, and her lean fingers had no trouble going down the jar's throat but the pickle didn't want to be held. She decided it would be better to use a fork but ignored all that and poked and eased until she got it. She took a bite off one end and let it rest on her tongue to draw out the scorch.

The twist on the end of a cellophane bag down on the first shelf caught her eye as she put back the jar of pickles. She reached down the twist and gave the bag a feel, then took it out and saw that the Fig Newtons were down to four, and it still three days until payday. Her tongue turned the bite of pickle over while the Fig Newtons put things in her mind . . . Papa in his living-room chair with some book he was reading, fighting Indians or rivers or mountains or whatever it was right along with the rest of the people in the story, a bag of Fig Newtons in his lap . . . Toby and Pud doing something on the floor, Jenny on the edge of the sofa with her eyes glistening, watching Mamma embroider flowers on the new school blouse she'd made for her that evening . . . the cellophane crackling in Papa's lap . . . Mamma saying, "I swear I never saw a man so crazy for Fig Newtons!" . . . Papa raising his eyes and them looking at each other and grinning. . . .

Her tongue felt about as good as the scorch would let it. She chewed up the pickle and swallowed it, wondering how long it would be until Mamma could quit work and she could go back to High School. She wished 1932 was over.

The old wall clock in the living room struck four but she was sighing anyway. She put the Fig Newtons back on the shelf. Her pecan eyes got serious and she looked down in the meal bin to see if there was going to be enough for the supper cornbread. That was all right, so she took a pan of potatoes and a paring knife to the kitchen table and sat in one of the dark-oak kitchen chairs and started the peeling.

Straddling the big tin breadloaf mailbox up on the hickory post at the front of the yard, Pud saw Jenny and Toby coming up Luke Street but never mind Jenny because Toby was the one to watch. Pud wanted to wave but wouldn't let himself do it because he couldn't believe an Indian would wave at anyone, not when he was up on his pony watching a yellow-hair come up the canyon.

The yellow-hair stopped about twenty yards down the canyon and picked up a rock, no doubt thinking it was part of Poca's treasure. Poca pulled back his bow and started to kill the yellow-hair then and there with an arrow, but the yellow-hair thought the rock wasn't gold at all and threw it hard at the big wolf that Poca hadn't actually seen but knew was always hanging about. The squaw went on, but the yellow-hair looked up at Poca, and said, "You better get off that mailbox, Pud. Ceil's gonna whip you good, she catches you up there."

Poca was Pud long enough to think it over and decide to risk it a minute more.

"What you doing up there?" asked Toby.

Poca glared at the yellow-hair, then swept an arm at the canyon. "Poca's gold!" he said, tight-mouthed.

"Poca's gold?" said Toby, looking confused.

Poca stuck out his chest and folded his arms. "Ugh!" he said, and stared off down the canyon.

Understanding came to Toby's eyes. He offered his bright orange word book to the Indian on the snow-white pony, saying, "I come to trade, red brother. I come in peace. My people call me Buffalo Bill."

Poca unfolded his arms and poked himself with a powerful finger, hurting the knuckle a little. "Poca!" he said. "Pocahaw . . . Poca*hawkis!*" and lifted his chin to the roof of his pride.

"Pocahawkis?" pondered Buffalo Bill. Then a thought too funny to hide in a grin popped out in a sassy laugh. "You mean Pocahontas?" he said, a dance in his voice.

Poca nodded uncertainly, confused by the white man's tricky ways.

Buffalo Bill dropped his word book in the dirt and slid down his laugh to a seat beside it. "You can't be *Pocahontas*, crazy!" he said through the cracks in his cackle. "Pocahontas is a *girl!*"

Poca's face got hot with a shame so red nothing but rage could excuse it. "Her *ain't!*" he said. "Her *ain't* a girl!"

# The Iron Curtain isn't soundproof.

If you owned a radio set behind the Iron Curtain, what sort of programs would you hear?

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"Pud's a girl-Indian, girl-Indian, girl-Indian!" Toby babbled, rolling on the ground.

Pud brought his leg over the mailbox and threw himself at Toby. "Her *ain't* a girl!" he cried, and locked his arms around Toby's neck.

The front screen opened and Celia came out on the porch. "Stop it!" she yelled. "Stop that fighting, you hear me! Toby Siler, you get up out of that dirt and get to this house!"

Pud gave one last tug and took his arms from Toby's neck. Toby got up, still laughing, and picked up his word book.

"You get on in here and pull off those school clothes," said Celia. "You heard Mamma tell you this morning you had to wear them today and tomorrow!"

Toby came up the steps to the front porch. "Pud's a girl-Indian, Ceil," he said. "A girl-Indian named Pocahontas!"

Pud dropped himself on the bottom step and started to cry. Toby looked around and down at Pud, the joy falling off his face. "Aww Pud . . ." he said.

Pud started crying so hard it turned his face to the sky and pulled his mouth wide open. Celia went to him and hunkered down so her arms would go around him. She wrapped him like a wall that meant to keep off the hurt, saying, "Now look what you've done, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Toby Siler . . . hush now Pud . . . making him cry his heart out like this after he's been missing you and waiting for you all day like he's done! Come on and hush now, Pud. Here, let's me and you go on in the house and fix us a cracker."

When Toby came from the bedroom in his playing clothes, Pud was on the kitchen floor watching Celia take a stack of plates from the cabinet to the round wooden table. Pud gave Toby a glare, then rolled onto his back and started squinting up a ray of sunlight slanting to the floor through a hairpin hole in the green shade on the west window. Toby started toward the table. "Wash your hands first, Toby," said Celia.

Toby turned toward the water bucket on the cabinet, saying, "I am," trying to say it so it would sound like he hadn't forgotten. He washed his hands and dried them on the cup towel, then took the knives and forks and spoons from a drawer in the cabinet. While he unstacked the plates to their proper places on the table and laid the tableware beside them, Celia spread peanut butter on crackers, asking, "What happened today at school, Toby?"

"Me and Billy Dixon run a race at recess and I beat him a hundred miles!" said Toby.

Celia said, "Well, that's nice," and went on spreading the peanut butter on the crackers.

"Then right after rest period Miss Bell read a story 'bout steamboats going all up and down the Missapee River."

"Mis-sis-sip-pi River," said Celia.

"Yeah!" said Toby, "Then she drew a steamboat on the blackboard. Ceil . . . I bet steamboats is awful big, ain't they?"

The talk of steamboats made Pud forget why he wanted to look at the beam of sunlight. He rolled to his stomach and listened close.

Celia finished fixing the crackers and gave two to Toby. She had to lean over to give two to Pud, then straightened up and started eating the one she had left in her hand. Toby put a whole cracker in his mouth and had to work before he could say, "I bet steamboats is bigger than this ol' house . . . maybe big as the cottonmill, almost. I bet steamboats got to have awful big rivers."

Celia's eyes fell on Pud. "Oh, Pud!" she said, "you're getting crackers all over the floor!" She watched him until she was satisfied he was going to pick up every crumb. Then she looked away and Pud stuck them in his mouth.

Jenny came in from the chicken yard carrying the eggs in her skirt. Toby broke for the back door, hollering, "C'mon, Pud!"

Pud got a grip on the cracker he hadn't eaten and bounded to his feet. Celia yelled, "Stop that running in the house!" The screen door flew open and Toby shot out on the porch. Pud made it through before the spring snapped the door back in place again.

Toby got off the porch and took two sticks from under the steps. "Let's play cowboy," he said, and gave a stick to Pud. Pud aimed it at Toby and said, "Bang!" Toby went limp with disgust and said, "Aww, not yet, crazy!" He thought for a minute, then said, "Playlike . . . playlike you're Billy The Kid and go hide, and I'll be the Sheriff and come looking for you."

Pud had trouble deciding but finally said, "OK," and crawled under the porch. He crawled out again with a stick about three feet long and stood up and straddled it. "Giddyup horse," he said, and rode off around the corner of the house.

Toby waited long enough for Pud to climb the persimmon tree at the front of the house if that's what he wanted, then rode out after him. He was halfway along the side of the house when he thought it might be a good idea to travel the rest of the pass on foot. Past experience had taught him that The Kid was tricky and mean when you got him cornered. He started for the persimmon tree, but remembered just in time and dropped to his stomach. He started inching forward, silently thankful for that fall and winter he'd spent up in beaver country with the Sioux.

His nose was about three inches from the cutback in the limestone cliff beside the persimmon tree when his sharp ears heard a peculiar sound. He stopped dead still and listened. After a moment a confident smile flickered through his lips and he thought, "That's mighty careless of The Kid, eatin' on crackers with a tracker like me on his trail."

He put his pistol in his left hand so it would be easier to push around the bend in the cliff, but he moved with great care. He knew The Kid's head was just inches away and he meant to get him this time, once and for all. He drew up his legs and got on his knees. He hesitated, motionless, uncertain, then took a slow breath, counted to three in his head, and lunged. As he fell forward he saw the barrel of his pistol come to rest against the forehead of Billy The Kid. He put five bullets in The Kid's skull as fast as he could pull the trigger.

The Kid let out a terrible moan and flopped over on his back. His tongue lolled out the corner of his mouth, all coated with little white flakes of cracker and traces of peanut butter.

The Sheriff got up slow and waited almost a minute before he holstered his pistol. He looked at The Kid with mournful eyes as he brushed the dirt off his stomach and chest. Suddenly the fingers of The Kid's right hand closed on the butt of the pistol at his side. He squinted up at the Sheriff with one pain-filled eye. The pistol swung up. The Kid mumbled, "Still gotta little strength left . . ." and he shot the Sheriff thirteen times.

The Sheriff took out his pistol and threw it on the ground. "You're *always* doin' that!" he shouted. "Every time we play Cowboys I shoot you in the head and right in the heart, but it don't matter. You're everytime sayin' you still gotta little strength left and shootin' me after I done killed you, and I ain't never gonna play Cowboys with you no more! If you can't even *die* when I shoot in your *brain* I just ain't never gonna play with you no more! CHEATER!"

They were in the persimmon tree at six o'clock when the mill whistle blew. Toby said, "Listen . . ." and Pud closed his eyes and made a face so Toby would know he was listening hard. He stayed that way until the long low drone of the steam whistle ended, then opened his eyes and waited all his patience could stand. "Well?" he said.

"I bet that's how a steamboat sounds," said Toby. "Comin' round a bend in the Missapee River."

"Awww!" Pud snorted. He eased himself to a lower limb and dropped to the grassless circle worn around the base of the tree. His knees gave way and he had to catch his weight on his hands. His eyes went up and didn't blink as he got to his feet and watched Toby hang from his limb for a second or two and drop to the ground. Toby's knees didn't buckle enough to make him use his hands, but that disappointment got soaked up by a part of Pud so practical it would be a shrug some day. Pud's thoughts went back and perched like a solemn, skeptical bird on Toby's last remark. He took a deep breath and puffed out his cheeks and went, "Whoooooo!"

Toby laughed, and said, "That's not a steamboat. That's a old owl!"

They went around the house and Pud waited by the steps while Toby went up on the back porch and opened the screen door. He stuck his head in the kitchen, and said, "Me and Pud's goin' to meet Mamma and Papa."

Celia slid the pan of cornbread batter into the oven. "All right," she said, and lifted the lid from the pot of beans to make sure there was juice enough so Papa wouldn't say she had cooked them to death.

Pud followed Toby through the chicken yard, yelling "Shoo! Shoo!" at the chickens. Toby got the back gate closed and led the way down past the house where Mary Lou Gannaway lived and down the side road to the place where the railroad track cut across to go over the trestle that led to the mill. They stopped at the crossing and looked down the trestle they weren't allowed to cross because they would fall and break a leg.

Men and women with white cotton lint from the looms on their hair and faces came down the tracks, some saying hello as they passed and some going on without speaking, their eyes on the footpath worn in the wood of the crossties.


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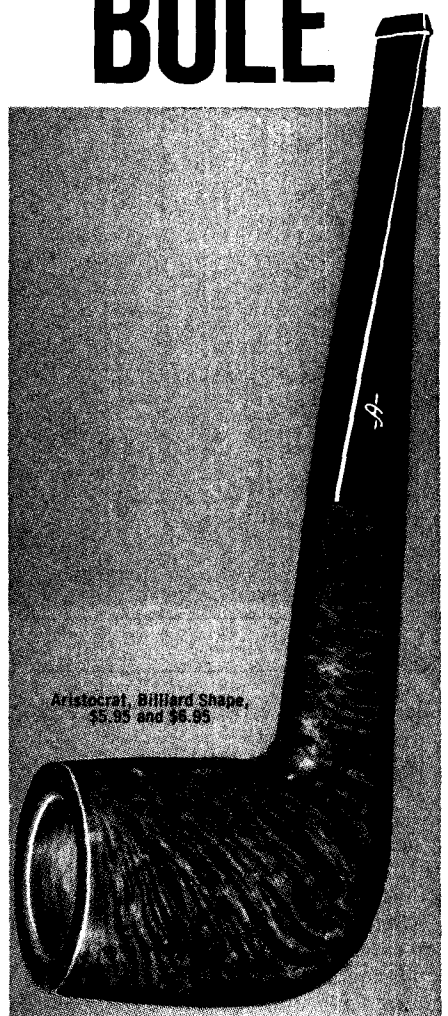


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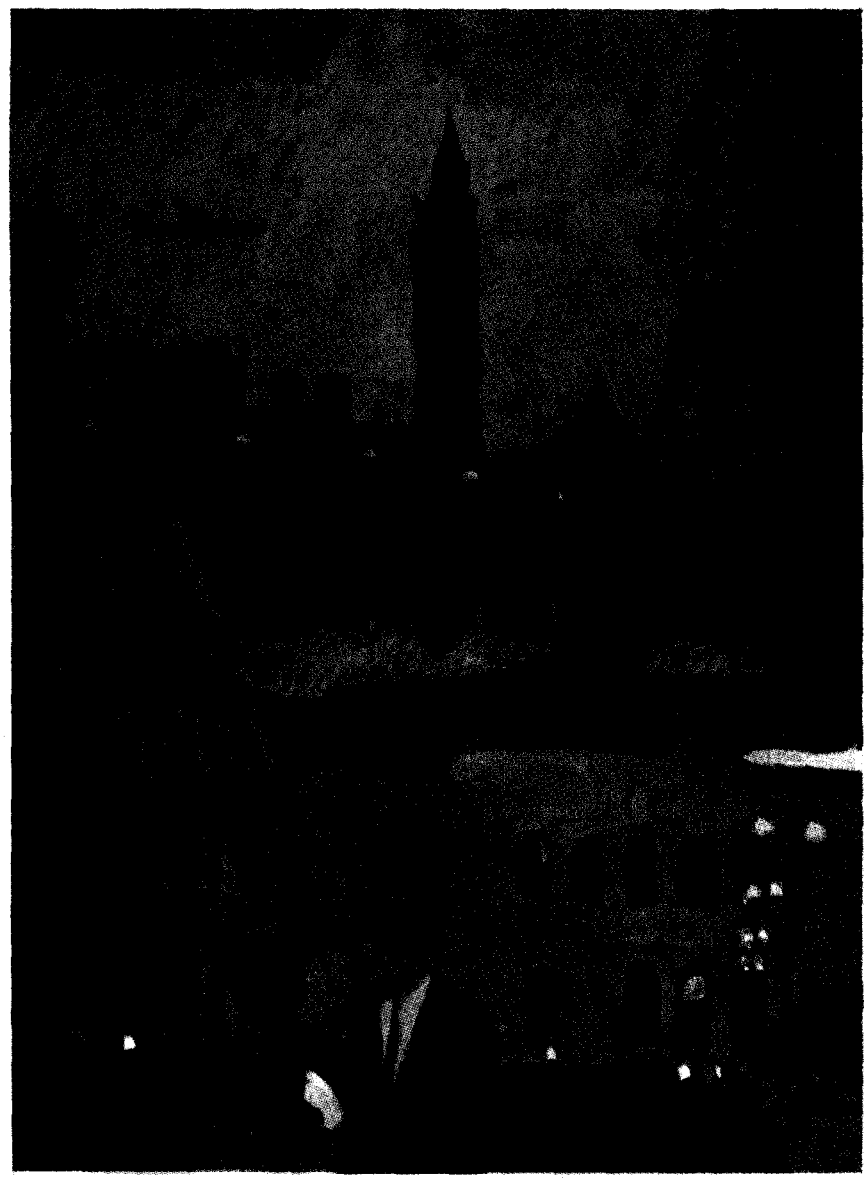

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Toby started waving, saying, "I see 'em! I see 'em first!"

Pud said, "Me! Me!" and waved both arms until he saw them, too. They came across the trestle and Mamma lifted Pud in her arms. "Hello, Darlin'," she said. Papa looked at Toby with his slow grin, saying, "Hello there, big Toby."

After she had hugged him and kissed him enough to make up for a whole day of missing, Mamma let Pud get down. He ran to Papa and hugged his leg while Mamma squeezed Toby's face between her hands and kissed him right on the mouth.

Papa said, "Well, let's see . . . whose time is it to carry the treasure chest?"

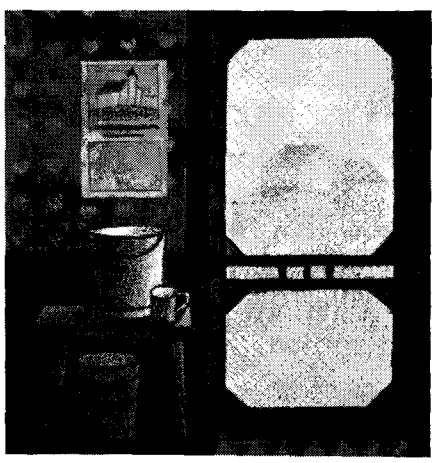
Pud yelled, "Me!"

Toby said, "My time," then remembered what he meant to do because of the crying he'd made Pud do after school.

Pud yelled, "Me! Me! Me!"

Papa looked at Toby to see if he wanted to argue about it. Toby picked up a lump of cinder and threw it down toward the trestle. Papa said, "All right, then. Forever hold your peace." He squatted on his heels there by the railroad track like he did every evening and opened the catch on the black lunch pail. He got the lid open and the jar out of the way, then Toby and Pud stuck their hands in the bottom and rustled through the brown paper until they found what they were after. Papa put the jar back in place and closed the lunch pail, then passed it to Pud.

Mamma took Pud by the hand and Papa took Toby. The four of them came up the side road and past the Gannaway place, Mamma examining the twilight and saying, "The evenings are getting pretty cool. . . . I expect you boys will have to start wearing your shoes pretty soon," Papa sniffing the air and saying, "Going to be an early winter," everybody content and home getting closer, the Fig Newtons almost eaten.



## HARD-ROCK CANDY

It wasn't long after Thanksgiving until the getting ready for the Christmas Service at the Methodist Church began. First there was the swing of the Bible from Proverbs to Revelation. From there the rest of it happened almost automatically.

Miss Ruth started the first Sunday in December, giving out parts and rhymes to the two three four five six seven and eight-year-olds in her Sunday-school class. Billy Dixon got to be Joseph in the Nativity scene. Mary Lou Gannaway got to be Virgin Mary. Pud got a rhyme that went

*Little fairy snowflakes*
*Dancing in the flue . . .*
*Old Man Santy Claws*
*What is keeping you?*

Toby got to hold up the pole with the bright star of Jerusalem because nobody else would do it. The others got thought into clusters to sing *Santy Claws Is Coming to Town* or one chorus of *Jingle Bells* because Miss Henrietta's nine ten eleven twelve thirteen-year-olds were doing *Silent Night*.

Mamma and Celia got to make a red flannel fairy's costume for Pud and a pole-holder's costume for Toby. Papa got to supervise the learning of Pud's rhyme. Jenny got to drive everyone almost crazy trying to make herself able to sing *Away in a Manger* for her solo an octave too high.

Somehow everything and everyone was ready by Christmas Eve. Everyone set out about seven o'clock, coming up all the ways to Luke Street and the warm lights in the windows of Methodist Church shining through the winter dark and the winter cold.

Miss Ruth was grabbing kids as they came through the wooden front doors, getting her cast together. The grown-ups stood around in their coats feeling *different* than they did in the churchhouse on Sunday or even Prayer Meeting Night.

Down front in the right-hand corner the fat tree that flattened two feet of its top on the ceiling was hung with all the fancy in Cottonmill. There were red ropes and green ropes of bristled paper twisted or sewn on backbones of string. There were bangles and balls, and crayoned and scissored angels, dangling at branchtips. There were pieces of colored glass shaped like lean fangs of ice that hang from eaves, and thousands of long shreds of tinfoil twisting and glittering in the light. Crisscrossing everything, binding it all, were interlocked bracelets of flour-pasted pieces of red and orange and green and all other possible colors of paper.

Here and there and there in the branches were little packages, ribboned and bowed. There and there and here in the branches were cap pistols and dolls. Plain cap pistols, silvery and small, and Buck Jones pistols with pearly-looking handles. Rubber dolls you could drop and not break and dolls with clothes and hair and blinking eyes, dolls that could sleep like people.

Under the tree, waiting for Santy Claws to come at the end of the program and give them out, were flat and thick and square packages wrapped in tissue and Christmas paper. And there were long presents that had to be baseball bats, and skates and scooters and even a Red Racer wagon or two. Then there were all the plain brown-paper sacks, like the kind at Tragers's Store for carrying home groceries. The top was twisted on all of them, but everyone knew they were from the Mill and had sometimes an apple and sometimes an orange and always six pecans and a four-inch piece of wiggledy hard-rock candy.

By seven-thirty all the Cottonmill Christians and some that weren't were gathered. The place was filled with Shepherds and snaggled-toothed Angels; Shepherds with Red Goose shoes and rolled-up overalls under their flowing, bed-sheet robes, Shepherds with handles from brooms and handles from mops to



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make-believe were things you could sit on and twist on and throw and play swords with and poke with and ride like a witch until it was time for them to be Shepherds' staffs. All the Angels had were wings and halos, and the wings felt funny and itched, and the halos slipped. One of the Angels was cross-eyed, another had freckles and a sty on his eye. Another had one wing torn loose from its harness and another had a fat split lip. One Angel nicked a Shepherd's nose with his halo and screamed and cried at the top of his four-year-old lungs when the Shepherd poked him with a staff.

Finally, Brother Cartwright stood up and held up his arms like he knew how to do and settled his half of the problem by saying, "All right, now, if you grown Brothers and Sisters will find a seat, the children have their Christmas program to give us." With that he met Miss Ruth at the piano, and said, "I'll give a prayer, then the rest is up to you."

"Now, Brother Cartwright," she said, "you know good and well that I'm not able to do all this by myself. Ardell!" she said to the cross-eyed Shepherd, "Leave Bessie's halo alone!"

"But you know I've got to see that the tree doesn't catch on fire," Brother Cartwright said to Miss Ruth.

"I've got it all written down here on this piece of paper," said Miss Ruth. "Just read out what I've got as you come to it so everyone will know what the children are doing." She made him take the paper, then turned to seeing about the music and left him standing there. After a minute he quit looking at the back of her head and glanced down at the paper.

By now all the grown-ups were more or less settled on the benches. Brother Cartwright said a prayer, saying how grateful everyone was for coming through another year of joys and hardships to another birthday of Jesus the Savior, and asking blessings on the little children who were about to take part in the program, and on everything. He saw that the Shepherds and Angels were getting restless so he said Amen and cleared his throat while he tried to figure out the instructions Miss Ruth had written on the piece of paper.

"Now why don't we all stand and start things off this evening with the first and last verses of . . . *O Little Town of Bethlehem how still we see thee lie . . . above the deep and dreamless* . . . well, I'm sure all of you know it."

Everyone stood, and Brother Cartwright said, "Would you start us off, Miss Ruth?"

Miss Ruth played the part that matches "*the silent stars go by*," and everyone came in more or less together. Not many sang the last verse because not many knew it. When they got through it Brother Cartwright waited until everyone got settled again, then read, "Now the littlest ones in the Sunbeam Class will sing *Jingle Bells*."

Half the ones in Miss Ruth's class that didn't have a part in the Nativity came away from the wall beside the piano and lined up bed sheet to bed sheet in the space in front of the pulpit. Miss Ruth had to get up from the piano and straighten it out about who was to stand closest to the Christmas tree. When that was settled she went back to the piano and played the last line of the song, hunching her shoulders and elbows up and down, hoping some of the children would be watching her and get an idea of when to start singing from what she was doing. There was some trouble with "*Dashing thro' the snow in a one-horse open sleigh*," but once they were past that line everything went about as well as she had expected.

It had to be settled all over again from year to year about the clapping, but Brother Cartwright did it when *Jingle Bells* was finished so the rest of them started. The children being clapped at stood there too long or Brother Cartwright read the next thing on the list too soon, one or the other, but everything got all snarled up when the other Sunbeamers tried to start lining up for *Santy Claws Is Coming to Town*. Miss Ruth was worrying with a sore finger she'd just hurt, thinking about how she should have let the little ones sing *Santy Claws Is Coming* and had the older ones do the one with the hard part about the one-horse open sleigh, so Brother Cartwright came down from the pulpit, and two or three of the mothers came from their seats and got the little Sunbeamers out of the way. By the time that was done, Brother Cartwright felt someone might have forgotten what was going to be sung so he read it again before he got back up in the pulpit.

*Santy Claws Is Coming* sounded fine, even to Miss Ruth and she knew music. Even the Sunbeamers that sang it joined in the clapping, but there's a limit to how long two hundred people can clap at six and seven and eight-year-old kids, even their own, so it ended, finally, and Brother Cartwright stood up and read, "Next is Pud—I guess I ought to say Alfred, it being Christmas and all—but anyhow he's going to say us a Christmas poem, called *Little Fairy Snowflakes*."

Pud edged out from the wall with the red tip of his fairy cap hanging wrong and tickling his nose, looking all sheepish and uncertain and neckless with his round cheeks and chin scrunched down into his shoulders. His eyes got big when he made it to where he was supposed to stand, and he started looking all around until he spotted Papa and Mamma again sitting on the second bench. He looked at Papa and waited. Papa nodded at him, so he said,

*Little fairy Snowflakes*
*Dancing in the flue . . .*
*Old Man Santy Claws,*
*What is keeping you?*"

Then, before the clapping could start, he looked at Papa again and Papa nodded at him again, so he went on with the rest of it, just like Papa had taught it to him, saying,

"*. . . the Vinter Vind,*
*Whi . . . I mean Vistling*
*Around the corner of the house.*"

Everyone knew that last part wasn't in the regular poem because someone did *Little Fairy Snowflakes* every year. When they all started laughing with their clapping, Pud got all excited and not too sure about things but thinking it must be all right because the laughing about it sounded good and not *at* him, and he started laughing too. The ones that could do it looked away from Pud to where Mamma and Papa was sitting with Celia. Papa had his arms folded across his chest, and there was a big grin on his face. Celia looked like it didn't bother her, but Mamma almost died.

It took a while for all that to die down, but finally it was time for the Nativity.



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**She:** " Fine Tools. Sounds like a good idea for Dad's gift. What a kick he gets out of building things! Remember the bird house he made for Tom? Now, what about *your* Dad? "

**He:** " Goes for him, too. Loves to make things. And you've heard him say it takes fine tools to turn out fine work. Let's give him a Stanley power saw. Wouldn't mind having one myself. "

Miss Ruth had it worked out nice. There was hay down front, between the piano and the tree, and there was a manger. Burlap was scattered around and hanging from the rail where you knelt to take Communion. A doll was in the manger, wrapped good, and there was plenty of space around it for standing close. Miss Henrietta's class lined up behind the Communion rail and waited. Toby got to stand in the pulpit and hold up the cane pole with the wire taped to it and the light at the top for the star. The three wise men got in place, and Mary Lou Gannaway came and stood looking into the manger. She was all wrapped in a bed sheet dyed a pale shade of blue.

Jenny went over by the piano and waited while Miss Ruth took the matches she'd brought from home and lit candles and handed them out to the Angels. She got them spread around the way she wanted them, then she lit a big one on a saucer and handed it to Joseph, telling him, "Now, you be careful with that, Billy, and don't set fire to anything." Billy went over and stood by Mary Lou, beside the manger. It was getting pretty crowded but the Shepherds were left to stand where they wanted to and finally everything was ready.

Brother Cartwright went back to the fuse box on the wall just inside the door and waited until Miss Ruth got back to the piano where Jenny was waiting, then he pulled the switch and Miss Ruth played the introduction to *Away in a Manger* and Jenny came in just at the right time, singing it clean and pure and making some of the notes like she was striking glass bells. When she finished there was a hush on the whole place, then Miss Ruth hit three notes, like that, do me so, and Miss Henrietta's class came in with the words, singing, "*Si-ilent Night . . . Ho-oly Night . . . All is calm . . . All is bright . . .*" and it was beautiful. Some of the Angels looked in love with their candles and some of the Shepherds couldn't keep from wiggling their staffs but it was beautiful, all the candles flickering in the Angels' hands and making soft shadows in the hollows and bends of faces and everything, the lights on the tree making dim branch-shadows on the walls and the ceiling, the presents all through and underneath, the star of Bethlehem dipping and bobbing just a little, silvery blue, looking far away up there above the manger, and the harmony working right in the singing, making you want to do it when the words said, "*Sleep in Heavenly Pe-e-eace . . . Slee-eep in Hea-ven-ly Peace.*"

When it was over nobody thought about clapping. A few of the mammas got up and started hugging Shepherds and Angels, not knowing exactly why. Mary Lou Gannaway's mamma had tears in her eyes when she hugged Mary Lou. Some of the men cleared their throats and made a point of switching the way they had their legs crossed. All this couldn't have lasted over a minute because it wasn't any more than that between the end of the Nativity and the churchhouse doors banging open for Santy Claws. He came in just when Brother Cartwright turned on the lights, stomping down the aisle with a big sack on his back, saying, "Merrr-ry Christmas! Yo ho ho ho Merrr-ry Christmas!"

The little ones started squealing, and the bigger ones started jumping up and down and clapping their hands, yelling, "Santy Claws! Santy Claws! Ohhhh! It's Santy Claws, Mamma, it really is!" and one or two of the biggest medium ones said, "Heck!" and "Aw shoot! That ain't Santy Claws!" and some that didn't intend to stand for such awful things said, "It is *too* Santy Claws! It is!" and the doubters said, "Crazy, anybody can see it's just Homer Bates," but the faithful replied, "You're the one that's crazy, Crazy! It is too Santy Claws . . . ain't it, Mamma?" and all the time he kept coming down the aisle, saying, "Yo ho ho ho ho . . . it's old Santy! Merrr-ry Christmas! Yo ho ho ho ho!"

By the time he got down by the big tree there was so many kids pushing up around him it took Brother Cartwright's help to find a place to set the sack he swung off his back. "Now you little ones move back a little so Santy can get on with handing out the presents," said the preacher. "Come on now and get back out of Santy's way . . . that's right . . . My my! Isn't it exciting! Get on back, now."

Finally, Santy Claws had enough room for giving. He took a minute looking back and forth between the tree and the sack, making it look like he couldn't decide where to start. Even the ones that were willing to bet $50,000 to a doughnut hole that it was Homer Bates joined in the yelling for "The sack! The sack you had on your back!"

"What's that?" he said, "What's that you're wanting old Santy to do?" He held his hand to his ear rim and turned his head, pretending to do his best to make out what they were saying. "The sack!" they yelled. "Oh, Santy, the sack!"

"Ohh!" he said at last, "You've had all this time to look at the tree and now you want to see what's hid in the sack! Yo ho ho ho!" He opened the sack so his hand would go down its neck in a private way, and pulled out a tiny, shiny red purse and gave it to Emily Gregg for her Ohh and Ahh. His hand went back in the sack and he pulled out a fishnet pocket of marbles. Billy Dixon that once had been Joseph said, "Boy! A whole bag of Zebras!" so Santy gave them to him with a yo and a ho.

It went on like that. There were Yo-Yos and tops and bags of marbles, which went to the boys, and there were patent-leathery purses and cards with a rubber ball and jacks and cards with curving yellow butterfly combs and butterfly hairclips, which went to the girls. When everyone had something from the bag, Santy Claws stuffed it under his coat and scratched his neck where the beard was beginning to itch. Then under the Christmas tree he went, making straight for one of the Red Racer wagons. He had some trouble reading the tag, or made it seem like he did, twisting his head from side to side, then his beard got caught on one of the catchy branches of the fir tree. It took some doing but he got it untangled and kept it on his face, then he went at the tag on the wagon's handle again. After a twist and a couple of squints, he said, "It looks like Pud and Toby Siler."

Toby had given it up way back in the middle of *Jingle Bells*. While he was standing paralyzed, taking back the giving-up so the wagon could be his, Pud was under the tree and in the red bed and out and all over it and dragging and butting it out over barricades of presents and brown-paper bags. Toby thought, "Pud's,"



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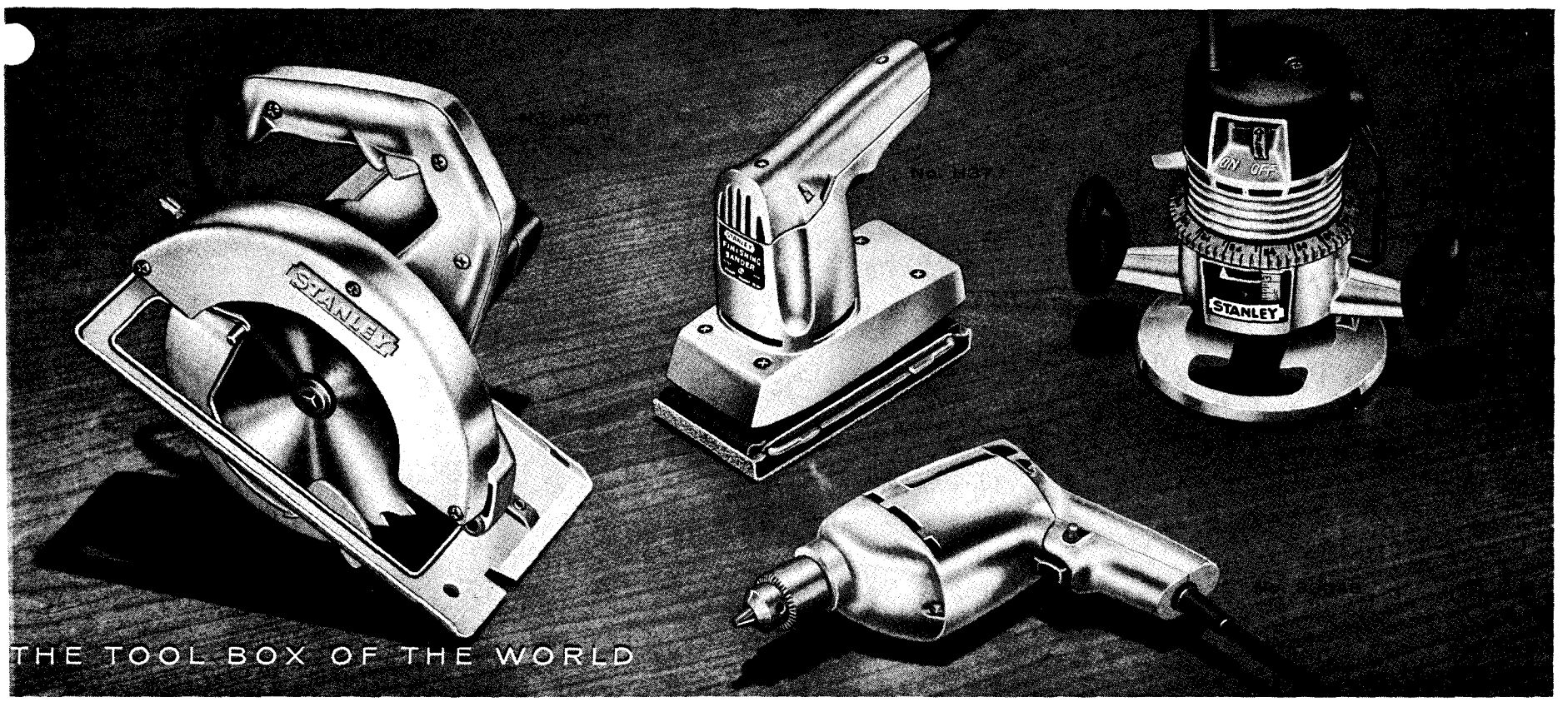




then Papa's voice said, "Toby, you'd better help him."

"You'd better . . . I'd better . . . I . . . mine!" ran through Toby's head, and then he thought, "OURS!" and he flew hands-first from the spring of belief to helping and touching and owning.

Finally, except for the decorations, the Christmas tree was clean as a wishbone stripped of wishes. There was nothing left but the brown-paper sacks, and a good thing, too, because by then Santy Claws was looking pretty tired. Some of the papas noticed there wasn't much ho anymore in his Yo ho, and started helping him see that every kid got his sack from the mill. Before it was through, Brother Cartwright and even Miss Ruth were lending a hand.

When it got down to the sacks that had no takers, Santy Claws stood for a minute with one in each hand, looking around. Then he said, "Well, I guess that's it," to no one in particular, and put them down. After a turn or two he found his big cloth sack and put it across his shoulder. Brother Cartwright said, "Here now, open that sack."

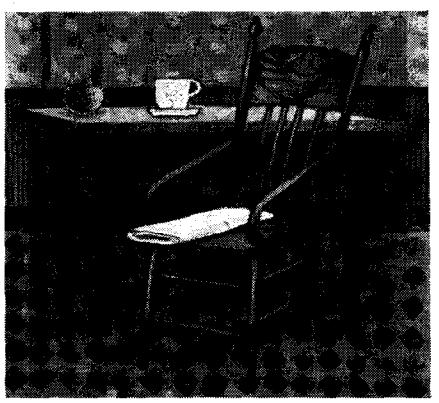
Santy Claws said, "What?" and watched the preacher put two brown paper sacks in the cloth one. "Well, now," said Santy Claws.

The preacher said, "That'll help it carry better."

"I'm much obliged," said Santy Claws, and went up the aisle and out of the church with one last Yo ho ho.

The preacher said, "Well," and the men said, "Well," and Miss Ruth closed the lid on the upright piano. The women said, "Oh, I hate to wake it up," and started inching coats and caps on sleeping Angels. The preacher took a step and said, "Wup!" and steadied himself and said, "Watch out for the marbles."

Widow and spinster and family by family, they went out the doors and left the warm lights in the windows of Methodist Church. They went down Luke Street and down all the ways through the winter dark and the cold, humming hymns or hugging themselves or leading Shepherds or carrying snaggled-toothed sleeping Angels with tight hands locked on a purse or a pistol and a piece of melting, wiggledy hard-rock candy.



## APPLE

Papa and Mamma came in from work on a May evening and there wasn't much talking. Celia had supper on the table so everyone sat down and ate it while it was hot. Mamma asked one or two questions about what sort of day it had been at school for Jenny and Toby, and listened to Pud tell on Toby for running off to Mary Lou Gannaway's house after school instead of playing cowboy with him, but she didn't do much more than cluck her tongue about any of it so you could tell right away that her heart just wasn't in it.

Close to the end of the meal, Celia and Jenny got into an argument about whose time it was to wash the dishes. Jenny claimed she wasn't supposed to do it because they'd made a deal. She might have got away with it, but she got all worked up with really believing it and started saying things about it that everyone knew couldn't be true. Papa finally had all of it he wanted and looked at Mamma to see if she was going to put a stop to it. She must have been awful tired because she didn't even notice that he was looking at her, so he swallowed the last of his coffee to wash down whatever it was he had in his mouth, and said, "All right now, that's enough." Jenny was pretty hurt, believing her side of it the way she did, and might have worked around to saying something about it if Papa hadn't poured himself another cup of coffee and pushed back his chair and went on into the living room before she could think of something.

It wasn't long after that until everyone got through. Before Toby and Pud could run off somewhere Mamma stopped them and made them go out in the garage with her to help sort out the glass jars still fit to use for canning.

By the time the jars got sorted and carried into the house it was getting too dark for much playing. There might have been enough time for a little hide-and-seek, but Pud stepped on a piece of glass from one of the jars he'd broken and started screaming like he had a dying wound instead of a little cut on the side of his heel that was just barely bleeding. After it got washed and tied up with a clean rag, he wouldn't have gone outside and shown that it didn't hurt for at least an hour, even if it had been the middle of the day, so that took care of any hide-and-seek.

Celia and Jenny had managed somehow to get the dishes cleaned up and put away, so Mamma decided to go ahead and wash up some of the jars so they'd be ready when she needed them in another week or two. It made sense and all like that, but it meant someone had to carry in three or four buckets of water. One look at Pud was enough to see that he was practically crippled for life in case anything was said about him helping. Toby took the water bucket and went on out to the well without saying anything but thinking plenty.

It took three trips to the well to fill all the pans Mamma put on the kitchen stove. He made one last trip so there'd be water for drinking, then went into the living room and aggravated Pud right up to the edge of what he felt Papa had decided to let him get away with.

In a little bit he heard Celia or someone in the kitchen taking the pans from the stove and pouring the hot water into the washtub. He gave up on Pud and started toward the kitchen door. Something on the shelf under Papa's radio table caught his eye as he went past the chair where Papa sat reading the newspaper. He went on into the kitchen and tried to help put the jars in the washtub but made Celia almost drop one and she said, "Be careful, Toby." Mamma handed him a big piece of clean white rag and said, "You want to sit there at the table and dry them good as we wash them and hand



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them to you?" He knew by the way she said it that it wasn't a question. He took the rag and pulled the chair around to the right place and sat down and waited.

They made the water in the washtub good and soapy and started washing the jars. As they got them clean they dipped them in the pan of hot water that had been saved for rinsing, then passed them on to Toby. The first one he took was so hot it was all he could do to keep from dropping it. He jiggled it around until he got the white rag on it so he could hold it. It had cooled off enough for him to put it on the table with his bare hands by the time he got it dry. He looked down at Mamma and Celia, and even Jenny, and saw them dipping and sloshing their hands down in the tub and inside the jars, just like the water wasn't hot at all. It bothered him a lot that they could do that in the water and he couldn't even stand to hold the jars after they got through with them. He tried it again, and again, but finally gave it up and started taking them with the rag wrapped around his hands, hoping nobody would notice. After four or five more jars had been passed and none of them said anything, he started thinking about the things that the clean clear glass and the light did to each other as they made patterns on the new checkerboard oilcloth on the table, and wondering how Papa had managed to come home with the apple and put it on the shelf under the radio table without him knowing anything at all about it.

The motion of his hands as he wiped the jar he was forgetting tied in somehow with the slope and the dip of the suds in the washtub on the floor, and there was the rhythm of the women's bare arms sliding down in the water, drowning and saving the jars. All of it caught up his thoughts and let them hover like a butterfly nose-on to the nectar of a rose called apple.

Apples, he knew, came one by one, except in far-off cities where all you had to do was line up to get them, but that didn't take anything away from them. Alone or in baskets, each of them huddled sunsets in its cheeks and nights and nights of moonlight in its . . . "Toby, are you going to dry these jars or not?" asked Mamma.

He flew like the wind to the jar in his hands and twitched it upon the table. His foot rattled the jars collected in a puddle at the mouth of his chair. He picked up the one ringing loudest and rubbed it on its way. Three jars later and calm again, he risked a look at the jar he had rubbed as he dreamed. It stood no taller than the others on the table, but something hummed in the glass itself and hmmm and ohh how it shined.

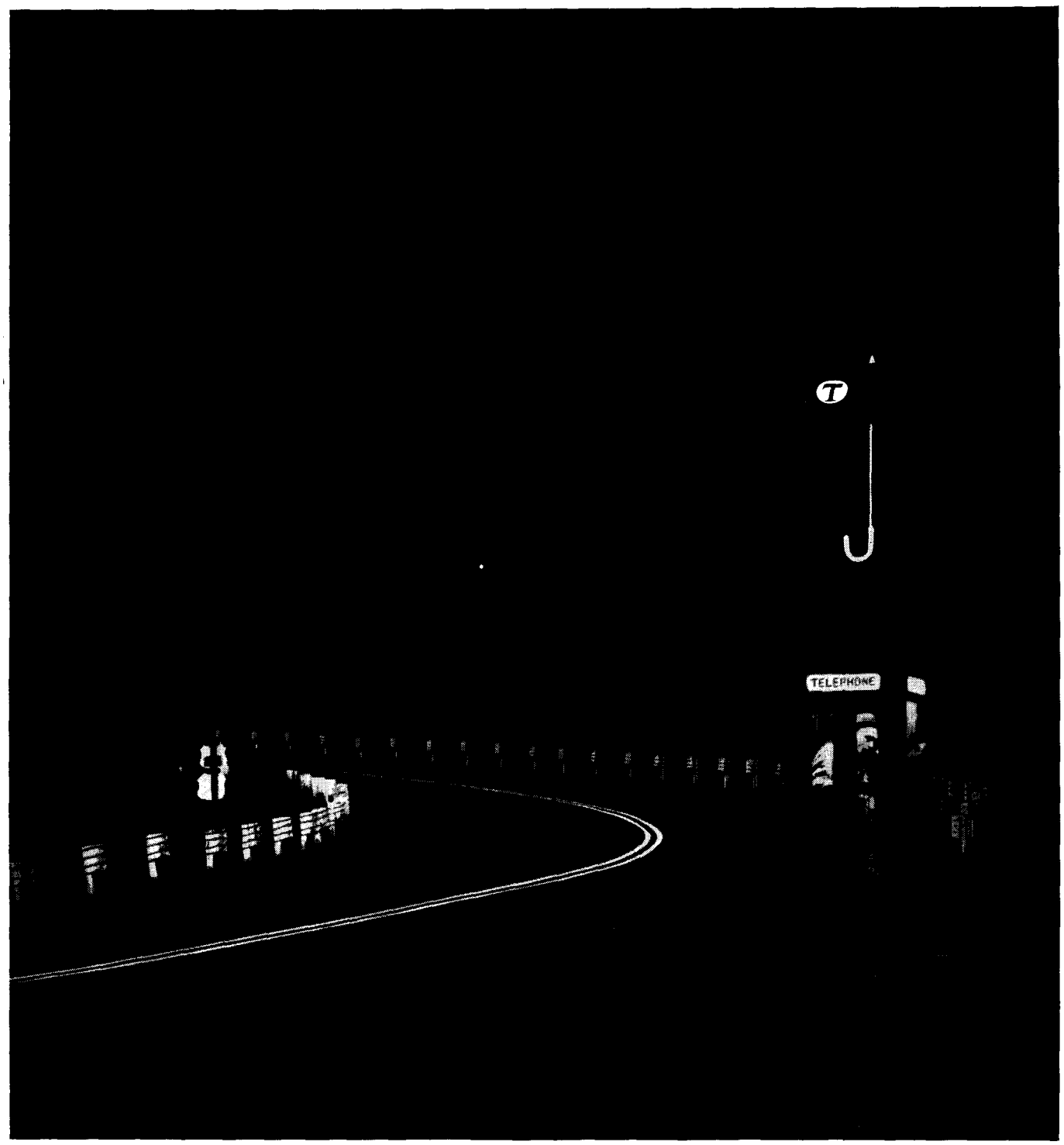
Pud ran in with a red-crayon-picture to show. Toby gave it a glance and thought it wasn't a very good whatever it was. Pud wanted Mamma to hold it while she looked so he had to wait while her arm combed the water in the tub again for a maybe-somewhere jar. The girls got up off their knees and started taking the dry, clean jars from the kitchen table. Mamma said, "We'd better cap them or they'll be dirty again when we need them." She got up drying her hands on the dish towel she wore for an apron. Pud jumped up and down three times, going, "Unnh!" and flapping his picture. Mamma reached for it, saying, "All right now, Pud, don't get all worked up —— Well *My Goodness* that *IS* pretty!"

When the jars were closed and put away and the empty pans and the tub were in their places, Mamma and Celia and Jenny went into the bedrooms, looking for something to take to the living room for their hands to do. Toby and Pud went in at once, willing to take a chance on whatever was waiting for them. Toby was chosen by his geography book and Pud stayed snug in the knelling red of his crayon. Mamma and Celia and Jenny came in with snipping and sewing things, and the being a family began.

At last Papa took out his gold pocket watch, round and shiny old. Something he did with his thumb made a thin lid hinge up from the watch's pale flat face. He looked for a minute, then closed the lid on its face and put it away. His left hand moved without him looking to the proper knob on the radio and gave it a clicking turn. By the time his paper was folded the radio had warmed into the news.

Jenny and Celia took their clue from some finger difference in Mamma's mending and started their crocheting and sewing toward a stopping place. Pud recognized the signs and almost started complaining about having to go to bed, but Papa crossed his legs about then and helped him wait a while longer. Toby went on letting his gaze do as it pleased on a page of his geography book the apple had made impossible to read.

When they stopped the news for the man to tell about Little Liver Pills, Papa looked in his cup and asked if there might be a swallow of coffee still in the pot. Just as he said it, Mamma took the last stitch in the knee of the trousers she'd

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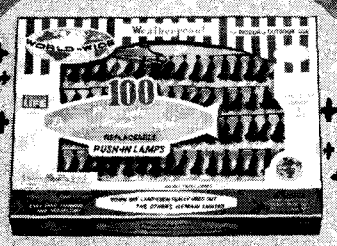


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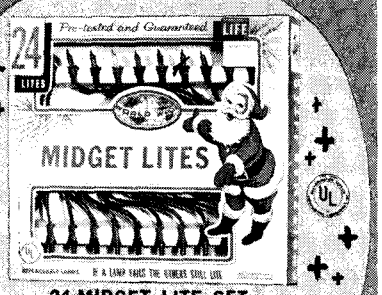


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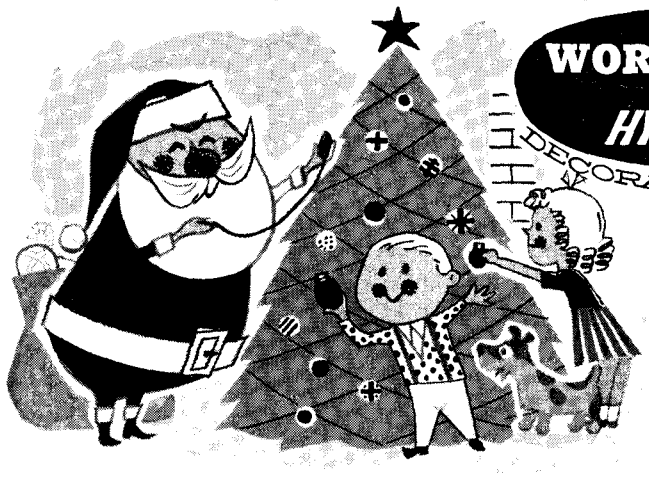

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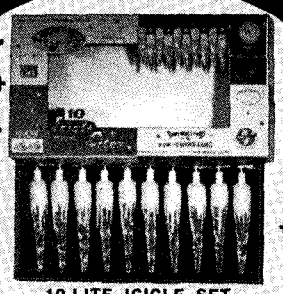

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# CHRISTMAS LITE SETS

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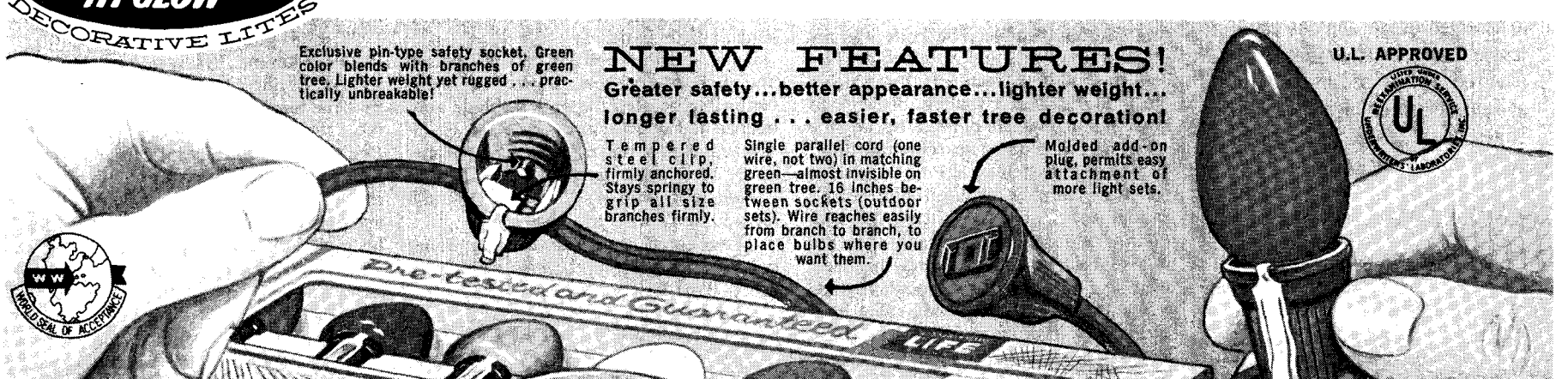
Exclusive pin-type safety socket. Green color blends with branches of green tree. Lighter weight yet rugged . . . practically unbreakable!
NEW FEATURES!
Greater safety...better appearance...lighter weight...
longer lasting . . . easier, faster tree decoration!
Tempered steel clip, firmly anchored. Stays springy to grip all size branches firmly.
Single parallel cord (one wire, not two) in matching green—almost invisible on green tree. 16 inches between sockets (outdoor sets). Wire reaches easily from branch to branch, to place bulbs where you want them.
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saved, then put them aside and took his cup as she passed on her way to the kitchen.

Pud couldn't stand any more of it and said, "I hurt my foot and I'm not even sleepy!" When nobody said a word, not even Toby, he knew he had lost again, and started thinking, "When I get big. . . ."

The man on the radio said, "So the next time you're feeling down and out with those nagging pains in the back, try Little Liver Pills for quick, smooth, satisfying relief. And now, back to the news." A familiar voice picked it up with, "Today's events in the streets of Madrid seem to indicate. . . ."

Mamma came in quietly and handed Papa his coffee, then went to her chair and started looking at the sewing and testing it. Pud left the floor and knuckled his eyes as he came for her lap, protesting a drawn-out, a weary, "Mamma . . ." so she gave it to him. "Shhh," she said, "You can tell me all about it in a minute." He managed a halfhearted groan of displeasure and made a settling upon her so wiggly she had to pull down her dress because it was almost up to her knees.

The news ended, finally. Papa's hand went toward the radio and everybody waited. His fingers found the knob and switched the stranger out of the room. Toby closed his geography book. Jenny managed at last to forget the terrible wrong she'd suffered in the matter of doing the dishes. Pud got so caught up in what was about to happen he elbowed himself through layers and layers of sleepiness to sit up on Mamma's knees. When Papa put the apple in his lap and took his knife from his pocket, even the part of Celia that was still a girl and not a woman slipped through the proud and solemn way she felt about being the oldest.

Papa pinched the apple stem between two left-hand fingers and held it so it wouldn't turn while his right hand turned the apple. Celia, Jenny, and Toby counted the turns in their heads with the A B C's, knowing that the letter that broke the apple stem would be a clue for the name of the one they would marry. Pud didn't know such secret magic as that and counted the turns with blinks of his eyes.

The stem twisted off on E. Toby thought of Emily Rogers and made a face that squeezed his eyes because he didn't like to think it was going to be her. Papa put the loose stem in his mouth and chewed it from tooth to tooth while he shined the apple along his leg just like Toby knew he would. At last the apple gleamed all it could and Papa opened the peeling blade of his knife. He put the sharp tip deep in the dimple the apple had grinned for its stem, then he angled the knife and twisted his wrist and started unwinding the skin.

Pud slipped off Mamma's lap to the floor. The rag that wasn't so white anymore came off his heel but Mamma was the only one that noticed. Her hands picked it up and unpinned it so they could smooth it and spread it against her knees while her eyes went back to tasting the juicy looks on her family's faces as her part of the apple.

Papa stripped the apple with care, feeling a kind of duty to keeping the peel in a single piece. More than that, it seemed somehow to have something to do with not being disappointed with himself, setting a good example. The knife was another of his fingers and ribboned the skin as if unspooling a secret. Halfway down the apple's cheek a shallow brown scar made him frown. He paused to study the scar, and Pud scooted nearer on the floor. The edge Toby felt over Pud because of the two years he had on him wasn't enough to let him keep sitting still with Pud that close to Papa. Something he did in his muscles and bones made his chair seem to pour him on the floor and slide him silently across the living-room linoleum, over its fat roses and lacy green leaves to a spot that would make the edge of age enough again.

The scar of brown on the apple skin frowned Papa into words. "Look here, Kate," he said, deciding to tell the family through Mamma. "You see here where it's healed itself? A blue jay or maybe a mockingbird must'a had this for dessert, just a bite to take the taste of grubworm out of its mouth before going on. A thing like that can set you to wondering, can't it?" He turned then and looked at Mamma, watching her nod as she said, "It does for a fact." After they'd looked at each other a minute and Papa'd gone back to peeling the apple, Mamma studied Celia's look and saw that there wasn't much confusion in it. "She's almost grown," she thought, and smiled at her to let her know there was more to it than the sadness. Celia dropped her eyes to her strong lean hands at rest in her lap. They opened their fingers after a minute and one of them raised to Jenny's shoulder on the sofa beside her. Jenny turned her head but didn't understand the woman's look on Celia's face and put her eyes on the apple again.

By now Papa had it almost naked. The ribbon was down to the trickiest part. To do it right from now on he had to turn the apple upside-down, but that meant running the risk of tangling and maybe breaking the ribbon. Too, there was the thing about removing the blade and resetting it so the tip could move counterclockwise and go all the way. He looked at the boys and made his face look troubled. "Well, you can see what the problem is," he said. "Do we break it off now and peel out the bottom separate, or take a chance on trying to get it all?"

"Turn it," Pud urged.

"Get it all in one piece!" said Toby.

Jenny copied Celia and Mamma and didn't butt in, knowing some way that it was man's work.

"That's about the way I feel about it," answered Papa. He did all the things he had to do, being careful with the peel, and after an anxious minute he held up the knife with the peel turned down from the tip in one long apple spring.

Pud said, "Ohh . . ." and Toby said, "Boy!" Papa said, "It's kind'a pretty at that." After everyone appreciated it for a minute, Papa said, "Well, how about it, Jenny. You better speak up."

Jenny made a face like eating green persimmons. "Unhh!" she said. "I don't see how anyone could want to eat a nasty old apple peel!"

"All right then," said Papa. "Forever hold your peace." He put the stark apple on the folded newspaper across his lap so he could have both hands for slitting the peel down the middle from one end to the other. When it was done and there were two coiling pieces, Toby said, "I don't see how you can do that part and not break it."

"Well, it's not as hard as the other," said Papa, giving one coil to Pud and handing the other to Toby. "All it takes is just a little patience."

Toby and Pud got flat on their backs and dangled the peels down into their teeth. Papa closed the peeling blade and opened the one for slicing. When Celia saw he meant to halve it and quarter it she said, "No, Papa, just three pieces."

Papa looked up in surprise. "Don't tell me you don't want any?" he said.

"You know how there's times when you crave a thing and times when you don't, Papa," she answered quietly.

Papa studied her, turning the apple in his hand, something like the ball of his life swelling too big in his chest as he looked at the spring just past, seeing the sixteenth birthday she'd had in March and seeing the kind of thing it was, seeing the sixteen years. He looked at Mamma. She didn't so much nod her head as drop her eyelids a little then raise them again. "Well, all right then," he said, looking down at the apple getting brown already where he had handled it. "Forever hold your peace," he said, putting his mind to figuring thirds. Mamma stood from her chair and said, "I'd best go turn back the beds." Celia got up from the sofa smoothing her print skirt and saying, "Yes, I'll come and help you."

When the peel was gone, and Jenny and Toby and Pud had eaten the thirds, Papa swirled what was left in his cup around and around to make sure he would get everything, then turned it up and drank coffee grounds and all. He touched his pocket to make sure his knife was back where it was supposed to be, then he put the folded paper under the radio table and used his hands on the ends of the arms to push up out of his chair. He looked down at Toby and Pud and over at Jenny, then back at Pud's face where the pout was building. "Come on now, Pud, and don't start a fuss," he said. "It's time we all got to bed."

"Aww Papa . . ." Pud had to whine once, knowing it was no use.

Papa went across to the front door and turned the key in the lock. On his way to the kitchen, he said, "Make sure you throw those pieces of core in the garbage bucket, and don't leave seeds on your Mamma's . . . and Celia's clean floor." Jenny and Toby made sure they had everything and followed him through the kitchen. Before Pud left the living room, Mamma came in with her long hair down like fire on her pale flannel gown, a clean white rag in her hands for binding Pud's wound in case it got to be something his sleep might need if he happened to remember it.

When all the lights were out, Toby lay in the darkness and listened to Mamma and Papa in their bed across the room using slender words to sew scattered, last-minute finishing thoughts to the hem of the day. After the last stitch was made and nothing was left but the soft cotton thread of their breathing, he moved his face on the pillow until his nose touched the rim of Pud's ear. "Pud," he whispered, "Pud! I got something to tell you!"

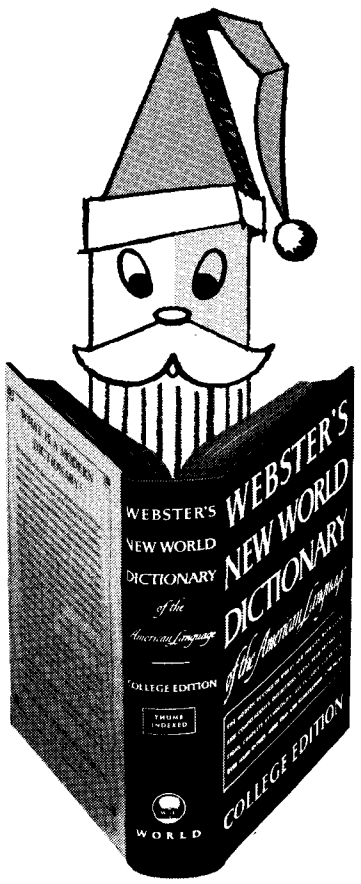
"Leave him alone now, Toby," said Mamma. "He's sound asleep. You can tell him tomorrow."

"Yes Mamma," Toby answered, moving back to his side of the bed, thinking, "But Jenny and him and me ate Celia's apple and he ought to know." He pulled the cover above his head and wondered why Celia did it.

Pud gave a snort and a twist in his sleep that poked his foot against Toby's leg. "Stay on your own side, Pud," Toby whispered, and pushed Pud's foot with his knee.

"Toby!" said Mamma.

"Yes Mamma," Toby said meekly, and was very still. After a while he realized that the hard thing against his knee was the safety pin holding the bandage to Pud's heel. He thought about having to bring in all the water for the jars, and then he thought, "He sure is a baby!" He lay there grinning in the dark, and grinned his mind all the way to wondering how it would feel to give Pud his part of the apple. A thought and a doze and a wondering later he tried to think how it would be to have an apple all to himself. Something about it wouldn't let him wonder about it for long, and sailed his mind to a glass jar of light at the core of a whole, dark, pungent apple of sleep. THE END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# Going Ahead

**How old-fashioned a man raised in The Space Age will seem to his grandchildren!**

By JOAN WILLIAMS

In the middle of the city was a park, on Main Street, a square: there, inside a hut, Santa Claus sat, with a heater to warm him. Tad stood in line with the other children thinking what he would do: go in one door, speak to Santa, receive candy, come out on the side where the grownups waited. He could tell his grandfather was cold waiting, and he was cold too. Children around him wore rubber boots, though it was not raining; his grandfather said later it was because of the cold and the frost slowly melting, leaving the grass wet. He had on the everyday, heavy work boots he wore even to the barn. Usually, to Delton, he wore Sunday-school shoes, but his mother had said she did not care if they called him "country," if he looked country; he had to be warm. He had not admitted that his shoes made no difference; he always felt country arriving, bouncing along in the cab of the dusty or muddy pickup, looking down on everyone. City people in ordinary cars sped by below or, worse, crawled impatiently behind, waiting to pass. Once he had asked his grandfather, "Can we ever get a car?"

And Grandpa had said, "A pickup's always served us. Why change?"

Another time Grandpa had said, "Boy, damn if you ain't got big enough for me to carry to Delton by yourself. I been waiting a long time. In the springtime, we'll go up yonder to a ball game and the zoo. Now, I reckon I'll have to carry you to see Santa."

He had planned the trip with Grandpa since he could remember, but his father had said, "Poppa, you and the boy don't have any business going up there to Delton. There's too many things happening on the highway with the Negroes bothering folks in Mississippi cars."

His grandfather had said, "I'm not going to bother none of them, why are they going to bother me?"

"Because you're white," his mother had said, turning from the stove; then his father had said, "That's exactly right." But Tad had said nothing.

He had watched his father and Grandpa get ready to go to the barn to milk. His father had stomped into a boot and said, "I don't know what you want to go for anyway. I hear the Negroes have taken over downtown Delton. Everything's integrated. Things have changed, Poppa. You're going to have to realize it."

Grandpa had said, "I've never had any trouble with Negroes. I don't expect to start now. Ain't any of them going to bother an old man and a little boy on the highway."

He had known his mother would tell the story again. She had said, "Ellie Watkins was driving back and saw a pickup on her tail. She slowed to let it pass, but it wouldn't. So she went faster, but it did. Went on down the highway that way, until finally it did go by, flying. She wanted to get home then and went faster too. Suddenly the truck came almost to a stop, in the middle of the road. No reason in the world, except to make her bump it. She skidded so, she said sparks came out of her tires. As soon as she got stopped, the truck went on. It turned off a side road and when she passed, she saw three Negro boys looking back at her, dying laughing."

"If you're bound and determined, Poppa, you, number one, put that pistol in the glove compartment and, two, be back here before dark, and I mean plumb before," his father had said and gone out with Grandpa. He had thought they looked like giants huddled into their outdoor clothes. They had opened the door, and cold had come in and traveled the room like a whisper, before the fire warmed it again. He had hugged his knees. "Mom," he had said, "can I tell Grandpa I don't believe in Santa Claus anymore?"

"Goodness, no," she had said. "You'll spoil his fun. You can pretend, can't you?"

"Sure," he had said.

This morning he had had no chores. He and Grandpa ate leftover cornbread with sorghum, and then they started. His wool gloves were worn at the ends, and his fingers had felt frozen when he came into the morning. It was twenty miles over a winding gravel road to the main highway, then fifty more over blacktop to Delton, into Tennessee. He and Grandpa had lost time looking for the pistol; then his mother had remembered it was already in the truck. She went nowhere without it, though in north Mississippi there had been no serious trouble since things had been settled at the university. But his mother had said there was a differentness: beneath their ordinary lives there was a feeling of waiting, of always wondering if something would happen.

For the first time in his life—Grandpa said for the first time in *his*—people locked their doors. If his mother went for a loaf of bread, she shut up the house. His grandfather said folks had went crazy; they ought to remember what F.D.R. had said about being afraid. His mother had said locking doors made strangers; it was as if they all hid something from each other; she was afraid to express her views anymore; you didn't know how the other fellow would react to what you thought. He thought that all grownups thought about was change. His father had said they had to go along with it, the best they could.

This morning nothing had happened on the highway. Cars with Negroes had passed, and no one paid any attention to him and Grandpa. Once, a car ahead of them had slowed and a farmer turned into a field, a Negro helper sitting beside him. "You see any trouble there?" Grandpa had said.

"No," he had said and looking into Grandpa's eyes had been like looking into the cistern: he had seen himself reflected. His grandfather's eyes, his hair, his moustache were all the same silver-gray color as the flat, still water. They had gone on, looking at a sun so pale it was hardly distinguishable from the white winter sky.

Now, waiting to see Santa Claus, he stood warming his hands, squeezing them and pulling the ends of his gloves longer, the way Grandpa had taught him. Behind him a girl spoke, her breath jumping in spurts like steam, telling another the lake at the zoo was expected to freeze; people could skate there. He tried to imagine ice skating, wondering if the pond behind their house would freeze; he had no skates if it did. Long ago winters in Mississippi had been very

Illustrated by David Passalacqua



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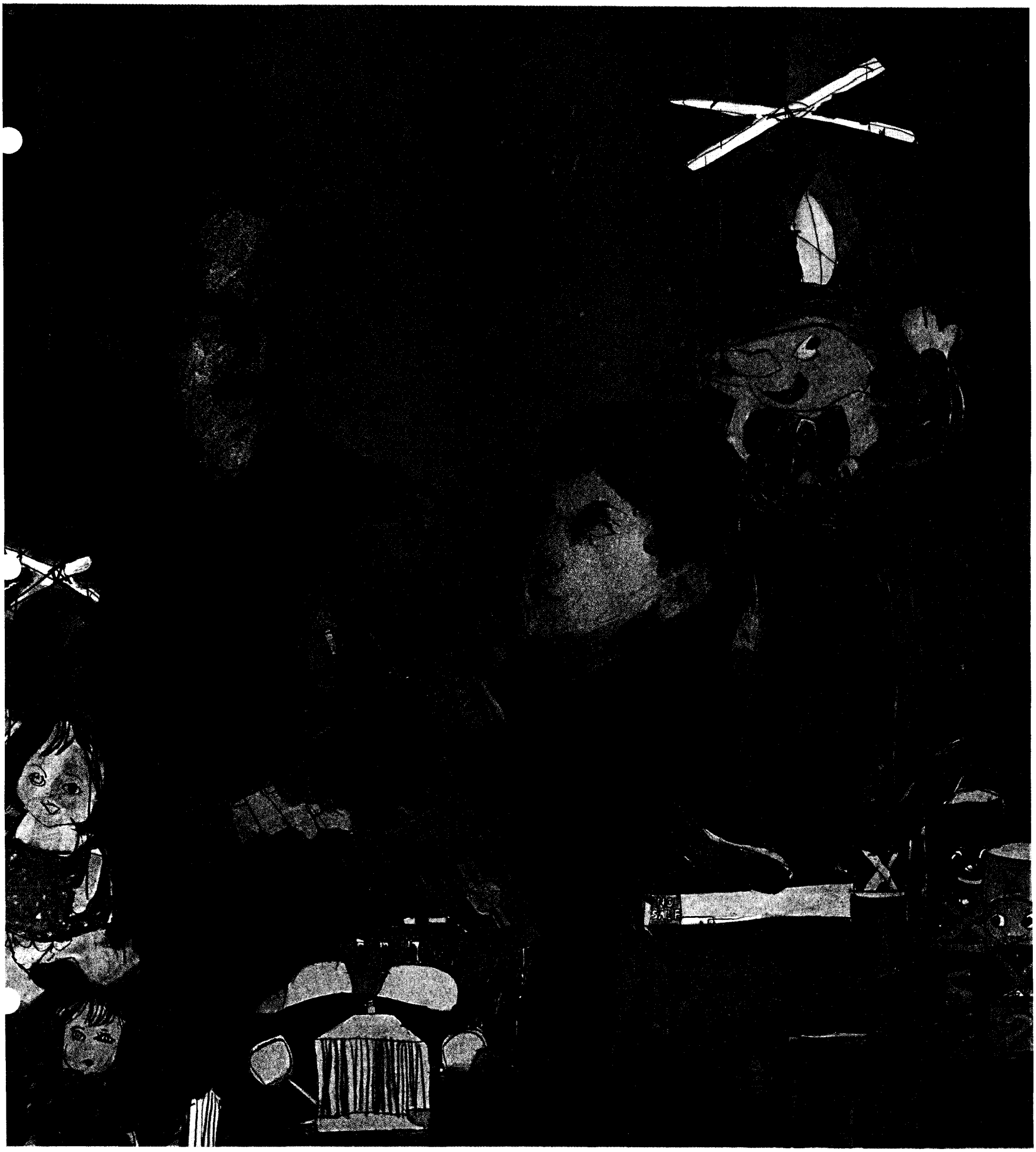



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cold. Grandpa had skated every year on the pond behind the house, and he tried now to imagine him as a little boy.

Santa Claus called him, and he stepped over the doorsill into the hut. Immediately, warming, his fingers were full of pain. He wondered how the man stood it so hot with all that stuff on his face, and why he painted his nose red. Was that what little children expected? If he had to pretend for Grandpa's sake, he would have to pretend for the man's too, he had decided. He shook hands, looking the man in the eye, as Grandpa always said to, and said, "How do, Santa Claus."

"Have you been a good boy this year?" the man said.

"Yes, sir. I guess so," he said.

"What can I bring you?"

"A twenty-two," he said. "Single shot."

"I'll have to ask your mother and daddy about that, son. Maybe when you're older."

"I've used my dad's a year," he said. "I killed a moccasin on the back steps, and there's always something after the chickens."

"Keep on being a good boy then," the man said. "Here's a little gift. Come in, little girl. Come and see old Santa." He was turned toward the exit and stepped out, holding the candy cane, glad he was small for his age, and hoping no one else would know he was nine.

As soon as he was out, Grandpa said, "How was old Santa?"

He said, "Fine."

"He don't keep you in there long," Grandpa said.

"I reckon he's trying to hurry folks out of the cold," he said.

"I reckon so," Grandpa said, feeling better. "What'd you want?"

He said, "A twenty-two," and knew he was getting the gun from the way Grandpa gave a little bounce. "Uh-huh," Grandpa said. "What else?"

"Shells," he said.

"For shore. You need a gun, you need some shells," Grandpa said. "You asking for anything else?" He knew the shells were bought too. He had nothing else in mind, but suddenly he said, "Grandpa, if the pond freezes over, can I get ice skates?"

They walked on, Grandpa pulling his scarf tighter. "Well," Grandpa said. "We'll have to see."

He knew there would be nothing to see. His father would say: "Son, if we had the money, just to throw away, I'd get you the skates in a minute. But that pond might stay frozen one, two, at the most three days and never freeze again." He knew that made sense, but anything he mentioned, Grandpa would bear in mind. Once he had overheard his grandfather say, "The closest I'll ever come to heaven is watching that boy grow up." He had felt a sudden huge swelling in his chest. He had that feeling now, walking beside Grandpa, knowing he was worrying over how to get him something. "Grandpa," he said, "we better forget about the skates. That pond might stay froze a day or two and never freeze again."

"That's so," Grandpa said. But a tag end seemed, still, to remain in his mind.

They chose first to pass the peanut man who stood outside the Planters shop wearing a plaster peanut head, carrying a cane, and passing out a spoonful of nuts to anyone who held out his hand. He and Grandpa could not understand those who did not. "Nothing like goobers," Grandpa said, tossing peanuts into his mouth.

"Nothing like goobers," he said, tasting fuzz from his wool glove with them.

Grandpa could not understand parking meters but would not spend money on a lot. Now, as they were passing their truck, Grandpa gave him the dimes and he punched in two for two hours and tried to explain. Still Grandpa said he could not understand those machines and walked away shaking his head and said, "We got to get your momma's and daddy's presents. Eat some dinner, look at toys, then get on home early like we promised. What you got in mind for your daddy?"

"I don't know," he said. "What does he need?"

Grandpa said, as always, "He could use something to hep him if he gets snake bit."

Every year they bought his father a bottle of rye together. His father opened it as if in surprise and said how glad he was to have his supply replenished. Then Grandpa would say he had thought he was about to run out; even if they didn't use whisky much, when you needed a drink, you needed it. Last Christmas, Grandpa had said, "You never know. This boy's liable to be coming in here any day now telling us he's got married. We'd have to drink to that." "Shoot!" he had said, "I'm never going to get married." "Why, what about the little red-headed girl I saw you walking along the road with?" Grandpa had said. "Her!" he had said and this past year had gotten off the school bus early never to have to get off with the little red-headed girl again.

Where he lived, whisky was sold only by bootleggers—Baptists had voted the state dry—and he followed Grandpa into the liquor store with a sense of guilt. But Grandpa stepped straight up to the counter and said, "We'd like to take us a fifth of Four Roses, please, sir."

On the counter Tad put a dollar of the two he had in change. The storekeeper brought the bottle and swiftly, with one finger, separated the coins spread on the counter and counted them again. "Dollar even, son," he said. "Thank you." Grandpa gave the rest of the money, and the man said, "Merry Christmas."

Grandpa stepped back, onto the foot of a Negro customer, and turning said quickly, "I'm sorry."

"That's all right," the Negro man said. "I wasn't watching myself."

"Merry Christmas," Grandpa said.

"Merry Christmas," the Negro said.

"Merry Christmas, son," the storekeeper said.

He said, "Merry Christmas," and opened the door, and bells jingled.

When they were on the street, Grandpa said, "Well, we got that over with," as if he had not known what to buy.

Tad said, "Now we have to get Mom's presents; that's harder," and followed Grandpa into another store. They went up and down aisles looking at things they knew ladies liked, and he spent his dollar on a small straw basket with a bottle of perfume inside. Grandpa said, "I think you know more about ladies than I do. You hep me decide," and though it was not on himself, it made his heart beat faster to spend five dollars. His grandfather always said it had to be on foolishness, meaning something his mother would not buy for herself. He and Grandpa finally decided on pearls that could be worn many ways; the saleslady showed them, hung them in one long strand down her neck, wound them once, then twice around it. "Now that's sho nuff some foolishness," Grandpa said, handing over the money. "We ready to eat dinner now?"

"Can't we see the toys first?" he said.

"Can't you wait?" Grandpa said.

"No," he said; then, in the elevator, Grandpa said, "Boy, I bet your stomach's going to be waiting when you get there."

His mother had said to remember his grandfather was an old man. "You want to rest?" he said, but Grandpa said he could go on a while longer. He led Grandpa to the counter where there were toys having to do with space and science. One by one, he picked up models of the latest planes and explained them to Grandpa, who could hardly believe how fast the real ones flew. In one corner of the store was a toy space ship large enough to walk inside. He and Grandpa went in, and he picked up the helmet of a space suit and put it on. "Just think, Grandpa," he said, "when I'm grown, I'll probably be flying to the moon."

"Well, when you learn how to fly this thing, son, take me to the moon with you," Grandpa said.

"Grandpa, you wouldn't go," he said. "You've always said you never wanted your feet that high off the ground."

"I'd take them off for you," Grandpa said. Then he put a helmet on Grandpa's head, and they laughed at each other a long time through the transparent flaps. They decided on the dime store for lunch. It was past the usual eating time when they arrived, and no one else was there. Only one counter was open. Grandpa, sitting down, said he guessed he would have to have some fried clams. His mother had said Grandpa was not supposed to eat fried food. "But if I'm not there, he does," she had said. "I'll bet he comes home sick."

Now Tad said, "You're not supposed to eat fried things," and Grandpa said, "That's just some foolish notion on the doctor's part. What are you going to have?"

"I think I'll have the foot-long hot dog," he said.

When they were eating, Grandpa said the clams were good, even if they had come out of a box, frozen. Tad said the hot dog was good too, but when he bit into one end, mustard squirted out the other. He put his head as far back as possible and licked the bun, hearing other people sit down. When he sat up straight, he saw the other people were Negroes. Grandpa was not eating, and he said, "Are you already sick?"

"No," Grandpa said. "Come on, we've got to go."

"We haven't finished our dinner," he said.

"Come on, we've got to go," Grandpa said and stood up, taking the packages.

He followed Grandpa to the cashier and up the steps and out onto the street. Then he said, "Was it the Negroes, Grandpa?" But Grandpa would not say anything; he just kept walking.

In a little while they were in the truck again, moving higher than anyone else, and he said, "You've sat next to Negroes before, Grandpa."

"They've never set to the table with me," Grandpa said.

"They've sat in the truck, close as this," he said.

"They've never set to the table with me," Grandpa said.

"You broke open watermelons and ate them in the field."

Grandpa said in a flat voice, as if something had been taken from him, "They just set right down there, with me."

It was nearly evening when they got back, after driving without speaking between frozen fields over the same road that no longer seemed the same. Lights coming on in houses and barns were like scattered pieces of the fallen pale sun. Doors were shut against the cold; no one was on the road; and it was suppertime. The only store open was where the old men stayed as long as possible to play checkers. He looked in, going by, and saw them. Grandpa's friends, he thought. Maybe his father had been right: Grandpa should have stayed at home. When they were at home, Tad told what had happened, and his father said, "We warned you, Poppa."

Grandpa said that he was never going to Delton again; traffic had been so heavy it gave him a nervous stomach; he was going to bed. "Would you bring me some soda?" he asked.

When his grandfather was gone, Tad said, "Grandpa ate fried clams." But when his mother took up the soda she said, "This'll help that old nervous stomach."

"Why does Grandpa eat what he knows will hurt him?" he said.

His father said, "He doesn't want to admit he can't do everything he did when he was young."

There were a lot of things Grandpa couldn't admit, he thought: what he had eaten, that he was old, that times had changed. And he could not tell him he no longer believed in Santa Claus.

His mother said that he had had a long day; he had to go to bed.

He went, but he was not sleepy. He lay awake a long time, looking out, studying patterns of the stars against the early night sky, and planning. If Grandpa couldn't change himself enough to go seventy miles to Delton, he thought, he couldn't change himself enough to go to the moon. He would have to go on ahead without him. He guessed he could not tell him that either. THE END

*Joan Williams burst into fame in 1962, when* The Morning and the Evening, *her tale of a Mississippi town, won the $10,000 John P. Marquand First Novel Award—and the acclaim of critics and public alike. The novel's title was suggested to her by William Faulkner after she had sent him a chapter for his reaction. Born in Memphis, she spent summers in Mississippi when she was a child. Although she was educated in the North at Bard College and now lives in Westport, Conn., she returns to visit the South at least once a year.*



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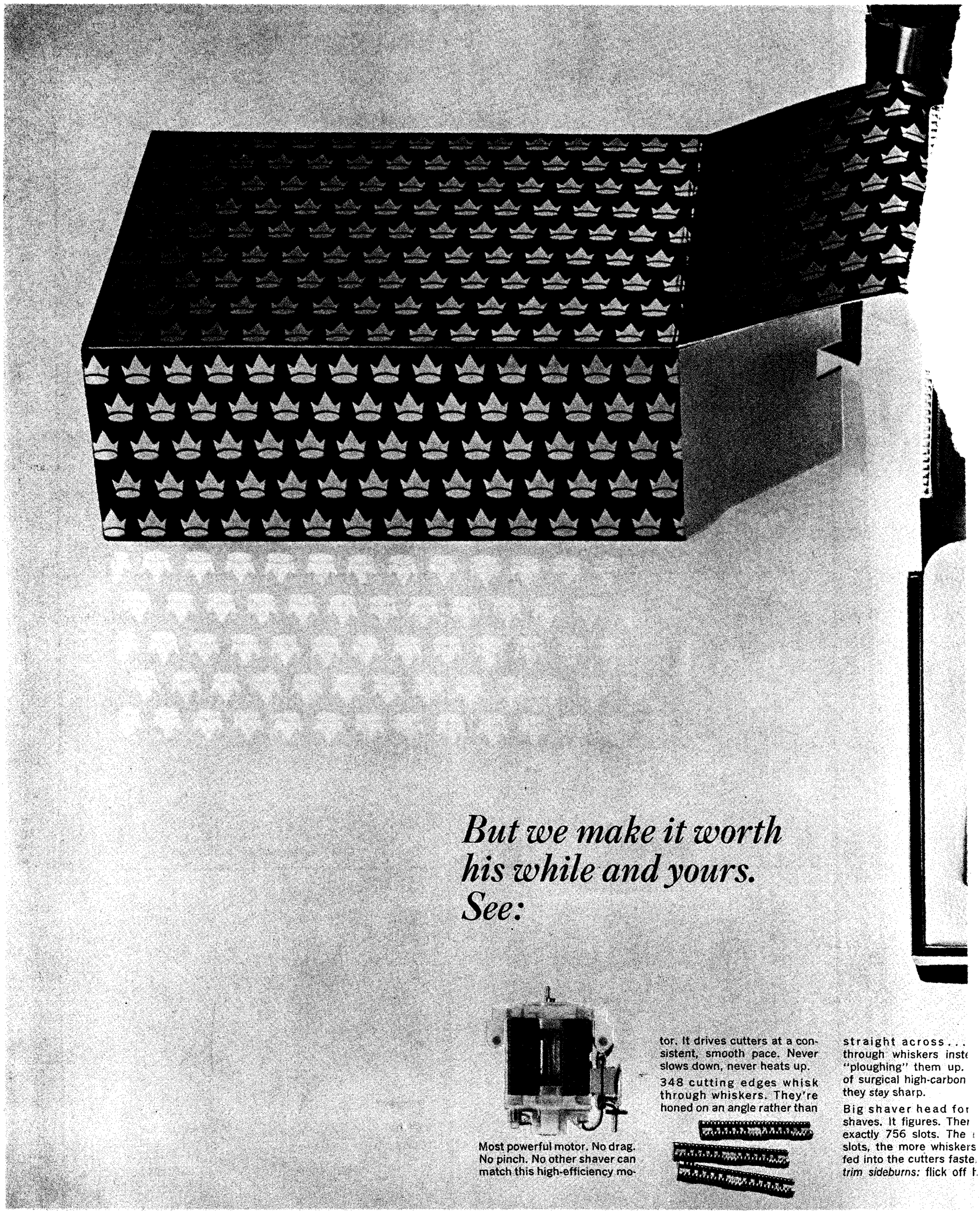

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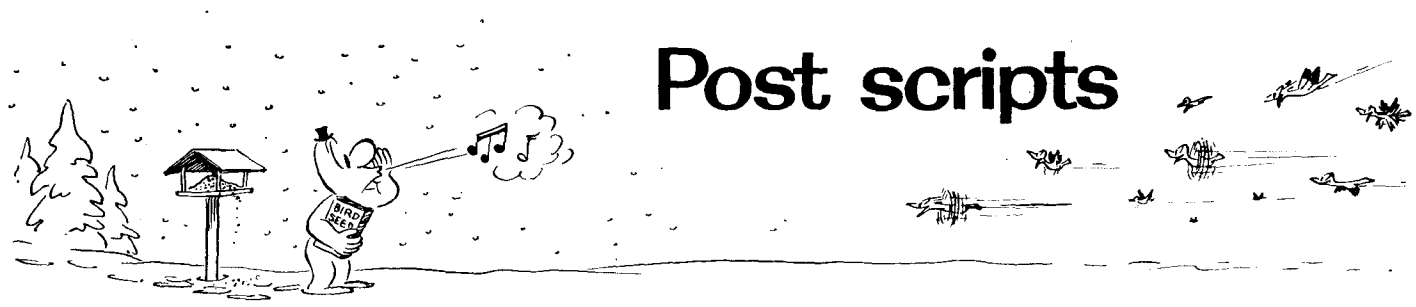
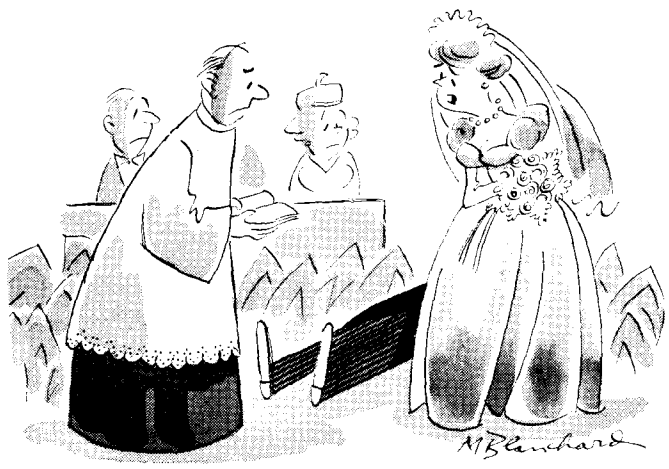
# Post scripts

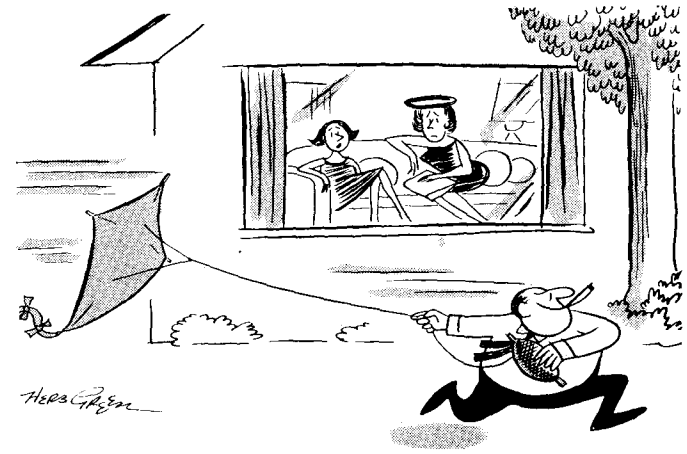


*"Betsy, listen, we've simply got to stop this insane competition for the boy's affection."*

*"Can you give him something to make him listless again?"*

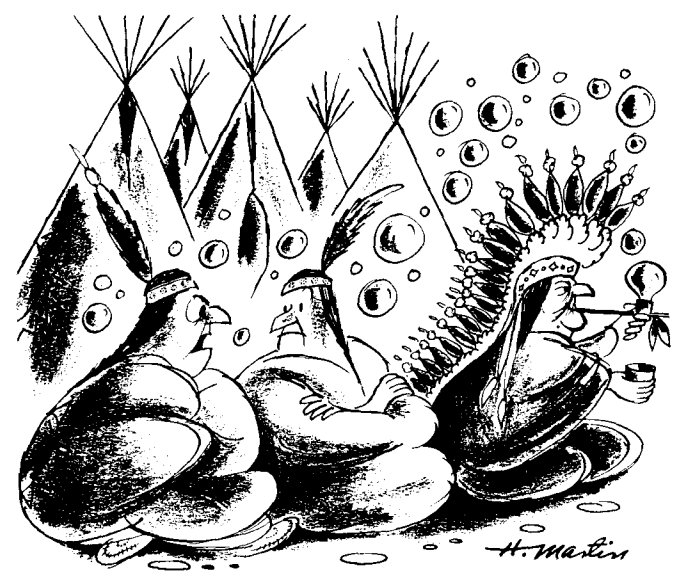


*"He never was any good in a crisis."*



*"If I had it all to do over, I'd never have discouraged his playing golf."*

*"Gee, Harry, this is just like the time I visited you in the state penitentiary!"*



*"There was a time when I had great respect for that pipe and everything it stood for."*



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**Playing Santa again this year? Let your fingers do the walking.** Yellow Pages

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# SPANISH GOLD TWO FATHOMS DEEP

By JAMES ATWATER

**The bizarre story of an ill-assorted band of treasure hunters who found a fortune off Florida's coast.**

Divers Mel Fisher and Moe Molinar (with gold disk) at site of wreck. Top of page: a golden doubloon.



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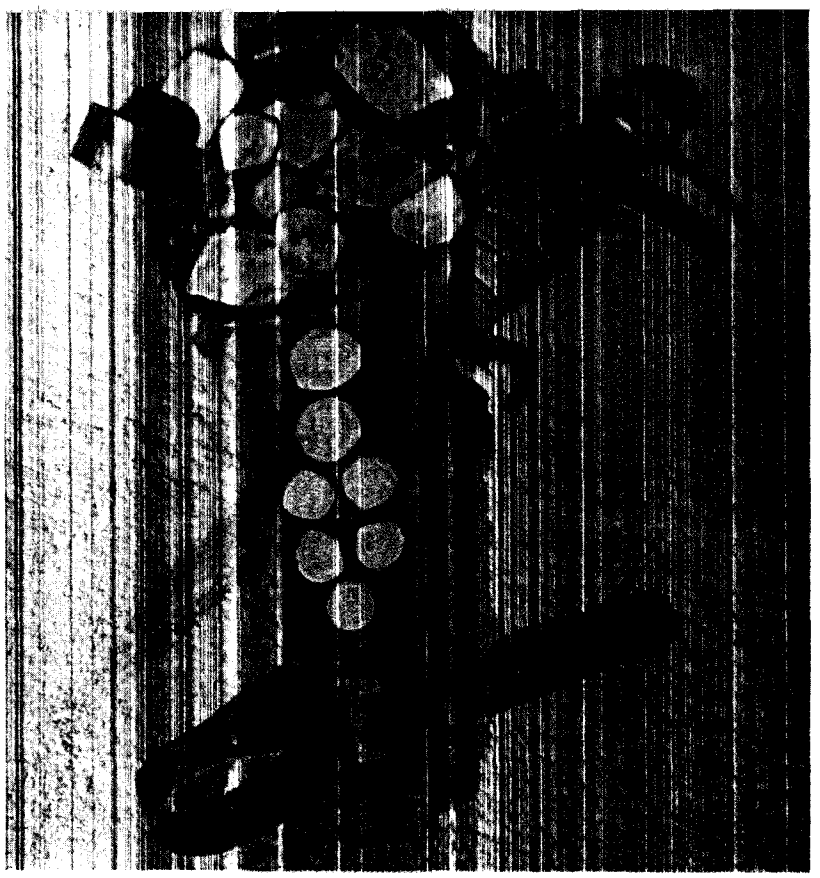
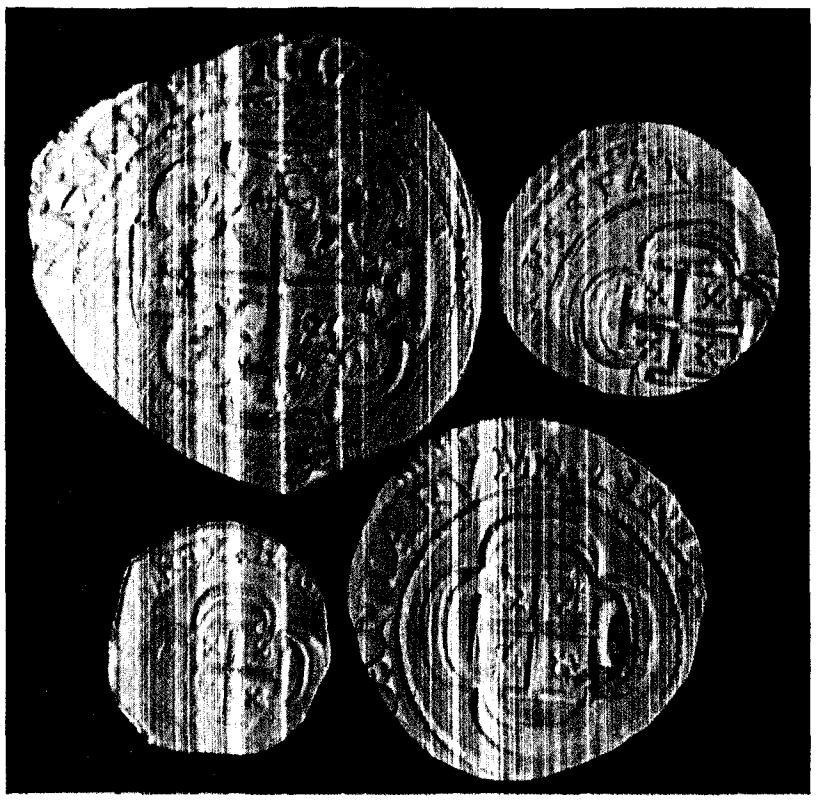
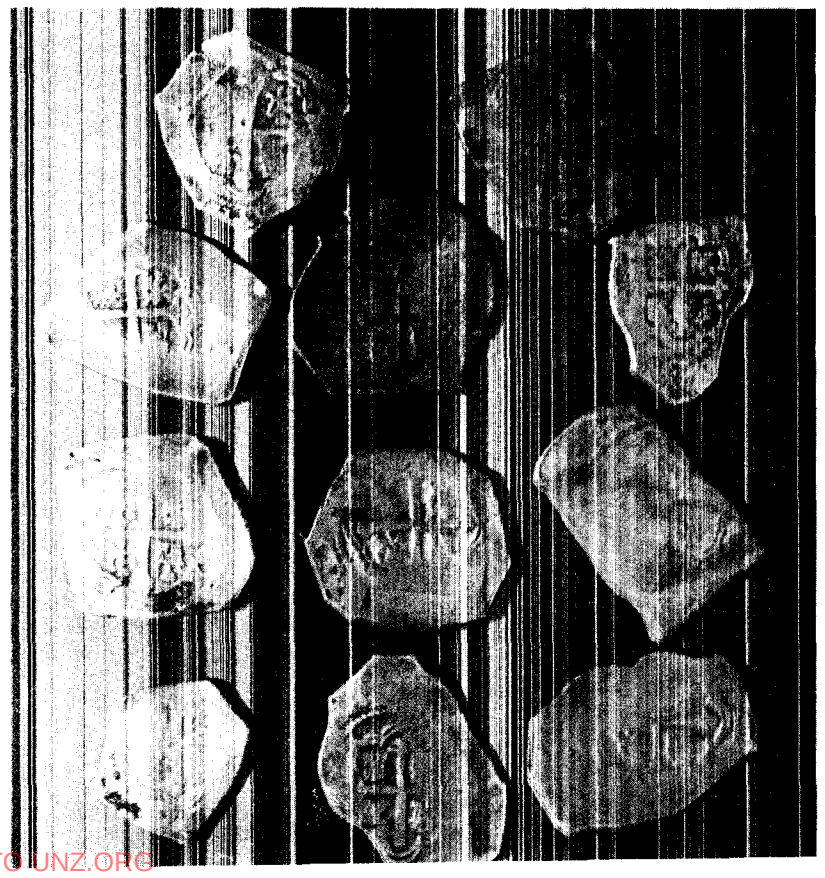
Photographs taken by the treasure hunters show some of the coins they found. Irregularly shaped silver pieces are "cobs" cut from bars of silver.







The Atlantic Ocean was only 12 feet deep in the area where the two divers were swimming, but the water was so murky that it filtered out nearly all of the light, transforming shapes into shadows and turning the bottom into a darkened desert. Groping around ledges and into potholes on the bottom, the men could feel the surge of waves rolling overhead to break on the beaches of Ft. Pierce, Fla. It was May 1, 1964, and the Atlantic was still so chilly that both men wore black, form-fitting, sponge-rubber diving suits. Companions watching from the boat anchored nearby could trace their search along the bottom by the bubbles rising from their Aqua Lungs. Then, suddenly, the bubbles of the leading swimmer stopped moving and began to rise steadily from the same spot.

The diver, a man named Moe Molinar, had caught sight of a dull gleam on the bottom, half hidden by a layer of sand. He reached down and picked up two roughly shaped disks. One was about six inches in diameter and weighed about six and a half pounds; the other was seven inches across and weighed about seven and a half pounds. They had the heft and glow of gold, but Moe had retrieved so many other heavy, glowing objects that had turned out to be brass that he turned anxiously and held them out for inspection to Mel Fisher, the second diver. Fisher saw instantly that they were the real thing. He nodded vigorously at Moe, surfaced, spat out his mouthpiece and bellowed to the men on the boat, "We hit it!"

What the two men had hit off Ft. Pierce turned out to be the biggest treasure find since 1687, when Sir William Phips, sailing out of Boston, reportedly salvaged $8,400,000 in loot from a galleon sunk off Hispaniola. No one can put an exact value on the treasure taken last spring from the waters off Ft. Pierce, but by the most conservative guess the collection is worth at least $1 million and may be worth several times that sum.

Within the space of a few weeks the treasure divers brought up, in addition to the two disks, approximately 3,500 gold coins, many of them so rare that none like them had ever been seen by modern collectors, as well as two long, intricately worked gold chains, and about 120 pounds of silver coins fused together by the action of the sea.

The story behind the finding of the Ft. Pierce wreck is a wild mixture of science, scholarship and sheer luck, of amateurs born with the golden touch and of professionals who seemed foredoomed to failure. It is a story which includes such bizarre ingredients as a diver named Demosthenes, a bearded undercover agent, and a man with an abiding passion for the rare and graceful shell of the *Strombus gondylus Americanus*.

The ship that yielded the treasure set sail from Havana on July 27, 1715, as part of a fleet bound for Spain with goods and treasure estimated to have been worth as much as $14 million. Sailing up the coast of Florida, the fleet was overtaken by a hurricane. One by one, on the night of July 30, 1715, 10 of the 11 ships in the fleet crashed onto the rocky shoals lying off the beach near Ft. Pierce.

Using native divers, the Spanish managed to retrieve about $4 million in treasure. But pirates and poachers also worked the wrecks, with the result that to this day no one knows for sure how much loot is left in the water. Amazingly, although historians and map makers recorded the site and scope of the disaster, no one seems to have made a serious effort to salvage what was left of the treasure until recently.

For decades the only material raised from the wrecks were the occasional scraps of metal that caught in a fisherman's net, or shards of pottery, or a stray coin or two found by a diver out for a Sunday-afternoon lark. Then, around 1949, a man named Kip Wagner in nearby Sebastian began wondering about the riches that might lie just offshore. Central casting in Hollywood would never have picked Wagner to be a treasure hunter. There is nothing dashing or debonair about him. For years he had worked as a block layer and plasterer. He was not even a seafaring man, although he later learned to dive with scuba gear. Wagner did, however, have a serious interest in Florida's past; at one point, for example, he had retraced de Soto's journeys through the state. This concern for history was about all that set Wagner apart from any other industrious plasterer with a pickup truck—this and what proved to be a remarkable knack for retaining control of an increasingly slippery situation.

At 59, Wagner has the powerful, rough-skinned hands of his old trade, but he looks more like a gracefully aging gym instructor. The overall impression he normally gives is one of immaculate whiteness—his pants are white, his T-shirt is white and his crew-cut hair is white. At his most loquacious Wagner is a soft-spoken, taciturn man, and these days he is saying nothing at all about his treasure hunting. He is not interested in the publicity, he says.

Back when he first started dreaming of sunken treasure, Wagner was plying his trade in a kind of partnership with another Sebastian man, Lisbon Futch. "I was a carpenter who hated to lay blocks," says the 66-year-old Futch, "and Kip was a block layer and plasterer who hated carpentry So we got along pretty good."

Wagner interested Futch in the wrecks, and together they bought some surplus Army mine detectors and began to spend weekends walking the beaches looking for coins. Sometimes they would go out at the height of a storm, bent over by the 50-pound weight of their equipment, waving the long wand in front of them and waiting for the distinctive dentist's-drill sound in their earphones that indicated some kind of metal was just ahead.

Over the years they did find some silver coins—several dozen of them—but it was strictly a beachcomber approach to treasure hunting.

"We picked up a damn sight more bobby pins and beer caps than coins," says Futch. "We fiddled around, that's all we did. We didn't really have anything to work with."

Then, one day in 1959, as Futch recalls, Wagner suddenly announced that he



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Dolores Fisher, wife of the salvage group's captain, Mel Fisher, holds large gold disk.

**A storm nearly sank the salvage boat the day they first found gold.**



knew of a surplus Navy launch they could buy for $1,000.

"'You want to get out on that damn ocean?' I asked him," says Futch.

"'Yeh,' says Kip, 'I'd do anything to get out there.'"

"'Well,' says I, 'let's go look at it, and if it suits us we'll buy it.'"

So they bought the launch and began to search for treasure in earnest. By this time Wagner had become an expert on the 1715 fleet, having obtained microfilm copies of documents from the Spanish archives. Around this time Wagner also began to enlist others in his informal treasure-hunting group, including a number of men from Cape Canaveral, located only 40 miles up the coast from Sebastian. Eventually, Wagner, Futch and seven others formed the Real Eight Salvage Co., named for *ocho reales*, the Spanish term for pieces of eight.

At this point Wagner also made what has turned out to be the wisest decision in the whole complicated affair. This was to observe one of the most neglected and abused laws in Florida's history—a regulation requiring treasure hunters to apply for leases before searching the state's waters, which extend three miles out into the Atlantic. Because the applicants must agree to give the state 25 percent of whatever they salvage, many treasure hunters have blandly ignored the requirement.

On March 11, 1960, the state granted Real Eight an exploratory lease from Sebastian south past Ft. Pierce and on to Stuart, some 40 miles in all. This lease was nonexclusive—other persons could explore in the area if they could get a similar lease—and it did not permit the group to salvage anything it might find. On the same date, Wagner did obtain an exclusive salvage lease on one wreck that proved to be part of the 1715 fleet, and in 1961 he applied for and received similar leases on two other wrecks.

Working the three wrecks, Wagner's group had some success. His house began to fill up with olive jars and remnants of pottery, and three encrusted cannon were casually dropped at one end of his yard. Real Eight found some silver bars, a magnificent, eight-strand gold necklace, lumps of oxidized silver coins, a number of gold coins and some ancient porcelain.

Like the Spanish salvors centuries before, Wagner's group attracted a lot of attention, and their sites were raided by poachers. One of the leased wrecks, in fact, was so close to shore that it was scarcely covered at low tide, and could be reached by wading. But Real Eight's main problem was not so much the pirates as the fact that it did not have the proper equipment to move the sand that buried nearly all of the treasure. Moreover, the men simply did not have enough free time to work the wrecks. All of them had regular jobs, and they had to do their diving on weekends—if the water was not too murky. Early in 1963 Wagner began to fear that, at the rate they were going, he might not live to see the treasure that he knew was out there. He and his partners decided that they needed some full-time professional help to hit it big. Right at hand was one of the few men in the country who met their needs: a California diver named Mel Fisher.

Fisher, whom Wagner had met several years before—all serious treasure hunters seem to know each other—is a tall, powerfully built man with a stolid poker face. Like Wagner, Fisher was driven by an



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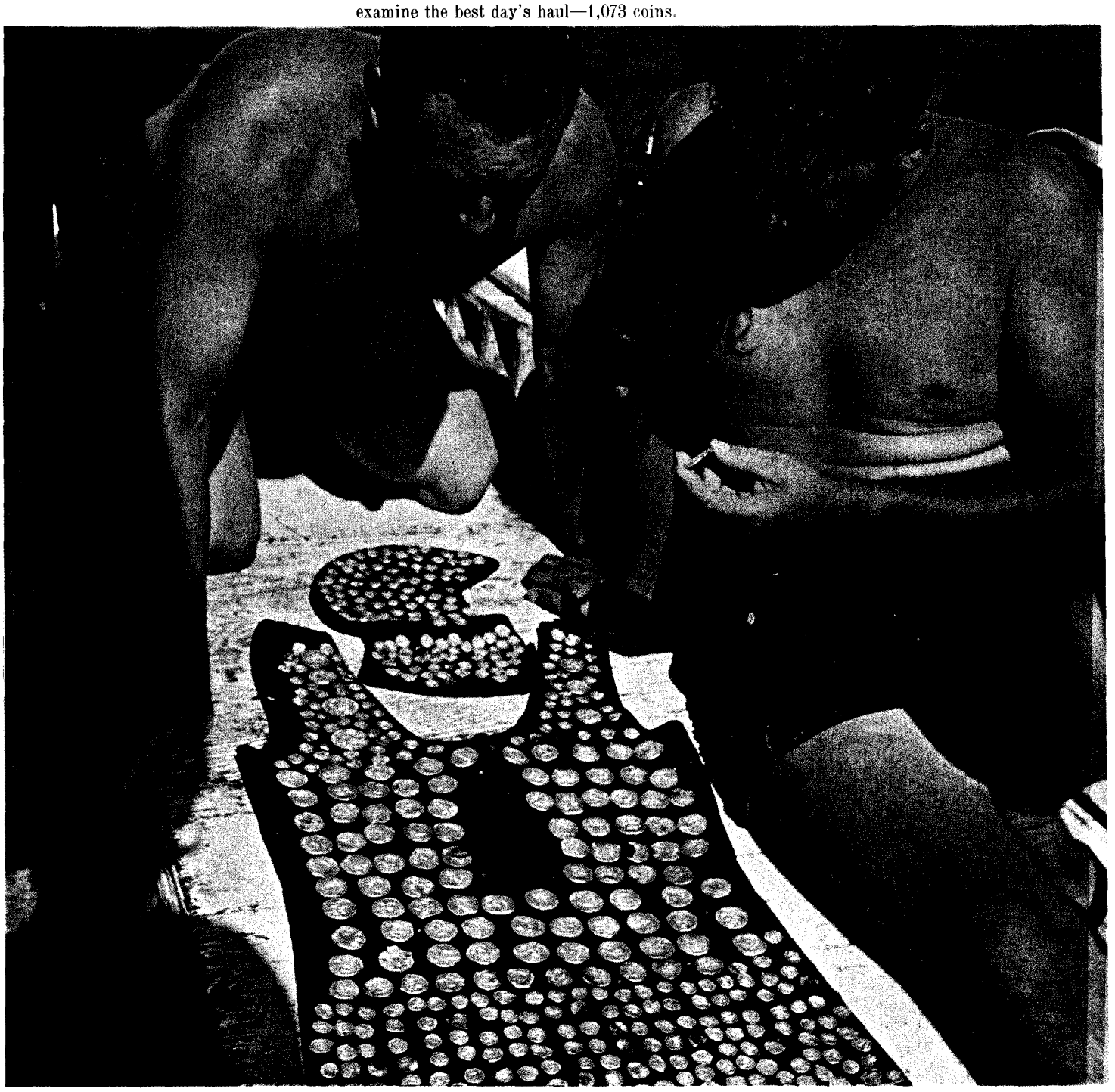
Treasure hunters Del Long, Dan Thompson examine the best day's haul—1,073 coins.



obsession to find treasure—an obsession that had survived a long series of expensive failures. For the past six years he had searched for treasure in a 65-foot boat named the *Golden Doubloon* without finding a single golden doubloon.

But Fisher had succeeded in one thing. In the course of his expeditions he had put together a well-balanced team of experienced men who had worked with him off and on, and who came as close as any group in the world to deserving the name of professional treasure hunters.

Fisher and his crew had developed two devices for treasure hunting that appealed to Wagner. The first was a metal detector so sensitive it could distinguish between different metals. It was the creation of an electronics expert named Fay Feild, whose initial interest in designing the gear had nothing to do with finding gold. Feild and his wife are devoted hunters of the handsome shell of the spiny oyster, *Spondylus Americanus*, which is frequently found near shipwrecks. "When we went on a vacation trip, we needed some assurance we would find a wreck so we would find some shells," says Feild. He therefore set about putting together a detector that would locate wrecks, a talent that naturally fascinated Fisher when he learned about it.

Fisher's second device interested Wagner even more. This was a new kind of dredge for digging up the ocean floor, so superior to the standard pumps and excavators that it amounts to a technological breakthrough in treasure hunting. Designed by Fisher, it had been built by Dick Williams, the group's mechanic.

Fisher had the manpower, the gear and the know-how, and Wagner had the leases; and in the spring of 1963 they worked out a deal. Fisher and his group would do all of the work. After the state received its 25 percent, the remainder would be split evenly between Fisher's and Wagner's groups. Under the name Treasure Salvors, Inc., Fisher gathered together eight of the best men he had ever worked with, and each of them agreed to work for a year without pay.

To finance the search, Fisher sold the *Golden Doubloon*, his home in California, and the scuba-diving-equipment business there which in recent years had been one of his main sources of income. Treasure Salvors then bought a battered old white workboat and began diving operations. But for all its science and scholarship, the Wagner-Fisher team still did not make a big strike. The partners needed someone to lead them to the site of a really rich wreck. Unknown to them, a third group of men was working on a scheme that in the end would do just that.

For nearly eight years, a lean, restless professional diver from Vero Beach named Bruce Ward had been diving on the wrecks off the coast. Usually working alone, often with only a rowboat and a peach basket buoyed up by an inner tube, he had collected a room full of artifacts.

One of Ward's favorite diving sites was off Ft. Pierce in an area Wagner had never really scouted, although it was within the boundaries of his exploratory lease. In fact, Ward had dived in the area so frequently that he now customarily refers to it as "my wreck."

Early in 1963 Ward met Don Neiman, a housefather at the Florida State School for Boys in Okeechobee, who liked to prowl the beaches for anything valuable the sea might have tossed up. Neiman, a small, intense man, is also a collector of fossils and Indian artifacts. He has, he says, a knack for finding strange things in unlikely places. "I've found a Chinese coin in the Okeechobee woods," he says. "I have some kind of lucky sense. If there was something hidden in that grass over there, I could go over and find it."

Together, Ward and Neiman began working the beaches near "Ward's" wreck with portable detectors. One day Neiman was walking casually along the bluffs at the rear of the beach when he heard the telltale drilling sound in his earphones. "I thought, 'Why not dig up one more bottle cap,'" he says. "I dug down with my finger and there was a perfect eight *escudo* gold piece. It took me a couple of minutes to get my breath and yell for Ward. We stood there with our mouths open and looked at it."

In addition to the eight *escudo* coin, Neiman made several other finds, which he recorded on his detector like a fighter pilot chalking up kills on the side of his plane—the detector bears seven stripes for silver coins, five for gold. By the early summer of 1963 Ward and Neiman were convinced that the wreck offshore was part of the 1715 fleet, but they had no way to work the bottom. They went to a coin collector in Orlando named Frank Allen, a high-school history teacher who was looking for ways to invest some money he had made. Neiman says that Allen agreed to finance a modest search. Diving from a 14-foot boat, Ward and Neiman managed to locate the scattered ballast stones of the wreck.

It was only then that the three learned that Kip Wagner was also hunting for wrecks along the coast, with an experienced group of divers and professional equipment. The three men promptly presented themselves to Wagner to see what kind of a deal they could work out. Allen says that Wagner was staggered by the news that they had found the coins. "He walked up and down saying, 'This is what I was afraid of—this is what I used to wake up at night dreaming about for years. Thank God you came to me!'" says Allen. "He was afraid that some amateurs would find some coins, sell them cheaply and ruin the market."

The two groups soon struck a bargain: Wagner would supply the diggers and take 60 percent of whatever was found at the site; the rest would go to Allen, Neiman and Ward in return for their disclosure of the wreck's location.

For a while in the summer of 1963 Treasure Salvors worked the site, but with nearly total lack of success. Then Fisher became fed up with spending so much effort on a vaguely defined site that would yield his group such a small percentage of any find, and threatened to quit unles the 60/40 agreement were revised. In the end Allen, Ward and Neiman agreed to accept only 10 percent, with 90 percent going, half and half, to Wagner's and Fisher's groups. "It was quite a comedown," says Allen, "but we decided that ten percent of something is better than forty percent of nothing."

Fisher and his men went back to the site, but for the rest of the fall and all through the winter, storms kept the water too dirty for any salvage work. The group spent its time refining its equipment and charting the locations of some 50 other wrecks in the area. Then came the first of May, when Fisher and Demosthenes (Moe) Molinar, a Panamanian who is one of Treasure Salvors' top divers,



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Examining some of the find: Frank Allen, highway patrol Capt. Reddick, Kip Wagner, Mel Fisher, Carl Clausen, Rupe Gates and Florida state inspector Paul Baldwin.

**A single coin salvaged from the wreck was sold for $3,600.**



found the two disks on the site of "Ward's" wreck. After the long year of unproductive work the first sight of success gave the crew a virulent case of gold fever. When Molinar surfaced with a disk, Rupe Gates, Fisher's second-in-command, admits that he did not waste time congratulating the diver. "I almost put my foot on his head to push him back in the water to go down and find some more," says Gates.

Gates and nearly everyone else splashed overboard to take up the hunt, but there was no more gold to be found that day. In fact, the time spent on the bottom nearly wrecked the expedition, for the divers did not notice a gathering squall until Fisher suddenly spotted a water spout nearby. The storm hit hard. "I thought, 'My gosh, do the Aztecs have a curse on it?'" says Walt Halzworth, a former construction supervisor who is one of the group's divers. "We were really scared the boat might go down."

After this tantalizing glimpse of possible riches, the men had to suffer the frustration of sitting on shore and waiting for the weather and the water to clear. On May 15, they finally put to sea again, but for nearly a week they found only a scattering of coins. Then, on May 21, they found 215 gold coins and on May 24 another 1,073. All day long the divers stuffed coins into their gloves and surfaced to dump them in clattering, glistening cascades on the deck of the workboat.

Fisher admits that during those days he literally dreamed that the ocean floor was paved with gold. "I fully thought I'd bring up tons of gold," he says. As it was, the divers were bringing up so many coins that Fisher and Wagner began to fear that the world market would be ruined if word got out about the scope of their find. They adopted an elaborate security program, squirreling away the coins in a number of banks in the area, and they resolved to tell no one about their success, despite the years of frustration and the taunts of people who knew that they were grubbing around out in the sea. "They'd ask us how we did today," says Fisher, "and we'd say, 'Well, boys, today we brought up a few cannon.'"

Word finally leaked out, of course, that Wagner and Fisher had made a strike, and Ft. Pierce braced itself for an onslaught of treasure hunters. Strangers started prowling the beaches, and local operators who were planning expeditions of their own spent enormous amounts of time and energy trying to learn their identities. "You see a man in a white shirt and tie looking for sea shells or sitting back in a thicket, and you tend to get suspicious," says one Ft. Pierce man.

One day a man showed up in town trying to peddle what he claimed was a guaranteed gold-finding machine. He would gather some people around him, aim a wand resembling a water dowser's in the general direction of the city's banks, and gaze about him in triumph as the stick jerked and danced in his hands. Another operator came to town with a magic pendulum that would swing at random until it scented gold,whereupon it would quickly line up on the precious metal. Or so he said.

The State of Florida, meanwhile, did its best to keep an eye on Fisher's operations—in which it had a 25 percent interest. The state's secret weapon in this endeavor was a highway-patrol captain with a rare zeal for his work. At one point, for example, a bearded stranger appeared on the deck of a sailboat moored near Fisher's salvage boat. After a few days of quietly watching the treasure hunters working on their equipment, he struck up an acquaintance with the men and was invited aboard. It was, of course, the redoubtable police captain—just making sure that all was well.

Although the divers continued to haul up coins by the hundred, the process of salvaging a fortune from the sea soon turned into a dirty, exasperating chore. There was no "wreck" to salvage, no hull lying on the floor of the ocean. Teredos—sea worms—had long ago devoured the hull and nearly every other piece of wood. About all that was left was metal—cannon and coins and fragments of fittings—and these were all buried under at least three or four feet of sand.

The divers removed the sand with their dredge, which could dig a hole 10 feet wide, 15 feet long and 10 feet deep in about 20 minutes. These holes were as gloomy as graves, and the divers, feeling their way around the sides, constantly touched off cave-ins that gripped their legs like quicksand.

The men did much of their work on their hands and knees, clutching the bottom with one hand to keep themselves in place against the surge of the waves and the suction of the dredge. The swirling sand filled in their ears solid, stuck in their hair and worked its way inside their diving suits, where it grated like sandpaper. The men had to fan the loose sand away from the bottom until their hands were lined with cuts and scrapes.

After the first rich harvest, which lasted for about 10 days, the coins began to run out. For weeks Fisher continued to vacuum the area, with the help of a young marine archaeologist named Carl Clausen, whom the state had assigned to the job to see that the artifacts were brought up correctly. But by midsummer, Fisher concluded that his divers had just about picked the wreck clean. The hurricane season was beginning, and he decided to call it quits and look into the subject of selling the treasure.

The gold was in magnificent condition. No one could estimate what the coins would bring at a sale, and Wagner and Fisher agreed that the safest way of handling the collection was to sell the whole thing to one man, who could then donate it to a museum and write off the venture as a magnificent tax deduction. Learning of the find, the Smithsonian Institution began hunting for just such a public-spirited collector with a tax problem.

While the search went on for such a benefactor, Wagner and Fisher could not resist the temptation to offer some of the coins for sale. They accordingly arranged for an auction, which was held on October 8 in a waterfront restaurant in Hoboken, N.J., near the office of auctioneer Henry Christensen, one of the country's foremost experts on Spanish coins.



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The prize coins stirred brisk competition among three oddly assorted collectors. At a table toward the rear of the room sat Frank Allen, who had joined the Treasure Salvors group and had an envelope in his inside pocket bulging with $18,000 in cash. Next to him sat John J. Pascale, president of the Quality Tool and Die Co., Inc., of Hoboken ("Quality is our product"), who admitted that the auction was his first real flyer on coins. Pascale, who wore a white-on-white checkered shirt and flicked the pages of his catalogue as though they were cards in a gin-rummy hand, said he figured that collecting Spanish coins was a safer hobby than raising pheasants, which he also does. "The birds get sick. You lose three, four thousand pheasants at $3 each," he said, "you figure it out."

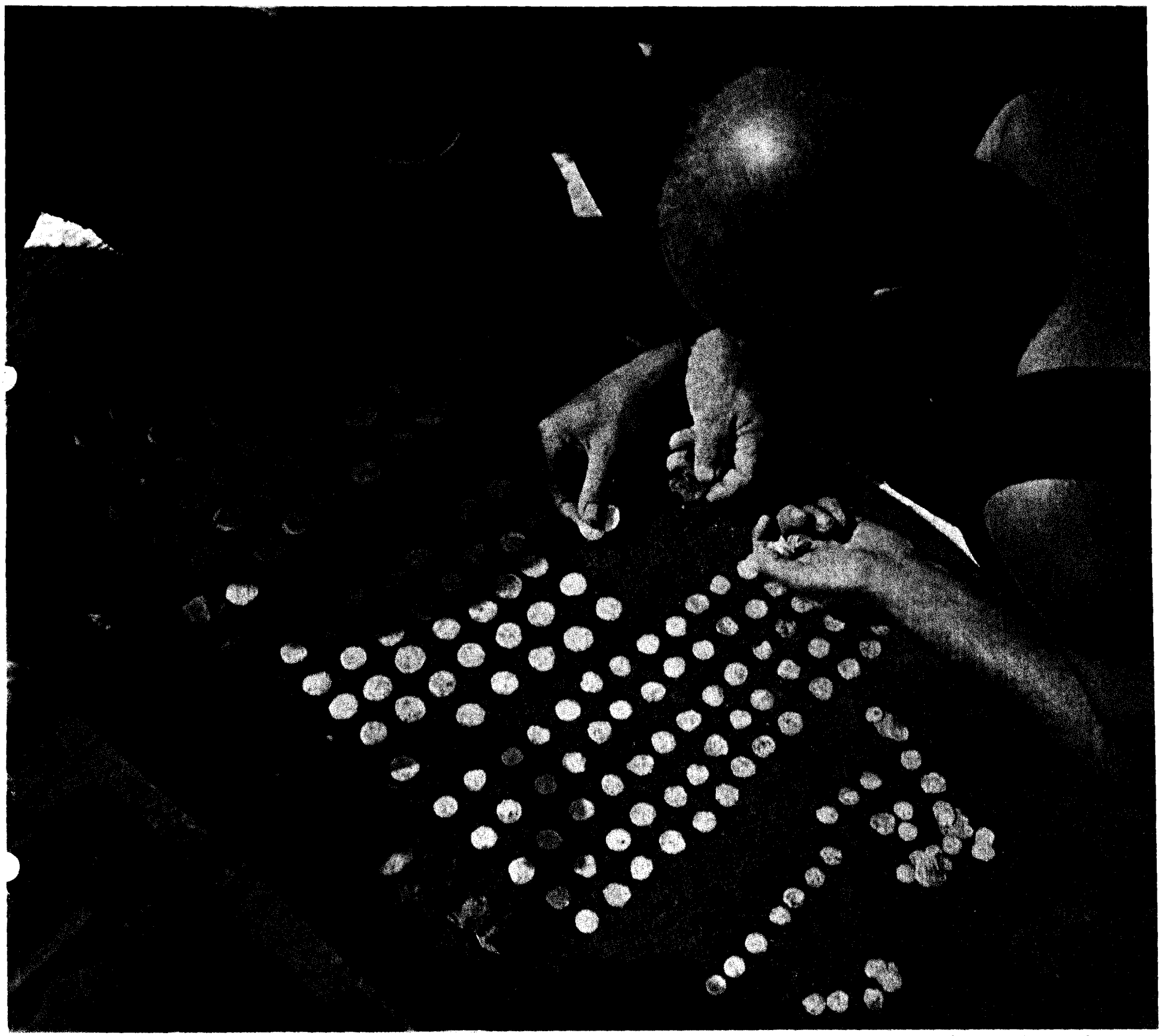
At the front of the room sat F. Xavier Calico of Barcelona, one of the world's leading collectors and coin dealers. A handsome little man with a small white moustache and graying hair combed straight back from his forehead, he puffed solemnly on his pipe and stared around at the room over a pair of half-lens spectacles. Bidding with a courtly nod of his head, Calico took the best coins, paying $3,600—the highest price of the auction—for a four *escudo* piece so rare that it had never been catalogued.

Altogether, Calico contributed about $17,000 to the auction's total take of slightly over $50,000 for 107 coins. Someone suggested that, after 250 years, some of the coins might finally make it to Spain. Señor Calico gave a wry laugh. "I bought only for other collectors," he said. "Not one customer is in Spain. No collectors there could afford them. These coins are definitely lost to Spain."

This month Treasure Salvors plans to auction off 14 more coins in London. Even as the sale is taking place, Mel Fisher and his divers hope to be raising more coins from the bottom of the ocean. Working this time without Wagner, the group has a salvage lease on what Fisher is convinced is a Spanish galleon named the *San Fernando*, which was part of a treasure fleet that piled up on the Florida Keys during the hurricane of 1733. Fisher learned about the wreck last fall while searching through the old Spanish archives that record the fates of the great treasure fleets.

"Apparently the Spaniards never were able to locate the *San Fernando* to salvage it," says Fisher, "and no one else ever did either. The ship was supposed to be carrying $500,000 worth of treasure."

Fisher plans to work the *San Fernando* this winter. Then, in the spring, when the weather turns fair and the water starts to clear, he and his men intend to return to Ft. Pierce and resume the hunt for Spanish gold that comes glistening out of the sea as perfect as it was on the day it left the mints in Mexico City and Lima 250 years ago. THE END



Salvors Dick Williams and Mel Fisher sort through coins brought up during the day.



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By WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

# Barbie is a million-dollar doll

*Barbie in her senior-prom dress, one of 54 outfits that include an evening gown, ski togs, Dutch dress, daytime suit and kimono.*

She is everything that America's little girls want to be when they cross over into Teenland. Her body is long-legged and full-bosomed. She is beautiful in the button-nosed tradition that America reveres as beauty in its drum majorettes—and if her face is also rather dumb and even slightly smug, that is part of the tradition and is not to be scoffed at.

Her hair is a vision—and a vision that constantly changes, depending on her mood. In color it fluctuates between blond, ash blond, platinum, brunet and Titian, and in style it ranges from page boy and ponytail to bubble, bubble-on-bubble and side-part flip.

She is infinitely well dressed. More than 50 outfits await her pleasure—and few girls are more pleasure-bound than she. Is she going to the theater? Then she will wear her green satin skirt and bolero jacket. Or should she wear her magenta satin dress with off-the-shoulder blouse and pink glitter shoes and rhinestone earrings? Or her white and gold brocade sheath with fur cuffs and matching fur hat with pearl trim? Decisions, decisions.

Is she giving a dinner party? Then she will wear her hostess set with gold metallic net hostess coat and gold wedgies. Is she going to the beach? She has a gold-striped lamé swimsuit with matching bandanna, earrings and white high-heeled shoes. Is she by any chance going to sing in a night club? She has just the combination: strapless black evening sheath, long black gloves, black shoes, pink scarf, necklace and microphone. She even has a "natural mink" jacket. Yes, her wardrobe is as enviable as her hair and she spends a lot of time on both.

And then of course there is her house. Who would not envy that symphony of beige-brick-and-salmon *décor*, especially now that it has a new patio? She herself chose "all the elegant accessories" for the patio, which consist of a white telephone, portable TV set, portable radio, two magazines devoted to "fashion" and "style," and a framed photograph of herself and her boy friend. Truly she is a person of sensitivity and taste, a fit model for American girlhood, which sees projected in her—in her lavish clothes, coiffures and activities—its dream of the ideal life.

Several thousand girls, in fact, write to her every month for advice. Evidently they feel that, even though she is only 11½ inches tall and is made of plastic, she is wiser than their own parents. Her name, of course, is Barbie, and she is the hottest item to come along in the toy business since the balloon.

Today she and the four other members of "Barbie's world"—her boy friend Ken, her new sister Skipper, her girl friend Midge, and Midge's boy friend Allan—constitute the sole or considerable support of 25 press agents, 45 advertising executives, 5,000 workers in Japan who make the actual dolls and costumes, and 800 employees of Mattel, Inc., the California firm that sired her and is, as a result, the biggest toy company in America.

Though impersonal herself, Barbie has among these employees at Mattel a "personal secretary" to answer her mail, and 15 other people who run the Barbie Fan Club, which has 8,500 chapters and half a million members, some in countries as far off as Afghanistan. These chapters meet regularly for "fashion shows, sewing sessions and good-grooming discussions," using as their bible the bimonthly "Barbie" magazine, which has 100,000 subscribers. Every member—and some of them are of grandmother age—brings her Barbie to the meetings and answers for her at the roll call.

Mattel has released only one set of Barbie sales figures: for the fiscal year ending February, 1963. During that period the firm sold five million Barbie, Ken and Midge dolls and 25 million costumes in which they could do most of the things that real American girls and boys like to do, such as cheer-lead and get married. Since then Allan and Skipper have been added, and so have many new costumes and accessories, such as the Barbie "Queen of the Prom" board game ("To win you must have a steady boy friend, a prom dress and be elected president of a school club"). Current sales are therefore vastly higher.

The cost of outfitting Barbie and her friends, in fact, has become a major item in the budget of American families, and there is no reckoning how many real, full-sized daddies work overtime to buy Barbie a senior-prom dress (ice-blue and sea-green satin with tulle overskirt) or to get Ken properly garbed to escort her there (tuxedo with satin-faced lapels, white dress shirt, maroon bow tie and cummerbund, and boutonniere).

Luckily for such fathers, Barbie and Midge are the same size and can wear each other's clothes. So are Ken and Allan—at 12½ inches they are taller by just the right margin. Even so, the basic wardrobe contains 54 different costumes for Barbie and Midge, 36 for Ken and Allan, and 10 for Skipper—which is 100 right there, or roughly $200 worth, and that's not all.

Mattel also makes special "fashio. packs" and kits for special purposes. Ken, for instance, can get barbecue tools for outdoor cooking or medical tools for being "Dr. Ken." Barbie can own a dog, though it won't necessarily look like a dog when she dresses it in its velvet and corduroy jacket, net tutu, hat, mask and earmuffs. Should she want to go to college, she can buy a "campus," which consists of a dormitory room, soda shop (with phone booth), football stadium and drive-in movie. Should she flunk out,



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## If she wears a slightly smug look, it's probably because she ranks as the hottest toy to come along since the balloon.

which seems likely, she has her own fashion shop with modeling stage, display ier and model's dressing room.

Barbie was the first of the "fashion dolls," and in only six years her success has been so immense—she is sold in 25,000 stores—that other firms have copied the idea. Today at least 40 million fashion dolls and costumes are sold annually in America. Bearing names like Tressy ("her hair 'grows' so that you can fashion it in any style") and Tammy ("shampoo and set her rooted hair; 8 rollers"), they are indisputable proof of the revolution that Mattel has wrought.

For clearly Barbie is a very different proposition from the dolls of old and not-so-old. Until recently, most girls imagined themselves as the mothers of their dolls and wanted them to be soft, shapeless, helpless and simply dressed. But Barbie is not a kid to be mothered. Chic, sophisticated and sexy, she runs off at night to places that Raggedy Ann never dreamed of, and God only knows what goes on when she's out on a date with Ken—or, for that matter, what goes on when Midge is out on a date with Allan. Only Skipper is safely home in bed.

And how long is Skipper going to be content to stick around at night? After all, she's about 10 now. She has her own telephone and telephone directory (come with her pajamas), so it's safe to assume that when she retires after supper she's not doing homework. Reared in a family that encourages her sister Barbie to go out rather than stay in, to have dates and do fun things—or, if she absolutely must stay in, to watch all TV shows and read fun magazines and try on her fun outfits—Skipper knows which side life's bread is buttered on. Anyone looking for deeper values in the world of Barbie is looking in the wrong place. With its emphasis on possessions and its worship of appearances, it is modern America in miniature—a tiny parody of our pursuit of the beautiful, the material and the trivial.

The Barbie revolution was inspired ten years ago by a real Barbie, the then 13-year-old daughter of Elliot and Ruth Handler, owners of Mattel. At that time the Handlers were manufacturers of plastic doll furniture. "Whenever I took Barbie into a dime store," Mrs. Handler recalls, "she would buy paper dolls like 'Tillie the Toiler,' and then she'd go home and spend hours cutting out the costumes and dressing the dolls. She also tried to dress real dolls, but they were clumsy and weren't meant to wear clothes that had any real style. I thought, 'Wouldn't it be nice if there were a three-dimensional fashion doll?' "

This simple thought grew into a $97,000,000-a-year industry. The materials of Barbie's world now have multiplied so greatly that it would be possible to keep Barbie and her friends going on a round of activities for several weeks without the risk of repetition. Mattel sells special Barbie outfits for a lunch date, an after-five date, a Friday-night date, Saturday matinee, theater date, "golden evening," country fair, masquerade and wedding; for rainy weather, hot weather and cold weather; for skiing, skating, skin-diving, shopping, cheerleading and tennis; for being a drum majorette, ballerina, career girl, airline stewardess, nurse and hospital volunteer. She sleeps in her pink "nighty-negligee" of pleated tricot with matching tucked peignoir, boudoir scuffs and stuffed dog. If asked to a pajama party, however, she takes her tailored two-piece pajama set with clock.

Only when she goes baby-sitting does she look less than impeccable. (For this job she has a white phone and phone list, bottle of pop and box of pretzels; she wouldn't dream of bringing a book.) It's also one of the few times when she looks like a teen-ager, though that is what she is supposed to be. Most girls think of Barbie as six or seven years older than themselves, which puts her anywhere from 12 to 18. But she dresses 21 and up—a symbol of the American urge to hurry our children into the trappings of adulthood, if possible eliminating their youth altogether.

Ken's wardrobe is almost as diverse, enabling him to dress specially for such adolescent events as a roller-skating date and a fraternity meeting or to be the suave blade who goes to Rally Day, in which case he wears his three-quarter-length poplin car coat. Ken, incidentally, was created, if not out of Barbie's rib, at least out of her need for a "steady," as expressed by countless Barbie owners in letters to Mattel. It is significant that they thought she needed a boy friend more than a girl friend.

The Handlers were loath to get Barbie emotionally involved. They also knew that boy dolls had never sold well. But the pressure was on, and in 1961 they yielded and introduced Ken, naming him for their own son. A year later Midge came along to keep Barbie company in her nondating hours, but after a while she inevitably began to feel left out. This problem was solved last year when Ken's old buddy Allan moved to town. (He is named for Allan Segal, husband of the real Barbie, now 23. Midge is named for nobody.) Luckily, Midge fell for Allan right away, judging by several moonstruck stories about the couple that ran in the official *Barbie* magazine soon after he arrived.

Of course, this isn't the only way that Midge could feel about Allan. Her emotions depend on every individual Midge-owner, as Barbie's feelings depend on every Barbie-owner. "These dolls become an extension of the girls," says Mrs. Handler. "Through the doll each child dreams of what she would like to be."

Mr. and Mrs. Handler deny that the world of Barbie is a place devoted to the accretion of objects. "These things shouldn't be thought of as possessions," Mr. Handler says. "They are props that enable a child to get into play situations." He points out that Barbie has her own theater, with special costumes, sets and scripts, where she and her friends can produce plays like *King Arthur*.

He also cites the new line of travel costumes that enable the little group to visit Japan, Switzerland, Mexico, Holland and Hawaii and to dress like natives when they get there. Pity the father who comes home to learn that Barbie and Ken have decided to take the Grand Tour. For Barbie wouldn't dream of going to Japan without her red-and-gold kimono, sandals, fan and three hair ornaments, or to Hawaii without her two-piece floral swimsuit, grass skirt, flower anklet, lei and pineapple.

If parents resent Barbie's consumption of their money or her influence on their daughters' upbringing—an influence that is sometimes greater than their own—they have never told Mattel. On the contrary, Mrs. Handler says, "parents thank us for the educational values in the world of Barbie.

"They say that they could never get their daughters well groomed before—get them out of slacks or blue jeans and into a dress, get them to scrub their necks and wash their hair. Well, that's where Barbie comes in. The doll has clean hair and a clean face, and she dresses fashionably, and she wears gloves and shoes that match."

And what could be more educational than that? THE END



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*Ann Lowe arranges a garland of her hand-made satin roses on the $400 dress that she designed for deb Jeannette Watson, daughter of I. B. M.'s president Thomas Watson.*

# ANN LOWE: SOCIETY'S BEST-KEPT SECRET

RICH WOMEN PASS HER NAME AMONG THEMSELVES—SOME HAVE EVEN CHEATED HER. BUT FEW OUTSIDERS HAVE HEARD OF ANN LOWE, THE ONLY NEGRO TO BECOME A LEADING AMERICAN DRESS DESIGNER.

*By Thomas B. Congdon Jr.*



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At first, Ann Lowe noticed nothing. It was early, and the vestibule outside her Manhattan workroom was dark; she didn't see the puddle on the landing until her key was in the lock.

As she opened the door, she screamed. The workroom was a shambles. Water from a broken plumbing fixture had flooded down through the old tin ceiling, showering the worktables with rust and filth. Of the 15 nearly finished dresses she had left the night before, 10 were stained sodden. One of the dresses was the $500 wedding gown she had designed for Jacqueline Bouvier to wear 10 days later at her marriage to Sen. John F. Kennedy. The others were the bridesmaids' dresses. The accident threatened to spoil not only what newspapers were calling "the wedding of the year" but also Ann Lowe's special dream. The Bouvier gowns were to be the culmination of her career, the proof that a Negro could become a leading American dress designer.

The great-granddaughter of a white plantation owner and a female slave, Ann Lowe has spent a lifetime struggling her way from the Alabama town of her childhood to the top of a profession dominated by whites. Her specialty is expensive, exquisitely hand-sewn formal gowns, and her customers are from the best families of American society—Du Pont, Auchincloss, Vander Poel, Lodge, Hamilton. No one can match Ann Lowe for debutante and wedding dresses. Yet, after a 48-year career she is unknown. Her name, passed confidentially from one matron to another, is unfamiliar except to the very rich. Over the years she has grossed close to one million dollars, but today, at 65, she is almost penniless.

Miss Lowe has brought many of her troubles upon herself. In trying to make dresses as beautiful as possible, she has often ignored costs. And she has let well-to-do customers out-bargain her on prices. Still, she has met all her difficulties with optimism and pluck.

She did weep when she saw Jacqueline Bouvier's spoiled gowns. But, weeping, she went to the telephone and called the merchant who had sold her the expensive French silk chiffon taffeta for the bridal gown. She was in luck; he had 50 yards left—just enough. And he had the candy-pink silk faille she needed for the bridesmaids' dresses and 25 yards of red satin for the big, paneled bridesmaids' sashes. Miss Lowe promised to pay him soon.

The seamstresses arrived for work, and soon the room was full of weeping women. "Girls," said Miss Lowe, "we've got to stop all this crying and get this place cleaned up." The day was a Thursday in September, 1953. The gowns were due in Newport, R.I., on Monday for the wedding the following Saturday. Promising time-and-a-half for evenings and double time over the weekend, Miss Lowe put the seamstresses on emergency schedule.

The bride's gown was the awesome job. It had taken two months to make. Miss Lowe's design called for tiny, flat folds made from two-inch strips of material, each carefully cut and turned, then applied onto the dress with countless hidden stitches. The new cutting took two days and the sewing three, the seamstresses working until their shoulders ached.

On the Tuesday before the wedding the bride-to-be's mother, Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss, telephoned anxiously about the dresses. Miss Lowe stalled for time. "I'm bringing them up to Newport myself," she said, her heart in her throat. "I'm afraid they'll get lost on the way."

Late Wednesday the dresses were finished. Thursday they were ironed, packed and taken to the train. Early Friday Miss Lowe and the boxes arrived in Newport. The dresses all fit perfectly. Miss Lowe was a nervous wreck.

As high as they were, the prices she had given Mrs. Auchincloss would have allowed her only $700 profit. Remaking the dresses turned the profit into a loss of $2,200. Miss Lowe never mentioned the accident to Mrs. Auchincloss.

Such sentimental recklessness about money has cost Ann Lowe dearly. In one recent and typical instance a mother brought in her daughter for a debutante's gown and insisted on the most lavish design. And then, after the designer had sketched something elegant, the mother said, "Miss Lowe, we're spending almost $10,000 on this debut, what with the orchestra and flowers and refreshments, and I don't see how I can afford to pay more than $250 for this dress." Miss Lowe, the dress already dancing in her mind, acquiesced although $250 was merely her break-even point.

"Miss Lowe's dresses are *so* expensive," says one customer, a woman with a fortune of many millions, "but she has always made special rates for me."

"She must have lost money on my wedding," a young matron says without dismay. "She charged seventy dollars apiece for bridesmaids' dresses that should have cost at least $200. That's the way she is."

That, unfortunately for Ann Lowe, is indeed the way she is. From the South she brought a reverence for what in the United States passes for aristocracy—the old, wealthy families and the more recently wealthy who have the requisite graces. Exclusivity is the essence of her business. "I've been as careful about the people I've worked for as any social climber," she says. "I don't do many dresses, so I have to be selective."

Although she has sold much of her output through fashionable stores across the country—Henri Bendel in New York; Neiman-Marcus in Dallas; I. Magnin in San Francisco—she has never turned out dresses in volume. Each Ann Lowe gown is an original, and each requires enormous amounts of painstaking handwork. "She does the same amazing kind of job that Mainbocher does," says Eugenia Sheppard, women's editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*. "The difference is that Mainbocher is a businessman as well as a designer, and he charges what he has to, to stay in business."

Ann Lowe's craftsmanship has been all the more remarkable because, for the past 10 years, her eyesight has been failing. One eye was afflicted by glaucoma, a disease that causes the eyeball to harden, and was removed. The other eye developed a cataract, a condition of the eye's lens that progressively dimmed her vision. "I've had to work by feel," she says. "But people tell me I've done better feeling than others do seeing."

Even with poor eyesight, Ann Lowe has done well. This year she designed gowns for many an eminent bride—Ann Bellah, for example, who was married to Gerret Copeland, son of the president of Du Pont. Several of this season's most prominent debutantes are wearing Ann Lowe dresses—among them Candy Loomis, a tall brunette from a family of notable Long Islanders.

"Ann's dresses have a fairy-princess look," says Gerry Stutz, the young woman who heads Henri Bendel. "They're the kind of dresses every little girl dreams of. And this is why these clothes are so right for these young women—because this is a fairy-tale moment in their lives."

Ann Lowe has provided this enchantment for hundreds of young women. "I was no beauty when I was eighteen," says ex-debutante Wendy Miller, "but when I put on my Ann Lowe dress, I felt I owned the world."

Today Ann Lowe is making dresses for the granddaughters of many of her earliest customers. "It's a tradition with me," she says happily. "Grandmother, mother, daughter—right down the line."

When Miss Lowe learns what kind of dress the customer wants, she describes her design to an artist, demonstrating details with gestures of her long-fingered hands. The artist translates the description into a sketch. Each Ann Lowe dress comes complete with its own built-in undergarments; all the girl inside it needs is a pair of pants. "When they wear one of my dresses," says Miss Lowe, "they just step in, zip up and they're gone."

Miss Lowe learned her techniques as a child. Both her mother and grandmother sewed for the belles of Montgomery, Ala. As a child of six, Ann would take scraps of cloth into the garden and fashion them into detailed miniatures of the flowers she saw there. When she was 16, her mother died, leaving four dresses for a New Year's ball unfinished. Ann completed the dresses herself.

Shortly after her mother's death, Ann married a man 10 years older than she, and a year later she had a baby boy. Her husband did not want her to sew, and for a time she didn't. But then one day a wealthy woman, Mrs. D. C. Lee, saw Ann in a department store. "Look at the lovely clothes that girl is wearing!" Mrs. Lee said to a saleslady. Ann, fetched and introduced, confessed to Mrs. Lee that she had made her clothes herself. "I'm from Tampa," said Mrs. Lee, "and there isn't anyone there who can sew like that." She invited the girl to come to Tampa and make a wedding dress and trousseau for her daughter.

"I could hardly believe it," Miss Lowe remembers. "It was a chance to make all the lovely gowns I'd always dreamed of. When I told my husband, he told me to stay home. But I picked up my baby and got on that Tampa train. A while later he divorced me."

*Breezing through the debutante whirl, Elaine Smith, Renne Jarret and Marisol Rothschild display their graceful Ann Lowe gowns.*



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The weeks in Tampa were bliss. When all the dresses were made, she went from house to house in Tampa's best residential district, making more dresses. One day, poring over a fashion magazine, she saw an advertisement for a New York school of design. If she could go to that school, she thought, she could open a shop. In April, 1917, when she was 18, Miss Lowe went to New York.

"What do you want?" the director of the school asked. Miss Lowe showed him his own letter to her, accepting her as a student. He was upset to find his new pupil was a Negro, but something about her kept him from turning her away. The other students refused to work in the same room with a Negro, and so Ann asked to be put in a room alone. After six months she was graduated. "There is no more we can teach you," the director said. "You are *very* good."

Miss Lowe and her son returned to Tampa. Soon she had all the work she could handle. By her 21st birthday she was running the city's leading dress establishment, employing 18 dressmakers. By 1927 she had saved $20,000 and was ready to move to New York. "I want to do the very best," she told Mrs. D.C. Lee, still her patron and friend. "I want to see one of those lovely New York society girls in one of my gowns."

In New York Miss Lowe rented a third-floor workroom on West 46th Street and limped along for a year, making few dresses. Then her money ran out. After weeks of job hunting she offered a shop owner a proposition. "Just give me a place to work and some fabric," she pleaded, "and I'll make dresses for nothing. You pay me only if they sell."

Her first gown sold immediately, and so did every dress she made. One day Polly Bush, a young woman from a socially prominent family, came to the shop. "You're too good to be hidden away here," she told Miss Lowe. "I'm going to introduce you to the right people." Soon dozens of society women were coming for original designs by Ann Lowe. In the next dozen years, working for a succession of employers, she built a faithful clientele. One dress, a white strapless, was worn by Olivia de Havilland when she received the 1947 Academy Award for best actress in *To Each His Own*. As usual, although Ann Lowe did the designing, the shop owner got the credit: "Only Sonia," declared *Vogue* magazine, "could design a dress like this one."

In 1950 two of Miss Lowe's customers persuaded her to form a partnership with them. The new shop quickly attracted customers. Mrs. Douglas Dillon, wife of the present Secretary of the Treasury, brought in her daughter for a debutante gown. And one day Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss and her daughter, Lee Bouvier—Jacqueline's sister—came to the shop for a $500 wedding dress. The next day Lee canceled the order. A friend had told her Pauline Trigere would make it for less.

"Trigere did the gown cheaper," Miss Lowe says, "but with the extras it was over $500. Lee always was out to save a quarter—and it cost her."

Early in 1952 Mrs. Auchincloss made an appointment for Jacqueline, who had become engaged to a young Wall Street broker named John Husted.

"She didn't talk much," Miss Lowe remembers. "I asked her if she knew the kind of dress she wanted. She said, 'Yes and no. Show me some sketches, and I'll tell you what I like best.'" Jacqueline was to look at sketches the following month, but within a few weeks the engagement was off. Miss Lowe did not hear from Jacqueline again until her engagement to John Kennedy in 1953.

"I want a tremendous dress," Jacqueline told her then, "a typical Ann Lowe dress." Miss Lowe reached into her childhood memories and sketched an old-fashioned ball gown like one her mother had made for a Montgomery belle.

"Jackie was so sweet and shy," says Miss Lowe, "that I felt like putting my arms around her and squeezing her. Once she opened up, she would talk with me about anything. We sat on the couch and she said, 'Will this red do for the bridesmaids' dresses?' and I said no, and she laughed and said, 'Well, all right, then *you* find the red.' I brought her the shade of pink I love best, and she said, 'You like that shade and so do I. Our minds work together.'"

By this time Miss Lowe had separated from her business partners—one had been kind, the other shrill. Miss Lowe set out on her own, and this time she was joined by her son, Arthur, who kept her books and ordered her materials. With this support, Miss Lowe prospered. She made a gown for the debut of Jacqueline's stepsister, Nina Auchincloss, and later all the clothes for Nina's wedding—the wedding dress and the 14 bridesmaids' dresses. And the nation's top department stores began buying from her.

In 1958 Arthur was killed in an auto accident, leaving his mother prey to debt. In 1960, owing $1,000 to suppliers and $3,000 in back taxes, she went to work for Saks Fifth Avenue. The store hoped to lure society by hiring society's designer, and it opened a salon devoted to her dresses. Saks provided the workroom, and Miss Lowe bought her own materials and paid her own staff; in turn, Saks bought Miss Lowe's output. Most of her customers did follow her, but the arrangement was doomed. "Not counting the dollars going into a dress but just the beauty that came out of it," Miss Lowe says, "I didn't realize until too late that on dresses I was getting $300 for, I had put about $450 into it."

She left Saks and set up a new shop, but she never had a chance. Saks hired away her sketcher and her chief assistant, a girl she had trained. "I couldn't hire replacements," she says. "I couldn't fill my orders. Things went from bad to worse." By August, 1962, she owed $10,000 to suppliers and $12,800 in back taxes. Friendly store owners, such as Stanley Marcus of Neiman-Marcus and Gerry Stutz of Henri Bendel, loaned her money to keep going ("Ann made that loan good to the last penny," says Miss Stutz), but it was no use. In September, after repeated warnings, Internal Revenue agents closed her shop for tax delinquency.

"I ran sobbing out onto the street," she says. "The tears wouldn't stop."

For seven years Miss Lowe's right eye had been troubled by glaucoma; twice it had been operated on. Now the glaucoma struck again, and she was told the eye had to be removed. Her surgeon, Dr. James Purnell, paid for her room out of his own pocket and operated without fee. Customers—including Mrs. Henry Sears, sister-in-law of Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge—sent her money.

When she left the hospital, she received a phone call from an Internal Revenue supervisor. "It's no use," she told him. "I haven't got a penny for you."

"No, no," said the supervisor, "it's good news." Some anonymous friend had paid all $12,800 of the debt.

"That's all I know," she says. But she has her suspicions, and they center around Jacqueline Kennedy. Sometime before Miss Lowe's shop was closed and without her knowledge, a friend sent the First Lady a long letter detailing the designer's tax problems and appealing for help. There was no reply, but Ann Lowe today is sure that the appeal was answered.

There still was the $10,000 private debt hanging over her. A year ago she filed a declaration of bankruptcy. "Most of my creditors didn't mind," she says. "I owed $200 here, $300 there, but over the years I'd given these people—my material suppliers and so forth—thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of business. They remembered."

When she recovered her strength, she went to work for a dress shop, Madeleine Couture. The proprietor gave her a fashion show—her first in 36 years in New York. "It was a quiet champagne breakfast at the Berkshire Hotel," wrote a newspaper columnist, "and all the models were silver-spoon girls—all old friends and devoted customers."

A happy occasion, the fashion show marked the beginning of an unhappy time for Ann Lowe. The cataract that had dimmed her remaining eye now threatened to cut off all sight. Terrified of losing her job, she tried to bluff. "Now, here's a design I think you'll like," she would say to a customer, picking up a sketch and bringing it close to her eyes. "Oh my goodness," she would add bright, "isn't that ridiculous! I'm holding the sketch upside down!"

The bluff worked through this past spring. She gave up her job at the dress shop in March. A friend said, "Ann has sewn her vision into her dresses," and the remark seemed the perfect epitaph for Ann Lowe's career. Her doctor said an operation would cost her the bit of light sensitivity she still had.

It was a bitter verdict. Miss Lowe had no money. She and her sister, who followed her up from the South years ago, had only the sister's Social Security payments to live on. In the shabby little apartment they share off 123rd Street in Harlem, Miss Lowe mourned for the gowns she would never make.

She went to another surgeon and begged him to operate. "Dresses are my life," she told him. "If I can't design dresses, I'd rather just fly off the top of the Empire State Building." The operation, performed in August, was a success. Soon after the bandages were removed, her vision was perfect. She was ready to get back to work.

But she had no orders. Miss Lowe wrote 500 postcards by hand to every customer she had ever had. Slowly orders began to come in. Ann Lowe was back in business. She designs clothing for her wholesale customers with Dorothy Dickerson, another designer who heads a small dress-manufacturing firm, and receives her retail customers—the debutantes and brides and their mothers—in a small shop on Lexington Avenue. She is girlishly happy to be creating dresses again.

The clothes Miss Lowe herself wears, always black, are well cut but well worn. Her life is extremely simple. Except for church on Sunday and visits from friends, her spare time is consumed by her love for fashion. "These low-cut dresses the French are designing—they're horrid, horrid!" she says. "Who'd want to stand there with the whole bosom showing? You know, there aren't many real designers left in Paris. Those fellows are mostly young boys, and they're not very nice boys. They're ruining fashion."

A friend, Arthur Dages, an importer of very expensive high-quality fabrics, feels that in Europe Ann Lowe's fortunes might have flourished. "If she had lived in France," he says, "she'd have been as well known as Chanel or Dior. But people here told themselves that she was just another colored woman, and they cheated her, they copied her designs."

Dages believes she is a victim also of the times. "Ann Lowe is creating art," he says. "Dresses are her art, and nobody these days wants to pay for it. She deals in elegance, and that's an idea that has been forgotten in this country—flamboyance has replaced it. She's the only person left who has the courage to continue along these lines."

It is not so much courage as pride. "I like for my dresses to be admired," Miss Lowe says. "I like to hear about it—the ohs and ahs as they come into the ballroom. Like when someone tells me, 'The Ann Lowe dresses were doing all the dancing at the cotillion last night.' That's what I like to hear." THE END

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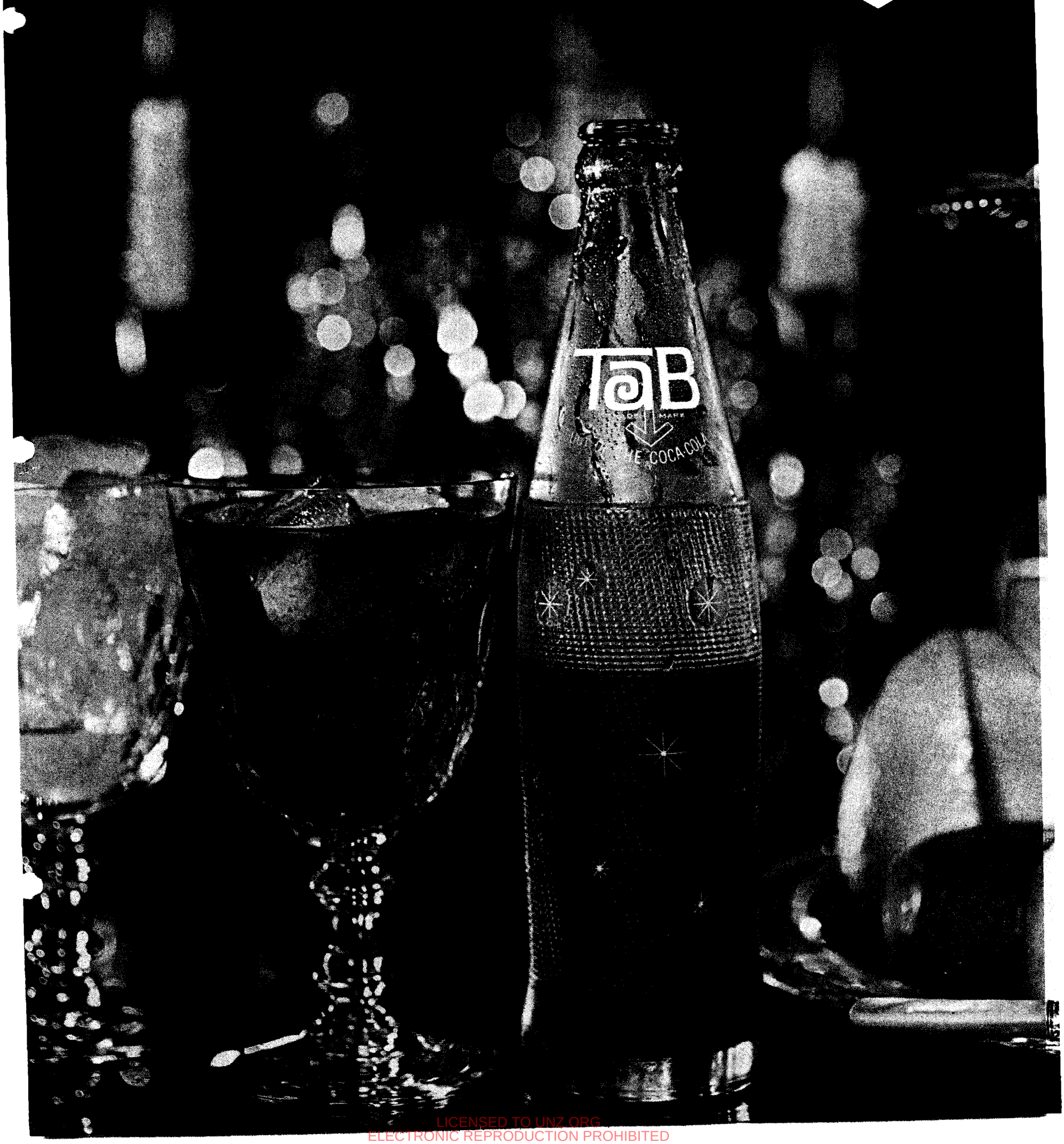


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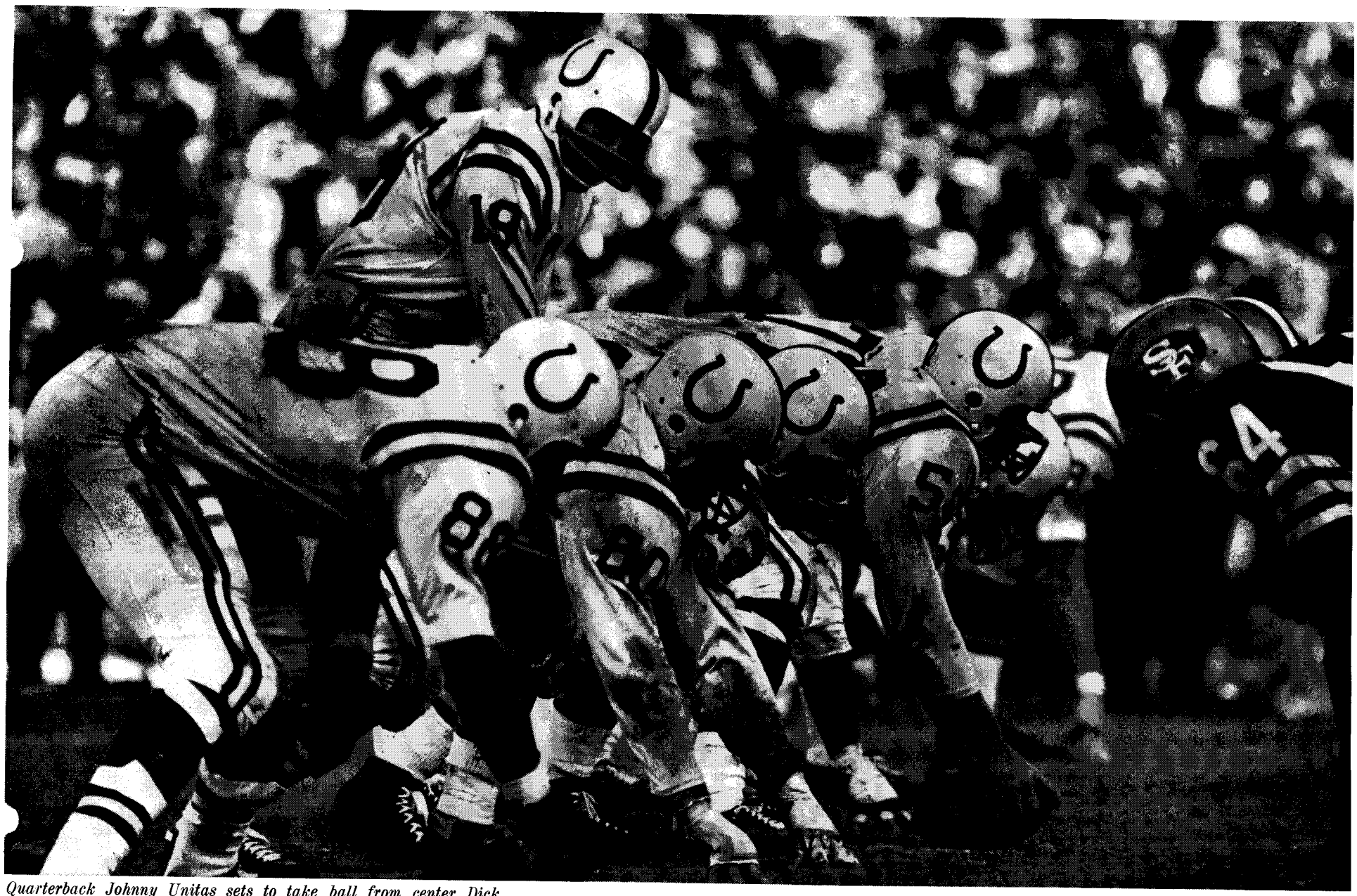
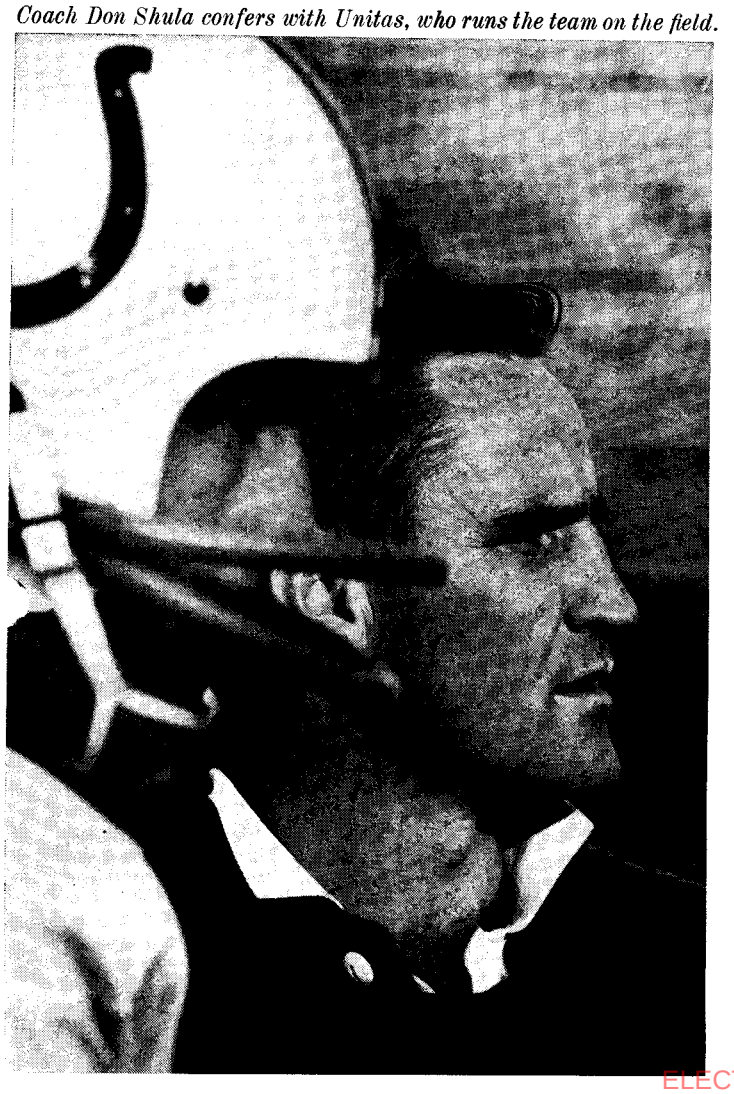


*Quarterback Johnny Unitas sets to take ball from center Dick Szymanski as the Colts move against the San Francisco 49ers. Baltimore's 37–7 victory on Nov. 1 was its seventh win in a row.*

*Coach Don Shula confers with Unitas, who runs the team on the field.*



# The Runaway Colts

## Spurred by a hot-tempered coach, Baltimore dominates a wild N.F.L. season.

*By Edward Linn*

As the 20th-century equivalent of a knock-down, drag-out afternoon in the Roman Colosseum, professional football offers certain spectator thrills which even the ancients were denied. At any given moment, underdogs are apt to get up and whack the manes off several lions, and today's ravening monsters may be tomorrow's cowering victims. If the executive committee of the National Football League had been running the Colosseum, even the Christians would have had their winning seasons. So tenuous is the balance of power in the N.F.L.—thanks largely to the player draft which gives the lowest-ranking teams first crack at the new crop of college heroes coming up—that a few lucky bounces, a few unlucky injuries or an extra spurt of adrenaline can make an astonishing difference in the standings.

Sometimes vast shifts in power may seem to turn on a single play, as in a game in Green Bay, Wis., last September 20 between the Green Bay Packers and the Baltimore Colts. The Packers, the nearest thing to a pro-football dynasty in recent years, were behind by a single point, with a minute and 19 seconds to play. But the Packers had third-and-nine on the Colts' 31; Green Bay quarterback Bart Starr could go for a short, safe pass for the first down or run a play into the line to preserve a field-goal position from which Paul Hornung could win the game with his foot. Instead, Starr tried a long, slanting cross-field pass. Colt linebacker Don Shinnick intercepted, and Baltimore had a 21–20 victory.

From approximately that point onward, N.F.L. preseason predictions have crumbled into small pieces. The Packers have struggled through the fall losing as many as they won. The New York Giants, 1963 champions of the Eastern Division, have fallen horrifyingly into the cellar, and the World Champion Chicago Bears have toppled almost as far, to one slot from the bottom of the Western

*Photographs by Neil Leifer*



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# "God's Chosen Children" helped make their breaks.

THE RUNAWAY COLTS

Division. Meanwhile, the Baltimore Colts, who were solidly beaten in their opener with Minnesota and were generally viewed as a patchwork club that would be lucky to stay over .500, have been invincible. As of November 28, they had stampeded through the tough Western Division with 10 straight victories to clinch the title about as early as is humanly possible.

Spurred to full gallop by their upset victory at Green Bay, the Colts next met the champion Bears at Memorial Stadium in Baltimore and absolutely demolished them, 52–0. Baltimore coach Don Shula said, with all due modesty, that it was the most perfectly played game he had ever seen, and few of the Bears would have argued the point. In the locker room afterward, hard-bitten Chicago end Mike Ditka turned to a teammate and groaned, "You better check the door to see that it's locked. They might be coming in here after us."

After that, the Colts just kept winning. Coach Shula is quick to admit that they have been a very lucky team, and others will agree; sports editor John Steadman of the Baltimore *News-American* calls them "God's Chosen Children." In their second game against Green Bay, for example, the Colts were outplayed all the way but managed to score their fifth straight win, 24–21, as Hornung missed five field-goal attempts. The game against the red-hot Cardinals, originally scheduled for St. Louis, had to be transferred to Baltimore when St. Louis suddenly found itself with a baseball World Series on its hands. The Cardinals, having lost the home-field advantage, were routed 47–27.

Baltimore has been remarkably free of injuries, which is essential. While the Bears, for example, have been hit by everything except typhoid fever, the Colts have lost an end (Ray Berry) and a fullback (Jerry Hill) for a couple of games apiece and had another end (John Mackey) slowed by a bad leg—an almost laughably light sick call in pro football.

The luck of the bounce is shown graphically by the statistics. After 10 games, the Colts' opponents had fumbled 19 times and the Colts had recovered—incredibly—13 of the bobbles. In fumbling 19 times themselves, the Colts have lost the ball only five times. Baltimore has intercepted 16 passes, had its own passes intercepted only four times.

But you have to be more than lucky to win 10 straight games in the N.F.L.—you have to make the most of your breaks and make the big plays when you need them. And the Colts, in fact, have turned into the most explosive offensive machine in the league, with hard and fast running to combine with the peerless passing of quarterback Johnny Unitas. They have scored more points than any other team, and have also allowed fewer—in part because of improved defenses, but also because the potent offense has made it unusually hard for opponents to get the ball.

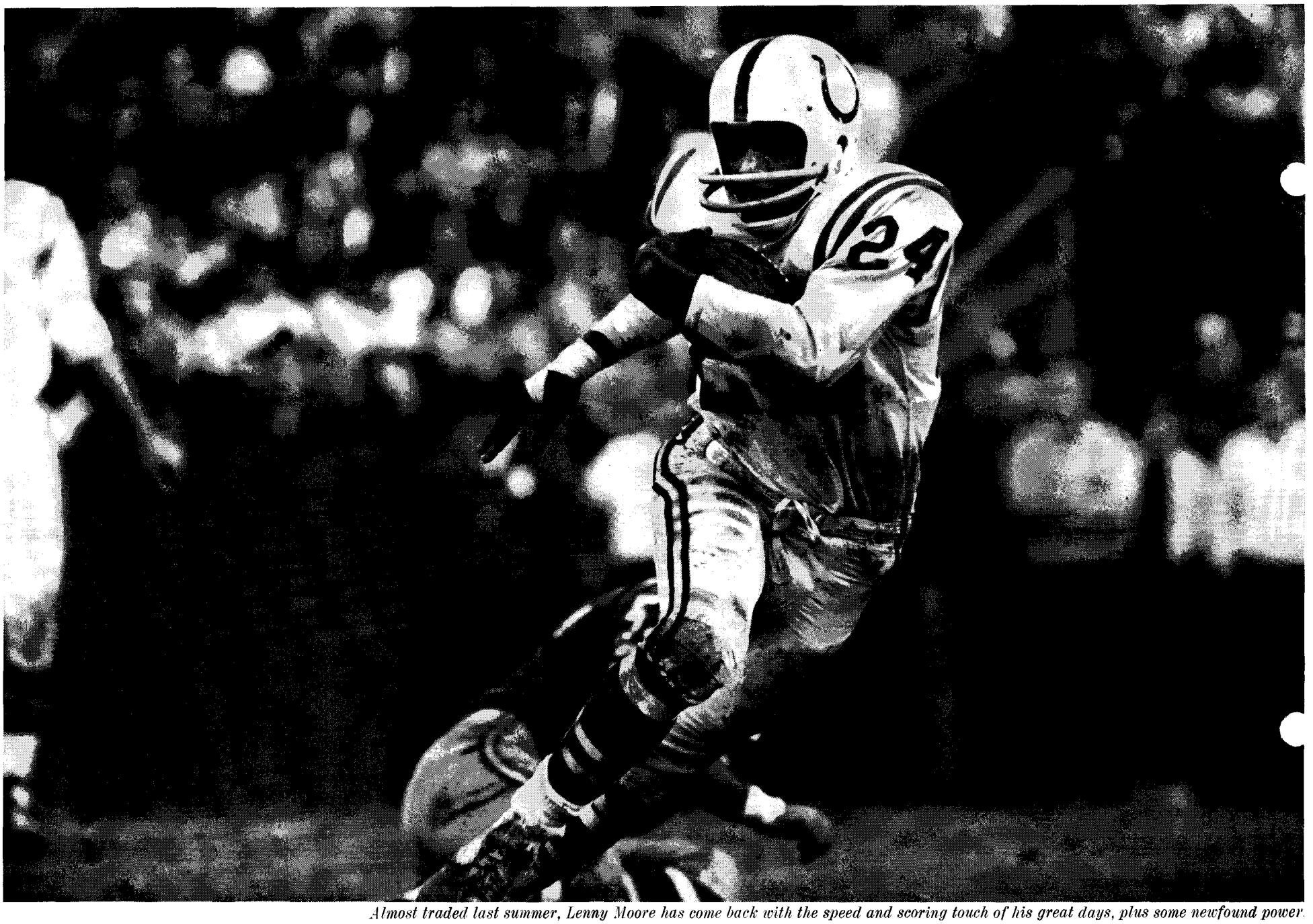
Along with everything else, Baltimore has gotten a remarkable coaching job from the 34-year-old Shula, a former defensive coach at Detroit who was hired as the Colts' head coach last year. Some people were puzzled at the time; how could Shula, who had also been a defensive back during his playing career, possibly know enough about running and passing attacks?

It was a question that amazed Shula. "As a defensive coach," he says, "I have spent most of the previous three years studying films of offensive play. A defensive coach never looks at the other team's defense. It's off their offenses that you align your defenses."

Shula was also taken aback when asked how he was going to rebuild the Baltimore team that had won championships in 1958 and 1959 and then had fallen back in the pack. "The Colts don't have to be rebuilt," he insisted. "There are some spots that need to be strengthened, that's all."

It has become apparent that Shula's judgment was right. It is equally apparent that Shula himself—a Great Unknown a year ago—is the latest of the n breed of earnest young assistant coac who study coaching with all the care and dedication a man would devote to any of the more standard professions. Vince Lombardi led the way, as the former offensive coach who built the most adamant defensive team of the era at Green Bay. Behind him have come Tom Landry of Dallas, Harland Svare at Los Angeles, Allie Sherman at New York, Jack Christiansen at San Francisco and Blanton Collier at Cleveland (although Collier unlike the rest, had been a head coach in college football).

Shula, an all-around athlete at John Carroll University in Cleveland, first came to Baltimore in 1953 as a halfback, in a trade with the Cleveland Browns. From the very beginning, recalls his coach,



*Almost traded last summer, Lenny Moore has come back with the speed and scoring touch of his great days, plus some newfound power.*



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Keith Molesworth, he was "a coach on the field." He wasn't particularly fast and he didn't have great ability. But, says Molesworth, "he made up for it with sheer smartness." He was the first player, to Molesworth's knowledge, to take films home so he could study the moves of the pass receivers he was going to cover.

He was also one of the rare defensive halfbacks picked to call defensive signals, even though he had made a shaky start as a potential field leader during his first season with the Browns. Graduate of a ·uit university, Shula raced up to the ıdle at a tense moment in a game to shout—as he had always done in college—"All right, fellows, let's all say our 'Hail Marys.'"

More characteristic of Shula is the flash of quick temper which brought him the nickname "Captain Red Neck" during his playing days on the Colts. When the announcement was made that he was going to be the next coach, two great Colt veterans, Gino Marchetti and Bill Pellington, were asked whether he wouldn't have trouble disciplining them since he was not only an old friend but had always been a lesser player. "I don't see why he should," Pellington said. "That never stopped him from giving us hell when he was a player."

The one thing he hated worse than anything else, Marchetti says, was to have one of the valuable time-outs wasted on an injured player. "You'd be laid out on the ground," Gino says, "and the first words from the outside world would be Shula screaming into your ear, 'Get up! We don't want a time-out!'"

The temper is still there. During his first few games as a coach he tried very hard to remain quiet because he does have respect for the officials and he was afraid that he'd find himself saying things he didn't mean. After a couple of tough losses, however, Shula stopped fighting it. "I decided that if I was going to lose I'd at least lose being myself."

Nor has he ever seen any compelling reason why his players shouldn't know exactly how he feels. "If psychology means leading people so that they don't know they're being led, I'm no good at that at all. When I'm upset, I do lose my temper. If I get on a player in practice—and I do—I mean it. But I'll forget it just as quickly, and there's no strained feelings afterward. And the players know that I'm not going to let sloppiness go by unnoticed."

His relationship with Lenny Lyles is a good example of the way his players react to him. Shula decided to convert Lenny, a kickoff-return specialist, into a defensive back. Lenny is very fast but he is also very aggressive, and Shula seemed to be yelling at him all the time for using his hands too freely on the receivers. "I was high-strung," Lenny says. "I was trying hard to make this team, and I got pretty bitter."

During an intra-squad practice game this summer, Shula pulled him out for roughing up one of the Colts' own receivers. "Lyles," he barked as Lenny came to the sidelines, "don't do that again!" The other side immediately completed two quick passes against the man who had replaced him. Shula placed his hand on Lenny's back, shouted, "Lyles, go in and stop that!" and shoved him back onto the field.

"After that," Lyles says, "I understood that he did appreciate what I was able to do. He's going to let you know when you've done something right too. I've had disagreements with him since then, but my respect for him as a man and as a coach has just kept growing."

While Shula was playing, everybody knew that he would eventually become a coach—and a good one—including Carroll Rosenbloom, owner of the Colts. Rosenbloom kept him in mind as Shula went on to an assistant coaching job at the University of Virginia in 1958, to Kentucky the next year, and a year later to the Detroit Lions in the N.F.L.

*Fullback Tony Lorick takes hand-off for drive through the line. Improved running game has made Colts' passing more effective.*

It is possible—although nobody in Baltimore is admitting it—that Rosenbloom's hand was forced. By the end of 1962, Shula had become the heir apparent to coach George Wilson at Detroit, and there were rumors that Wilson was about to be moved up to the front office. Meanwhile, at Baltimore, morale under Weeb Ewbank had sunk so low that it was obvious something had to be done.

"Weeb," says a Baltimore player, "would call a meeting on the road and spend an hour on such a picayune thing as how we should have our steaks cooked, when we all knew he was just trying to hold us there so we wouldn't go out and get into trouble. Well, you just can't treat adults that way."

One of the first things Shula did after he was hired was to push the curfew back an hour (from 10 to 11 P.M.) and give the players meal money on the road instead of having them all report to a special training table.

It had been bruited about, too, that Johnny Unitas—the wheel around whom everything revolved—was less than happy with Ewbank's latter-day policy of calling the plays, especially when the team was close to the goal line. Ewbank apparently didn't like to pass from close in, while Unitas has always lived by the dictum that the best time to pass is when the other guys least expect it.

Shula gives Unitas marching orders for the first series of downs and confers with him along the sidelines during time-outs. For the most part, though, Johnny is calling his own game again.

In Unitas the Colts have always had the premier quarterback in the game. In Raymond Berry, Jimmy Orr and Lenny Moore they have been loaded with top receivers. But Shula had been planning defenses long enough to know that a football team could no longer win by passing alone. The decline of the Colts can be traced directly to the loss of fullback Alan Ameche to injuries in 1960. For Ameche was both the jarring blocker who protected Unitas and the powerful straightaway runner who kept the defenses reasonably honest.

It had become customary for the experts to blame the decline of the Colts on the deterioration of the offensive line, which had once been considered the best in the business.

But Shula felt that if he could build a running attack to go with Unitas and the fly-boys, the offensive line would automatically improve. When a team depends solely upon its passing, he explains, the offensive linemen are constantly pulling back, in a hunched and hooded retreat, to try to hold off their onrushing opponents.

Unitas has always said that if his blockers didn't give him more than 2.5 seconds he'd probably have to eat the ball, while if they gave him just three full seconds he'd have an excellent chance to complete his pass. Even when the linemen do get him that crucial half second, though, they are still going to get run over. "The fun of the game," Shula says, "is in hitting the other guy, not in getting hit. On a running play the lineman is on the attack; on a passing play, he is on the defense. Let him attack more, and when he does have to fall back to protect the passer he will do it with more enthusiasm."

A balanced offense helps the beleaguered lineman in another way too. George Preas, the big offensive tackle who came back strong last year after he was supposed to be all washed up,



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# "Now Willie's gotta stay home for just a fraction . . ."



explains it this way: "Take Willie Davis of the Packers. He used to just tee off on me every play because he knew we didn't rush enough to hurt them. Now if he does that, he's opening himself up for a trap or a straight block. So Willie's gotta stay home for just a fraction of a second to see what's going to develop, and that makes all the difference."

The revitalization of the offensive line had already begun with the transfer of 275-pound Jim Parker from tackle to guard, where he could not only handle the mammoth defensive tackles who have been mushrooming all over the league but could pull out of the line to lead the runners. The first two draft choices were Bob Vogel, an offensive tackle, and John Mackey, a tight end.

Shula found his fullback, finally, sitting on the bench. Jerry Hill had been on the club for two years, without seeing enough action to work up a sweat. Hill hadn't been overlooked; he had been perennially out of action. In his first year he had broken his arm, and in his second year he had broken his leg. By his third year, Jerry—a halfback at Wyoming—had grown into a 210-pounder, which is small for an N.F.L. fullback but still fullback-size. (It is no accident that pro players come in the monster sizes. They are fed body-building foods, and receive regular injections of vitamins to increase their appetites.)

Hill turned out to be a jarring blocker, possibly the best in the league, and a strong runner. With Hill in the lineup, the Colts won five of their final six games last year, losing only to Los Angeles when Jim Martin missed a field-goal attempt in the last minute of play.

The truly balanced attack did not come until this year. Tony Lorick, a rookie from Arizona State, won the starting-fullback job from Hill by showing he was a fine breakaway runner and a better-than-average blocker (Hill still plays about a third of each game). For the most part, though, the tremendous improvement in the Colts' running game is due to their inability to get rid of Lenny Moore.

Moore, 31, is another veteran from the championship teams of the late '50's. More than that, he is a runner with a touch of genius. He can run inside or outside. He can outrun pass defenders, and he can take screen passes and race through a broken field. Most important of all, he knows how to score, a talent which is not so obvious as it may sound. There are players who merely gain a lot of yardage, and there are players who score touchdowns. Moore entered the season with 78 touchdowns, far and away the best in Baltimore history.

But Lenny is the kind of player about whom it has always been said, "He can be as good as he wants to be," which is a polite way of saying he hasn't been as good as people think he should be.

Moore tends to be moody and uncommunicative. He is forever complaining of slights and injuries. He has always had the notion that he knows whether he has a stomachache far better than any trainer does. In Ewbank's last year he had been moved from flanker to tight back, where many people—including Moore himself—thought both his broken-field and pass-catching abilities were being wasted.

Shula's first year was a terrible year for Lenny. After missing most of the practice games with bruised ribs, he suffered an attack of appendicitis the day before the opener. He was back in time to play the third game, but by then both Orr and Berry were injured, and Lenny was played as an end. When the finds finally got back, Moore played only one complete game at left half, and played quite brilliantly against the Chicago Bears. The next week, in Detroit, he was kicked on the head.

For the rest of the season, Lenny complained that his head pained him, although there was nothing in the X rays to prove it. It was also evident that he was not overjoyed at the prospect of running through the line instead of around it. People began to speak about "Lenny's head injury" with indulgent smiles.

As this season was getting under way, Shula felt his offense had come around nicely, but his defense needed a great deal of patching. He particularly felt the pressing need for a top linebacker. And to get him, he put Lenny Moore on the block.

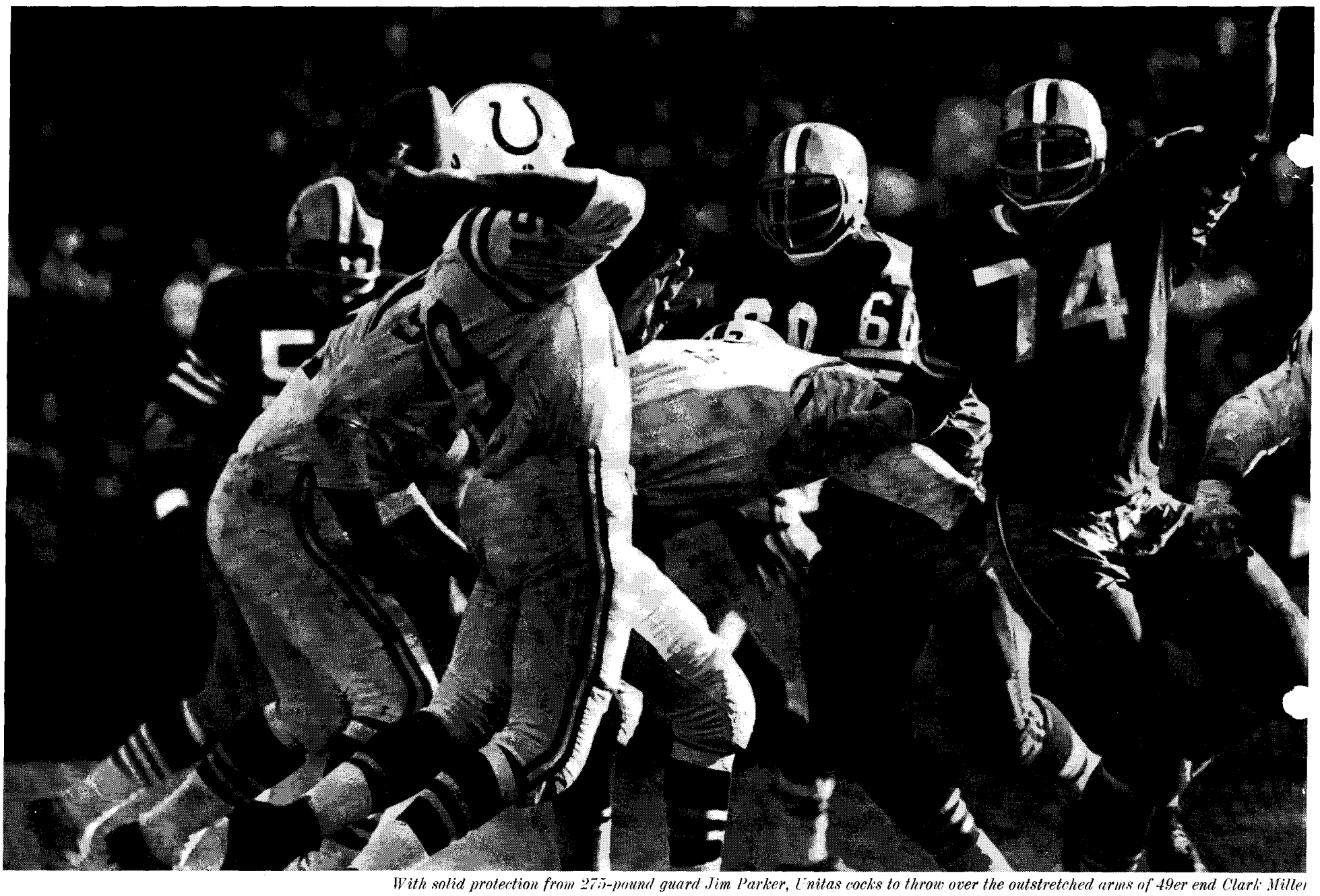
The only trouble was that, having let the world know that their man was eit injured or sulking, the Colts had do... very little to enhance his market value. They offered him to at least six clubs, and couldn't get anything approaching comparable value.

The Colts tried unsuccessfully to get Bill George from the Bears, since George had let everyone know that he was aching to get away from George Halas. A deal for Sam Huff was, from all accounts, very nearly consummated, until the Giants backed away.

In the end, Rosenbloom called Shula and Moore to a meeting at training camp to ask Lenny one simple question: "Do you want to play in Baltimore anymore?"

And Moore answered, "There's no other place I'd want to play."

It wasn't until just before the opening game that Moore officially won back his



*With solid protection from 275-pound guard Jim Parker, Unitas cocks to throw over the outstretched arms of 49er end Clark Miller*



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old starting role. And, running through the line, he has been the man who has made the tough yardage from inside the 10-yard line.

On the field, his slender legs give him a sort of spindly look. From close up, though, you can see that he is built like a fullback. He has demonstrated that he can hit like a fullback too. Against Green Bay, he fought off two big tacklers in the open, then carried Jesse Whittenton on his back for about 10 yards before he shook himself like a Great Dane, bounced him to the ground, and went into the end zone standing up.

He still knows how to score. Through the first 11 games he had scored at least one touchdown in every game, which, added to last season, gave him 14 straight games, a new record. Of his 16 touchdowns in those 11 games, only three had come on passes.

Is there any particular reason for his great comeback, you ask him, something to do with improved attitude, better relations with the coaching staff, an improved offense? "Sure," Moore growls, "I've been healthy, that's all." On his playing record, past and present, there is no good reason for doubting him.

Shula not only kept Moore but managed to find his linebacker too. During the summer, Minnesota coach Norm Van Brocklin had expressed interest in Palmer Pyle, an offensive guard who had lost his job when big Jim Parker was moved in from tackle. Shula had always liked the Vikings' tall, rugged Steve Stonebreaker, who had been an offensive end and sometime linebacker for a couple of years. "He's a hard-nosed tough kid," Shula says. "All he wants to do is hit people."

Stonebreaker broke into the lineup in the second game, and has been a hard-nosed, tough kid who has become the new darling of the Baltimore fans. In Baltimore, that deal is being called the best trade the club has ever made.

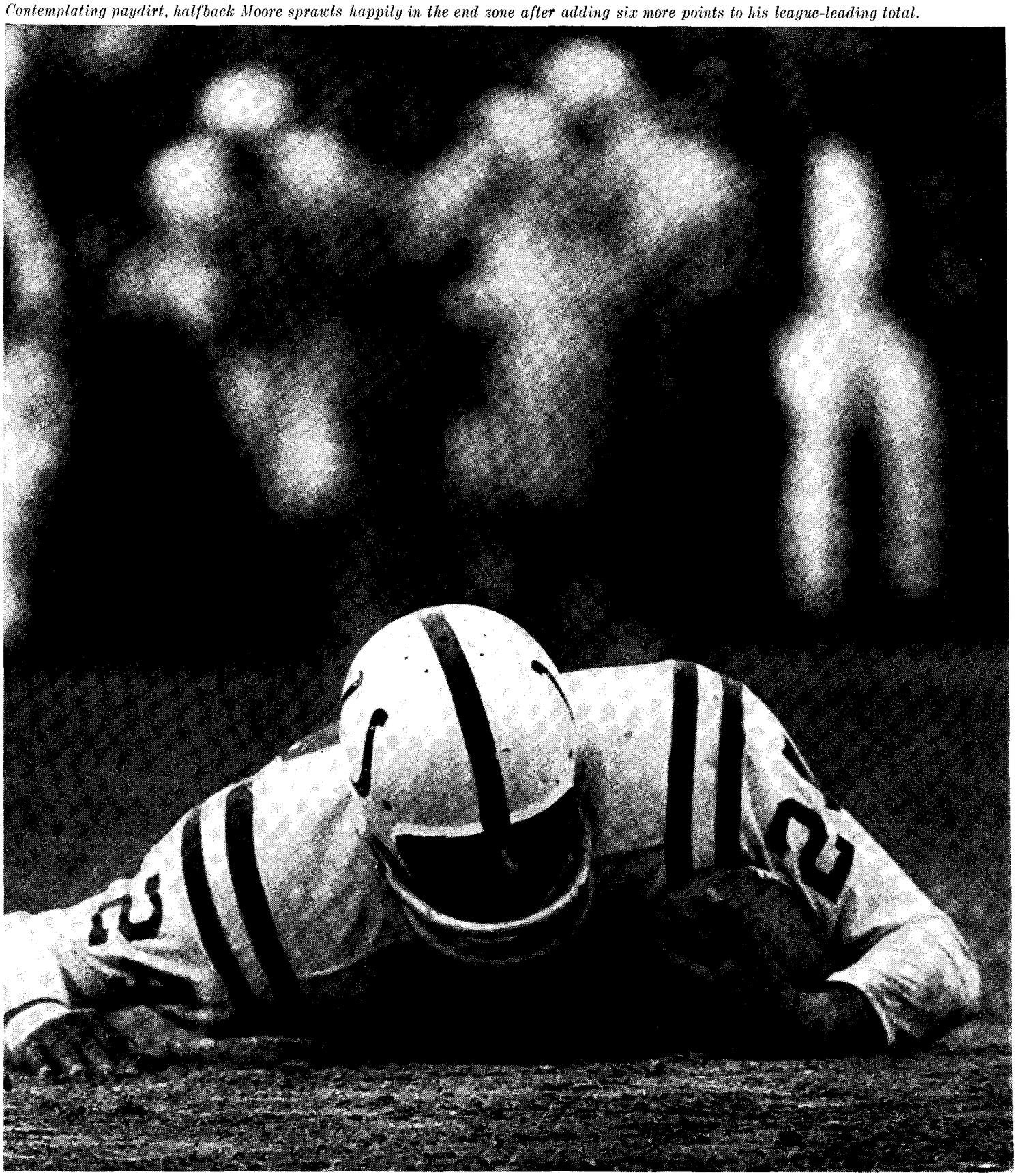
Another fan favorite is Joe Don Looney, a 22-year-old, 230-pound back who runs with fantastic speed and power, booms punts 60 yards or more and generally behaves as though his name off the field was Clark Kent. In fact, Looney off the field is a high-strung nonconformist who does not take too well to regulations and instructions. If—and only if—he can realize his potential, the trade which brought him from the Giants early in the season could rank with the best.

The all-time Baltimore idol, though, is Gino Marchetti, who has been all-pro defensive end for eight straight years. Shula runs a bit too often to the superlative in talking about his players, but when he says that Marchetti "is the best defensive lineman to ever play the game of football," you know you would have a hard time getting together a quorum to dispute him.

Marchetti, at a listed age of 37, had been talking retirement for the past couple of years because he was determined not to hang on as anything less than the best. When he was voted the Most Valuable Lineman in the 1963 all-pro game he decided that he would never have a better chance to quit a winner.

Marchetti, it should be added, has no pressing financial reasons for hanging on. He is a 25 percent owner of a drive-in hamburger firm which is expected to gross $8.5 million this year. On the other hand, he finds himself in this handsomely independent position mainly because Rosenbloom talked him into moving his family to Baltimore, talked him into going into business, and then underwrote the drive-in venture to the tune of $100,000.

*Contemplating paydirt, halfback Moore sprawls happily in the end zone after adding six more points to his league-leading total.*



Shula spent the whole summer trying to talk him out of retirement. In training camp, with the offense clicking beautifully, he came to the conclusion that he could win the whole thing if he could do something to pick up his patchwork defense. That meant Marchetti. "Just having Gino in there is a help," Shula says. "It gives them confidence just to look at him."

Shula called on Rosenbloom to apply the pressure. Marchetti flew up to New York, accompanied by his 13-year-old son, Ernie. However delicately Rosenbloom may have put it, the message—as he himself admits—was clear. He was presenting a due bill for all those past favors. The clincher came when Rosenbloom turned to Ernie and asked him what he thought about it. "Oh," the boy said, "mother and I want him to play."

In the end, Rosenbloom gave him a blank contract and told him to fill it in at whatever sum he felt he deserved. Gino just signed it and told Rosenbloom to fill in whatever *he* wanted to.

Unlike Shula and Rosenbloom, Gino did not feel the Colts had any kind of chance. "To tell you the truth," he says, "I still find it hard to believe."

With his late start, it took him a couple of weeks into the season to get into shape. Gino will still make the big third-down play, but he is the last man in the world to overrate himself. "I've seen it happen too many times," he says. "The player himself is the last one to know he's going downhill. I do know that I used to be able to make a mistake and recover. Now I can't afford to make mistakes.

"But," Gino says, "what a favor they did me in talking me into coming back. I wanted to go out on top, and I'm going out the best way of all. With a champion."

As for Don Shula, it seems likely that he will be around for some time to come, whether the Colts win or lose the N.F.L. championship playoff against the Eastern Division winner on December 27. Last July, as a reward for the fine comeback the team made in Shula's freshman year, owner Rosenbloom gave his coach a three-year contract, which renews itself annually, at something like $30,000 a year. "I hope," says Rosenbloom, "that this is Shula's last job and my last coach. Shula wears very well." THE END



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# Editorial

## A look at the past and the future

This is a bench mark. After 237 years, it is the last weekly issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Before we change to biweekly publication, we are going to indulge ourselves in an evaluation of the year past. With all due allowances for editorial vanity, we feel that this constantly changing but uniquely traditional magazine is completing a year of extraordinary excellence. In fact, we'd be prepared to match our 1964 record against that of any magazine any year anywhere.

Bill Heinz's reconstruction of the last months of World War II, appearing in this issue, is typical of the work in which we take the greatest pride. It is the result of an idea that Heinz and one of our editors had been mulling over for about five years, and the article reflects all those years of evolution. This kind of article, authoritative, deeply felt, thoughtful, stylishly written, has become a tradition at the *Post*. Together with Heinz's story, we'd like to cite Roger Kahn's dramatic report on Harlem, *White Man, Walk Easy;* Edward R. F. Sheehan's penetrating survey of the Catholic Church in America, *Not Peace, but the Sword;* John Hersey's moving account of a proud Mississippi Negro's determination to win his constitutional rights, *A Life for a Vote;* and Harold Martin's re-creation of a fallen dictator's boyhood, *Back to the Beginning of the Tumultuous Life of Nikita Khrushchev*. Out of more than 400 articles we published during 1964, these perhaps best typify the special nature of the *Post*.

Articles by Presidents represent another tradition at the *Post*. Grover Cleveland, for instance, wrote 18 *Post* articles between 1900 and 1906, and every President since McKinley has written for the *Post* (with the sole exception of Warren Harding). Yet even that standard of authoritative writing was pushed to its limit during 1964 when the *Post* published articles by four different Presidents: Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson. Other distinguished political figures also had their say—Secretary McNamara provided his assessment of U.S. defenses, Senator Fulbright clarified "myths" in our foreign policy, Senator Dirksen spoke out against the Supreme Court at the height of the Senate debate on legislative reapportionment.

The *Post*'s fiction, too, has been unique during this past year. Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, currently the No. 1 best seller, and one of the great novels of the decade, was first excerpted in the *Post* last August. Arthur Miller's controversial play, *After the Fall*, appeared in its entirety in the *Post* last winter. And the stories have come from such distinguished writers as James Gould Cozzens, John Updike, Graham Greene, and Louis Auchincloss, with no less than 12 contributions by John O'Hara.

And there was much more, not only from the big names of journalism but from a younger generation of writers appearing regularly in today's *Post*—Richard Armstrong, Lewis Lapham, John Skow, Edward Linn, Pete Hamill, Stanley Karnow, Richard Lemon—the "names" of future years.

With next week's special issue on America's children, we begin biweekly publication, and at this turning point in our publishing history, we rededicate ourselves to our readers. We will have more time to plan, to polish, to perfect, and we will make good use of it. We will produce a more important, more arresting, more lustrous magazine than ever before. And we hope to leaven it with wit, humor and grace. We are convinced that *The Saturday Evening Post*'s 238th year will be an absolutely splendid one.



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